



James Roberts Sculp



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Jane T H E *Jones*
Fortunate Country Maid.

Being the Entertaining

M E M O I R S

Of the present celebrated

Marchioness of L—— V——:

WHO, FROM A COTTAGE,

Through a great Variety of *Disverting Adventures*,
became a LADY of the first Quality in the
COURT of FRANCE,

By her steady Adherence to the Principles of

V I R T U E AND H O N O U R.

Wherein are displayed

The various and vile ARTIFICES employed by *Men*
of *Intrigue* for seducing *Young Women*.

WITH SUITABLE REFLECTIONS.

From the French of the Chevalier DE MOUHY.

— *Blessings ever wait on Virtuous Deeds,*
And, tho' a late, a sure Reward succeeds.

CONG. Mourn. Bride.

In Two V O L U M E S.

V O L. I.

THE SIXTH EDITION.

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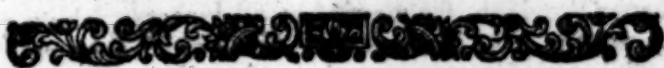
M. DCC. LXVII.



IT is so far from being dangerous, that it is in some sort necessary for young Persons to be acquainted with the Passion of Love, that they may be able to shut their Ears against it, when it is Criminal, and know how to conduct themselves in it when Innocent and Honourable.

M. HUET,

Bishop of AURANCHES.



THE
Fortunate Country Maid.

Being the Entertaining

MEMOIRS

Of the Present Celebrated

MARCHIONESS of L. V.



T is with the greatest Reluctance imaginable I own my Extraction ; perhaps by reason of that superior Rank I now hold in the World.

On what Foundation this Vanity is grounded, I cannot determine ; but, be that as it will, I confess myself greatly perplexed at my first setting out. Religion, 'tis true, and proper Reflections, have long since convinced me of the Absurdity of this Weakness ; yet still I can scarce persuade myself, that, great as she is at present, the *Marchioness* of L. V. is, originally, no better than *Jane*, Daughter of *John B.* Woodcutter in the Forest of *Fontainebleau*.

To so mean a Person I owe my Origin. My Mother waited on the *Countess* of N. near whose Castle stands the *Hamlet* in which I first drew breath. My Father was Gardener to the *Count* when my Mother fell in love with him ; and her Passion overpower-

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ing the Lady's Remonstrances, who design'd her a better Provision, she married at all Hazards, chusing to run the same Fortune with him, which from very indifferent, soon grew much worse. For leaving his Master, a Person much respected by his Neighbours, in an abrupt manner, he could not get another Service, and consequently was obliged to quit his Profession. Upon this he settled in the *Hamlet* I just now mentioned, and took to cleaving of Wood in the Forest for the Support of himself and Family. I was the first Fruit of their Marriage; and as their mutual Affection triumphed over their Poverty, my Birth, instead of creating any Uneasiness, seemed to bespeak them happier Days. How far they were in the right, the Sequel of my Story must determine.

The *Countess* did them the Honour to stand God-mother; for it was not long before my Mother regained her Favour. She went often to the Castle, and seldom returned empty-handed; as the Lady had formerly made a *Confident* of her, there might be Reasons for keeping up a good Understanding.

The *Marquess* of *L. V.* who lived in the Neighbourhood, was pitch'd upon by the *Countess* to stand with her.

The Ceremony was performed with some Pomp, and our Family experienced the Sweets of the Honour done us; in the Presents, usual on such Occasions.

My Mother, during the time she waited on the *Countess*, who for the most part lived in *Paris*, had seen something of the World, which was of singular Service in my Education. She brought me to an early Acquaintance with the Reservedness so becoming our Sex, often telling me, that Virtue and Discretion were suitable to every Condition of Life. She confirmed these Precepts with proper Examples, the Recital of which, being a very agreeable Amusement, was often a Reward when I had behaved well. Our Family increased; a Brother and Sister, with myself, spent our Childhood in doing my Father little Services



vices in his way of Business. The tender Constitution of my Mother hindered her from going with my Father to the Forest, whither my Brother and Sister went every Day. I was left at home with my Mother, and the hardest Labour I underwent was to carry their Dinner. This my Brother and Sister continually resented as the Effect of my Mother's Partiality to me, and their Complaints were often seconded by my Father; so that every Day afforded me fresh Instances of that coarse Behaviour which is continually growing upon those who are placed in low Life: Possibly the Mind, when depressed by Want and hard Labour, becomes incapable of generous Sentiments.

Their ill Usage made me very uneasy; at proper Opportunities I bemoan'd myself to my Mother. She comforted me, and directed an Offering to be made of what I suffer'd to God, by whom, she assur'd, I should be enabled to bear my Afflictions in a proper manner.

Nevertheless they increased daily, especially as I now began to set some Value on my own little Person, being turn'd of *Thirteen*. I was sent one Day with Cream to her Ladyship at the Castle; she presented me as her God-daughter to a Gentleman very richly dress'd. He was so taken with me, that he could not forbear crying out several times, "Heavens! how handsome she is! She will prove a Beauty: What Eyes, Madam, when enlivened with Love!" 'Take care what you say,' replied the Countess, 'she will too soon become acquainted with Things of that Nature. Go, go, Jenny, don't mind him; he says as much to every one he meets.' This put me to the Blush, and I was glad to get off, making a very low, but awkward Reverence to my God-mother.

My Head ran very much upon what the fine Gentleman (for such I took him to be) had said. What can he mean, thought I to myself, by saying my Eyes will be, I know not what, when enliven'd with Love? This Love perplex'd me; I fain would have met

with it to try its Effects on my Eyes. Neither Simplicity of Manners, nor Tenderness of Age, are proof against Vanity: Girls are ever apt to think themselves handsome; at least it was always my Weakness, and whoever prais'd my Beauty, tho' I had no other Regard for them, were sure to please me.

Returning from the Forest one Day, whither I had carried some Refreshment to my Father, I perceiv'd a Company of Horsemen coming toward me. I drew off to the Road-side in order to see them pass. Tho' I had never seen the *King*, I had often heard talk of him, and, as I knew he was in the Neighbourhood, I was now in hopes of satisfying my Curiosity. The Idea I had form'd of his Person, represented him altogether charming, and so far distinguishable from the rest of Mankind, that he might be singled out at first sight from all his Attendants. When they came near me, I look'd for the *King* with great Earnestness: But the whole Company being of the greatest Distinction both as to their Persons and Dress, I was at a loss; imagining the *King*, to be sure, must be cover'd with Gold from head to foot. They were almost past me, yet I had not found what so earnestly I sought. Upon this I ran hastily up to one of the Company, crying aloud, "Sir, shew me the *King*," "I never saw him in my Life." "With all my heart," pretty Maid, answered the Nobleman with a Countenance exceedingly amiable; "That is He." "Which," "Sir?" cried I. "Give me your Hand," said the Nobleman; then pointing with it, "That is he who makes so grand an Appearance on the white Horse." "Yes, yes, it is the *King*," cried I, quite transported: "Good God, how handsome he is! How happy should I be, if he did not go so fast! Oh dear, he is gone already!" My Exclamations made him smile, he stopped, and considered me with great Attention: "She is a lovely Creature, says he: 'His unaffected Simplicity charms exceedingly, and is infinitely preferable to the studied Arts our Women put in practice. Can any one behold her without being moved? Where do you live, my pretty
Dear?"

‘ Dear?’ In that Village, answered I, pointing to it.
 ‘ Will you give me leave to come and see you?’ ‘ If
 “ it depended, Sir, upon me,” answered I, “ your
 “ Visit would not be disagreeable; but I am not my
 “ own Mistress.” ‘ Let me alone to contrive it;”
 replied he, ‘ you shall have no Blame.’ Just as he
 had done speaking, one of the Company comes gal-
 loping back to him, crying out, ‘ The King calls for
 ‘ you, *Marquess*; his Majesty must know what this
 ‘ Girl has been enquiring of you about, and the Oc-
 ‘ casion of her Surprise, which she betrayed in such
 ‘ an agreeable manner; the whole Court is mightily
 ‘ taken with the Simplicity of her Behaviour.’ ‘ I
 ‘ don’t wonder at it,’ replied the *Marquess*; ‘ you see
 ‘ what a lovely Creature it is; our Master ought to
 ‘ give her a Gratification; at least I’ll do what I can
 ‘ to promote it.’ ‘ So will I,’ added the other, look-
 ing at me very attentively. ‘ Where does she live?’
 ‘ She is exceeding handsome; I am desperately in love
 ‘ with her.’ Saying this he offered me his Hand,
 but as I would not take any Notice of it, he prepar’d
 to alight. This put me into such a Consternation,
 that I took to my Heels towards the Village. ‘ Stay,
 ‘ stay, pretty Maid,’ cried the *Marquess*, ‘ nobody
 ‘ designs you any Harm.’ I scarce heard these last
 Words, I had made so much haste, never looking
 back till I was just at home. I then perceived only
 one Horseman at the Place I ran from, and it was not
 long before I discover’d the *Marquess* to be the Per-
 son. I got home full of what had pass’d, and much
 taken with the Civilities I had receiv’d. My Mother
 knew me too well not to be sensible that something
 extraordinary had happened; she would be ac-
 quainted with it, and I very readily told the whole
 Adventure.

‘ I am willing to excuse your Curiosity,’ said she,
 when I had done, ‘ for his Sake who occasion’d it;
 ‘ another time be more upon your Guard. Not that
 ‘ you were to blame in addressing yourself to the
 ‘ Nobleman you speak of, as it was perhaps the only
 ‘ Means you had of finding out the King; but for

• the future look that you never suffer yourself to be
 • dazzled with an empty Show and the Discourse of
 • Men. As to this Nobleman in particular, you
 • never named him but with an unusual Emotion.
 • Ah! *Jane, Jane*, all is not right! You have given
 • your Eyes too much Liberty; whereas in regard of
 • Men you ought not to have any. Their Praises are
 • justly to be suspected, as they always tend to pro-
 • mote their Designs. Remember this. However,
 • it must be acknowledged you acted very prudently
 • in making your Escape, when the other Nobleman
 • began to importune you.'

A Neighbour happening to come in upon us, pre-
 vented my making a Reply, which increased my Un-
 easiness and occasion'd many Reflections; I particu-
 larly resolv'd from that Moment to be more upon the
 Reserve with my Mother.

Great Caution should be us'd in the Education of
 Youth, lest in giving Instructions they be taught those
 things to which they cannot be too great Strangers,
 as it happened in this very Case. I had entirely for-
 got that the Compliments, pass'd upon me by the
 Courtiers, had created the least Satisfaction in my
 Breast; but my Mother's Admonitions renew'd those
 bewitching Ideas, and a new Pleasure arose on re-
 calling them to mind. All this was entirely owing to
 what my Mother had said; and my resolving never
 more to make a *Confident* of her, was not the least
 part of the Mischief.

I fell into a great Perplexity of Mind; my usual
 Amusements became insipid, and nothing ran in my
 Head but the gay Appearance of the Court: Our
 clownish Neighbours, when placed in Opposition,
 created a perfect Loathing, though hitherto they had
 been agreeable enough; particularly a Woodmonger's
 Son, who had made some Advances towards gaining
 my Affections. *Colin*, for that was his Name, had
 some Share of Beauty, was remarkably neater, and
 more polite, than is usual with those of his Rank. He
 neglected no Opportunity of shewing his Respect, and
 as I was very fond of Flowers, he often presented me
 Nose-

Nosegays. His distinguishing me in this manner, though it drew on the Envy of others, was not in the least unacceptable to my Vanity: However, I had no sooner seen the *Marquess*, but, farewell *Colin*. I observ'd this Alteration in myself, but my Thoughts were then in too great a Hurry to perceive the real Motive, which nevertheless was not long undiscover'd.

Three Days were now passed since the Adventure, which rais'd this Commotion in my Breast. The *Marquess's* Expressions were never out of my Mind: Young as I was, far from knowing the Danger of such Reflections, I entertain'd them with a secret Satisfaction; I even repeated to myself his very Words, particularly his Promise of making me a Visit. Upon the least Noise I concluded he was come, and then a childish Blush and Fluttering of the Heart were sure to follow to that degree, that oftentimes I was scarce myself.

In fine, four Days were elaps'd since I met the *Marquess*, when, being at Church, I heard some Horses stop at the Door. Looking back on a sudden, Heavens! who should I see but the *Marquess* himself, entering in such a graceful Manner as quite charm'd me, and drew the Attention of the whole Assembly on him. Our Eyes soon met, for he presently discover'd me, though in the midst of the Crowd, and in one Look, as I fancied, repeated all that he had said in the Forest.

It was evident he must be a Person of great Distinction, for the *Vicar* immediately sent to invite him into the Choir: He was forced to comply; an easy Chair was brought, and the Place cleared.

I stared with all the Eyes I had, transported with the Deference paid to his Quality; sure enough, Prayers were never said with less Attention.

Service was no sooner done, but the *Marquess* retired. In the Middle of the Church he stopp'd; and fixing his Eye upon me, whisper'd something to his Gentleman, as it prov'd to be, who also looked at me: Then raising his Voice as he went out, 'Stay in this Village, says he, till my Retinue comes up: I

‘ intend to dine at the Castle, and in the Afternoon
‘ see what Diversion the Field affords.’

I was very well pleased to hear how he disposed of himself, and as much concerned at his Departure, tho’ I knew not why. My Eyes were continually upon him, when at last he took horse with his Attendants, the Person before-mention’d standing near him; at going off he made me a low Bow. The Girls who were with me stared upon each other; ‘ Look now,’ says one, ‘ how complaisant the Courtiers are: when do you see our Clowns do so?’ ‘ Ay but,’ cried another, ‘ did you take notice how handsome and genteel he is?’ ‘ Yes, yes,’ says a third, ‘ one would swear his Eyes could speak.’ Though I said nothing to all this, I did not lose a Word of it.

With this kind of Discourse we reach’d home, I often looking behind me, in continual Expectation of some new Adventure. The Answers I made were very incoherent, full as I was of the Visit which Vanity had placed to my own Account. And yet this Satisfaction was not a little embittered when I reflected that the *Marquess* dined at the Castle. The *Countess*, it is true, was past her Prime, but had Charms sufficient to attract the Gallantries of a young Man; at least Jealousy presented it in this Light.

But all this was pure Imagination, and I was soon convinced his Designs did not center there. The Person, he spoke to in the Church, had the address to insinuate himself into the Company of us Girls, as we were chattering together: He had fallen into Discourse with one of my Companions so as to be easily overheard by me. ‘ How do you divert yourselves on *Sundays*?’ says he. ‘ Do you dance? or, do you walk about the Woods and Fields? For these, I take it, are your ordinary Amusements.’ ‘ Sometimes the one, sometimes the other;’ replied the Girl with whom he was talking: ‘ Indeed, Sir, one would imagine you was born in the Country,’ added she, ‘ you seem so well acquainted with the Custom of it.’ ‘ ’Tis very true,’ says he, ‘ you are in the right; but since I had the Honour to
‘ serve

serve my Lord *Marquess*, I have buried all Relish for the Country in the Pleasures of a Town Life. Notwithstanding these fine Cloaths, I am Country-born as you are; but in the Service I am in, I look upon my Fortune as good as made, so noble a Person is my Master. Young as he is, Sincerity, Discretion and Affability reign in him; his Word is as sure as the Day; we meet with few like him." "He looks to be such a Person," says the Girl. "How looks!" replied the Gentleman, "I tell you he never broke his Word the least Tittle. But I have been very uneasy for him of late. He is grown thoughtful and melancholy on a sudden. What has happen'd to occasion it, I know not, but he is never out of the Saddle now-a-days; no longer than Yesterday we scour'd the Woods and Highways from Morning till Night: I should be very sorry to have him take a Dislike to *Paris*, as it is infinitely preferable to the Country both for Diversions and Company, neither of which is ever wanting there all the Day: Whereas here one must work from Sun-rise to Sun-set, and scarce be paid for his Labour." Whilst he talked in this Manner, he had in his Hand a Paper, which, by a Sign he made, I easily understood was intended for me. Accordingly, taking a proper Opportunity, he gave it unperceived by the Company. By my Dexterity in securing this *Billet-doux*, one would have imagined, it was not the first I had received by many. I was no sooner withdrawn, but I found myself cruelly disappointed upon breaking open the Letter; my Mother, 'tis true, had taught me to read in a Book, but I was an utter Stranger to all written Hand. At first I thought of applying myself to the School-master of the Village; but this was running too great a Hazard, especially after what had passed between my Mother and me. There was but one Expedient I could devise, the very Thought set me a laughing; and for a Country Girl of fourteen was pleasantly enough contrived.

It was my Admirer *Colin*, who could read and write, that I resolv'd to employ on this Occasion. An Opportunity

portunity quickly offered itself, tho' to me it seemed an Age, by his waiting upon me with a Present of Flowers: I receiv'd it with greater Condescension than usual, and the Emotion my intended Project occasion'd, made every Feature in my Face appear to an Advantage. 'You are killingly handsome to-day, my lovely *Jenny*,' says he, with an Air of Satisfaction; 'you sparkle beyond any thing one sees elsewhere; *Faith*, I am continually thinking of you; go where I will you are always before my Eyes. What a Shape!' continued he, taking me about the Waist. "Colin, be quiet," I cry'd; "can't you speak, but your Hands must be employ'd? This unmannerly Trick of yours spoil'd me an Apron only last *Sunday*;" "I suppose you intend me the same Favour to-day." "Troth, I am to blame," answer'd Colin; "he that breaks a Glas must pay for it, I ought to make you a Present of an Apron; I shall go to Town to-morrow, and will buy some of the same Sort." "That's not the Business at present," said I, interrupting him, "you must do me a kindness." "I'll do you fifty," cried he transported; "what is it? I'll be quarter'd to oblige you." "Let us get first to that Tree," replied I, "that we may talk without being observ'd." "What a happy Fellow am I," says Colin! "Ah! *Jenny*, indeed I love you; and now I perceive you begin to make some Return: *Zookers*, if it were once come to that, who knows what may happen? 'Tis true, you have not a Groat; but what of that? it is not Money that makes People happy: you are pretty, and as fair as Alabaster, have Eyes like a Mouse, and are as straight as a Maypole; that is Fortune enough. My Father perhaps looks one way, and I another: What then? He shall hear Reason; or, *Waunds*, I'll go for a Soldier." "All this," says I, "is foreign to what I am going to say. Will you promise me to keep a Secret, and not be curious?" "Well," answer'd Colin, "I see you don't know me: I would give you my Bond, if my Word was not as good: Witness the other Day: I catch'd, you must know, *Matthew's* Wife and great *George* in a Corner:

ner: she made me promise not to tell her Husband: *Adsniggers*, there would be fine Work, if I could not keep a Secret! "For that Reason," replied I, "you are the Person I pitch'd upon in this Affair. I must acquaint you, that a Friend of mine has receiv'd a Letter; but as she can't read, she has employ'd me to know of you the Contents, and get an Answer wrote, if it be necessary." "Let's see, let's see," said Colin, taking it out of my Hand, "that's soon done. Is it not from the Gentleman in Red, I saw talking before your Door?" "Right," answer'd I, overjoy'd to find him in a wrong Scent. "*Blews!*" added he, "I'm glad on't; I was a little ruffled to see him so busy. I began to think he might have a Design upon you." "There you would have been quite out," answer'd I, "for he never so much as spoke a single Word to me." "That I am sensible of," replied Colin, "for I took care not to be far off. But let's see, what have we got here? I wish him well, since 'tis so; otherwise, for all his Finery, I would have made him know what it is to tread upon People's Heels." Saying this he read as follows:

The Marquess of L. V's Letter to Jane B——.

THIS is the only Method left me to acquaint you, my charming Creature, with the deep Impression you made on my Heart from the first Moment we met: I was in hopes of seeing you again at the same Place, and have been continually on horseback in quest of that Happiness. At last I thought of your Parish-Church, where I might possibly see you. I shall not speak to you at present; but will order Matters so as to do it without being observ'd. Be not wanting, my dear Girl, on your Part, to assist in what I shall contrive hereafter for your Service. 'Tis impossible to express how much I love you.

The Marquess of L. V.

I listen'd to what Colin said with the greatest Attention; I even made him repeat it several times, and felt a Satisfaction I never experienced before. To be

below'd by so compleat a Person was a bewitching Thing for a Country Girl, whose Ambition could never have look'd so high. As I was taken up with this Reflection, *Colin*, who easily observ'd it, cry'd out, 'Why, *Jenny*, methinks this Letter makes you thoughtful. *Gadzooks*, if it should be really so I would tear it.' — "Lord, I am thinking," says I (being come to myself, and apprehensive lest he should suspect any thing) "of my Friend; she must be very happy to have such a Person in love with her. One would think he is sincere by what he writes, and consequently she should not discourage him." 'No, certainly,' replied *Colin*, *she that will not when she may*—If he is in earnest, she ought to strike the Bargain at once, without *shilly shally*, which ruins so many Girls. They must be coy, forsooth; they must mince, they must fiddle faddle; and what comes of all this? why the Spark gives them the Bag to hold, finding a better Reception elsewhere, and they may go hang themselves. Pho! the Bird is flown, and they put Finger in the Eye; marry, come up, is it not so, *Jenny*? I speak of us Country Lads; but as for your Town Gentry, do you see, why you had best have a care of the main Chance, for that is all they want, and then leave you to make the best of a bad Market.'

"Ah! true enough, answer'd I, none but Fools will trust them. Bye, bye, *Colin*, I must go and acquaint my Friend with the Contents of her Letter, and know what Answer she will give. I'll be with you again presently, and bring Pen and Ink for you to write the Answer, will ye, *Colin*?" 'There is no Occasion for such a Hurry,' says he; 'but you are always in haste when I am by.' "Well, well, *Colin*," I replied, "we shall have Opportunities enough. Adieu, I am under a Promise, and a Maid; you know, must keep her Word."

Saying this I rose, and made the best of my Way towards the Village. But being come to a Warren, which had a retir'd Place in one Corner, I there threw myself on the Grass, and ran over the Letter in my Mind.

Mind. Vanity had already found the Way into my Breast, young as I was, and betray'd itself on a thousand different Occasions. My Cloaths were superior to any in the Village, and yet I often staid at home under a pretended Indisposition, when there was any new Piece of Finery wanting to compleat my Dress. This frequently drew the Raillery of my Acquaintance upon me to my no small Vexation. I found in myself an Elevation of Mind, which would not suffer me to stoop to a Carriage suitable with a Clownish Life. My Soul was on fire at the very Name of *Paris*; and when my Mother gave me the History of any Country Girl, who had there made her Fortune, it always ran in my Head I should have the same good Luck. Let any one judge then what an Impression the *Marquess's* Person and Letter must make. My Head ran on nothing else, and my Pride drew very favourable Consequences for the Time to come. Above all, I determin'd to answer the Letter, tho' the Shame of owning I could not write, gave me some Uneasiness; and yet I resolv'd to do it, that I might not be oblig'd to employ *Colin* any more, lest his distrustful Nature should discover my Affair; besides, his very Person was become disagreeable from the Moment I fancied myself beloved by the *Marquess*. Such were my Reflections at that Time of Day, when I had not the Address I acquired afterwards. People may talk of natural Parts, but, without Experience, little is to be expected from thence. I had the Precaution before I came from home, to furnish myself with the necessary Implements for writing, and as I had staid a sufficient Time for talking with my supposed Friend, I return'd to *Colin*. When he saw me coming he ran to meet me.

'Dear *Jenny*,' says he, 'you have made haste.'
"Yes," I replied, "I met *Molly* in the Warren, she was in a great hurry to be gone, after we had talked together, for fear of being discover'd." 'Ah, cunning Baggage!' cried *Colin*, 'if ever she marries, she will be one too many for her Husband.' "We have no Time to lose," says I, interrupting him, "let us write the Letter."
Colin

Colin took the Paper, and making a Desk of the Crown of his Hat, 'Now, says he, what must I write to this fine Spark?' "Why, she would have you tell him," answer'd I, "that

"She has not so good an Opinion of herself as to imagine he can be so much in Love as he seems to say: that, notwithstanding her mean Education, she knows the Duty she owes herself well enough, to be sensible of the Unsuitableness of the Passion he aims to create; that she could wish, tho' she knows not why, he were sincerer in what he says: That she cannot write, and consequently is obliged to have recourse to another in order to answer his Letter; but she will not run the same Hazard any more for fear——

'Thank you for nothing,' cried *Colin* interrupting me, 'I'll write no such Thing.' "Why so?" says I. 'That's only to have done with me,' replied he, 'when you have no farther Occasion.—No, no, the Devil take me if I write it.' "Come, come, *Colin*, answer'd I, "let's have no more Words, we may be surpriz'd before we make an end."

He complied at last, muttering something to himself, and my Letter ended with a grateful Acknowledgement of the *Marquess's* Kindness.

As soon as the Letter was finished, I put it up and return'd home, *Colin* accompanying me, which I was well enough pleas'd with, lest my Mother should take me to task. She approved of our Correspondence, as she had her Views in it, and would gladly have had his Father in the same way of Thinking, there being considerable Matters to be expected.

When I reached home it was time to go to Church, whither I was followed by the *Marquess's* Gentleman, who placed himself close behind me. I easily understood, though I was but a Beginner, that he waited for my Answer. My Prayer-Book was the best Conveyance I could pitch upon for giving the Letter, and which, by his Dexterity, succeeded admirably well. Soon after I retired, and saw no more of him.

It is not to be expressed how much I enjoy'd myself, upon having accomplished my Design without being discover'd. What a skilful Master must Love be, employing every thing to compass his Ends! Under him I made a considerable Progress in a short Time, and soon became a great Proficient, as we shall see hereafter.

We were sitting down to Supper, when who should come in but the *Marquess's* Gentleman, followed by the Mayor and Curate of the Village. I no sooner saw them, but the Apprehension of being discovered put me into such a Fit of trembling and blushing, that it was well no one observed me. The Stranger addressing himself to my Father, enquired if one of his Daughters did not sometimes carry Provisions to certain Workmen in the Forest? 'Yes, Sir,' answer'd my Father, 'that is she.' "Come hither," says he, speaking to me, "how have you contriv'd to bring all this good Company hither?" The very Tone of his Voice struck a Terror into me. 'Don't be frighten'd, pretty Maid,' cried the *Valet de Chambre* seeing me in so much Confusion, 'these Gentlemen and I intend you no Harm; and tho' it is by his Majesty's Orders, which my Lord *Marquess* has received, we shall say nothing to Miss but what is very agreeable.' 'Her Name is *Jenny*, at your Service,' cried my Father interrupting him, 'we have no Miss here.' "If she has not had that Title yet," replied the Curate very solemnly, "she may hereafter. But that is neither here nor there. This Gentleman has something to say to you, and deserves your Thanks for the Pains he has taken to find out your Daughter. We have been at twenty Places before we came hither. The first we enquired of was *John Le Moine* your Gossip; then of *James Rouffy*, after that we were with *Thomas La Vigne*, never dreaming of you, being of so little Note. However it is all come out, and I am not sorry for it."

This Harangue of the Curate's put me to the Blush, as there was no Occasion for his running us down at such a Rate.

'I was

16 *The Fortunate Country Maid.*

‘ I was going to inform you,’ says the *Valet de Chambre*, ‘ that my Lord *Marquess* has ordered me to make enquiry after a Girl who was on the Road leading to — last *Wednesday*, when the King passed by. The Occasion of this is, he gave his Majesty an Account of the extraordinary Surprize with which she was seiz’d at his Presence. The King was so well pleased with the Accident, that he has sent a Gratitude by him. And since you are the Person, Miss, I’ll go and acquaint my Lord *Marquess*.’ “ No, no,” cried my Mother, overjoy’d at what she heard, ‘ I’ll take her to him myself; it will be too much Trouble for him to come hither, nor is this Place fit to receive him in.”

The Curate approv’d of it; but the *Valet de Chambre*, who knew his Errand, very readily replied, that it was highly improper; ‘ My Lord,’ says he, ‘ is intrusted with the Execution of the King’s Orders, and to my Knowledge will not be wanting in the least Tittle. Do you stay here, and I’ll acquaint him with my good Success, which will be very acceptable, as he is a Man who very much delights in Acts of Generosity.’

He went out as soon as he had done speaking, follow’d by the Curate, who, big with the Honour of being concern’d in an Affair where the King’s Name was employ’d, gave me a Tap on the Cheek, bidding me “ be a good Girl, and God would bless me.”

We remained entranc’d with what had pass’d, till our Neighbours, who had been upon the Watch, came in Crowds, and awak’d us with their Compliments upon this Occasion, season’d with an Air of Envy they could not disguise. As to my Brother and Sister, they took so little Care to hide their Jealousy, that my Father easily discovered it, and reprimanded them accordingly. The Adventure affected him very much, and as he did not want Sense, he began to see thro’ the little ill Offices that had been done me. ‘ Good Luck attends her,’ says he, speaking to the Neighbours that were present, ‘ and did so at her Birth. She is good-natur’d enough, and with God’s
‘ Grace

• Grace and the Reverend Doctor's good Advice, she
• may come to something.

Whilst my Father was thus entertaining himself and his Neighbours, my Thoughts were not idle. As simple as I was, I could so far unravel this Adventure, as to see it was owing to my Letter, and no more than a Pretext for an Opportunity of seeing me often, without giving Umbrage; and perhaps with a View of doing me some Service.

I was charmed with the dextrous Method he had taken, and easily conceived it was only a Stratagem, though I was willing to allow it the most favourable Name. What a happy Meeting! said I to myself. Who knows but my Fortune is made, and I may one day bid adieu to the Village! On the other hand, I was not without ominous Apprehensions; possibly this Nobleman, thought I, with all his Protestations of Love, may only design my Ruin! The Adventure of a young Woman of the Neighbourhood, which happen'd but two Years before, and I had just been acquainted with, rais'd this Suspicion, which otherwise perhaps had never enter'd my Head: Examples oftentimes strongly influence our Conduct, and 'tis frequently owing to the Misfortunes we see in others, that we shun what might otherwise be inevitable: A faithful Mirrour! and well deserves to be consulted. But to return to this young Person, whose too great Credulity and unthinking Vanity prov'd her Ruin.

Her Name was *Charlot*; she was handsome, well shaped, and of so sweet a Temper, as indear'd her to all her Acquaintance. Her Circumstances, 'tis true, were but mean, yet she had very advantageous Matches propos'd to her, the most inconsiderable of which was a very sufficient Provision for Life. But thro' Inexperience she overlooked such favourable Prospects. Her Father, indeed, who judg'd better, press'd her very much to come to a Resolution, and by a proper Choice to advance herself in the World: But the amiable Temper of his Daughter was an invincible Charm to hinder him from laying an absolute Command, in opposition to the Dislike she had taken to
Matri.

Matrimony. Things remained in this Situation for some Years, till a fatal Accident, she little expected, brought on her Ruin, and an unavailing Regret for having preferred her own Inclinations to those of her Friends.

Going one Day to sell Fruit at *Fontainebleau*, she heard somebody call to her from a Window. Upon this she went up to the House, which made a great Appearance, and was met at the Door by a Servant, who shewed her into an Apartment very sumptuously furnished. She found a young Person sitting there in a rich Night-Gown. As soon as he saw her, 'Come in, Sweet-heart,' says he, 'let's see your Fruit, it should be good.' She readily uncovered the Basket, and, Huckster like, assured him very seriously, no better could be bought. While she was thus employed in setting off her Fruit, the young Nobleman (for such he was) considered her very attentively.

The Duke of ———, the Person she was talking with, was now in the twenty-fourth Year of his Age; much given to Women and Pleasures, to which Purpose a certain Part of his Income was entirely dedicated. A handsome black Man, his Eyes lively beyond Imagination. His decent Carriage and apparently modest Behaviour, were bewitching Allurements to such as were unacquainted with him. Debauched as he was, in satisfying his Appetites he never employed Treachery, but, like many others, was ruled by his *Valet de Chambre*, one *Dupin*, the base Purveyor to his darling Passion.

As to *Charlot*, she always went very neat; her Behaviour and Sweetness of Temper, seconded by her Beauty, soon made a Conquest of the Duke's Affections. 'There is nothing about you,' says he, 'but what is charming; your Basket of Fruit is what I take the least Notice of.' "Your Goodness, Sir," says she, "is pleased to think so; but from a Country Girl you must not expect a suitable Reply to such Compliments. I have often heard that you fine Gentlemen take a Pleasure in diverting yourselves at the Cost of poor simple Girls like myself."

'How!

‘How!’ said the *Duke* interrupting her, ‘I see you don’t know me: My Sincerity was never questioned, for I scorn to say one thing and mean another; but since you are pleased to be of a contrary Opinion, I have done.’ “I don’t pretend,” replied she, “that you said any thing I can take amiss, or that you had any such Intention.” ‘No certainly,’ continued the *Duke*, unwilling to frighten her from coming again: ‘Well, say no more of that; I have a mind to buy your Fruit, that is the Business; I shall be glad to have more another time.’ Saying this he made her a genteel Bow, and retired to his Closet, after he had ordered his *Valet de Chambre* to take care of her. ‘Shew her,’ said he, ‘the Larder, that she may breakfast, and let her be paid.’ A Glance of his Eye inform’d *Dupin* how to behave; it was what he had been often used to. He treated *Charlot* with great Respect, paid her double the worth of her Fruit, and under Pretence of enquiring where it grew, learnt her Place of Abode. He insisted on her promising to call again, and assured her the *Duke* would take her Fruit as often as she came to Town. In a word, her Complaisance was such, that she went away very well satisfied, with a full Resolution to come again as soon as possible.

Her Father’s Subsistence was a large Orchard, which some Years turn’d to a very considerable Account. He was mightily pleased to hear what an advantageous Market his Daughter had made, and with the Prospect of selling his Fruit upon the same Terms for the future. Two Days after he sent her again to Town; she was immediately admitted at the *Duke*’s, who behaved with the same Moderation as before, and she returned home better pleased than she was the first Day.

The third time she came, who should open the Door but the *Duke* himself, very richly dressed; a handsome well-made Man, as was before mentioned. *Charlot* took but too much Notice of him. ‘You seem surprized, my pretty Maid,’ said the *Duke*, ‘to see me come to the Door myself; I think my
‘ Servants

‘ Servants are all lost : But they often serve me thus ;
 ‘ they know my good Nature, and are apt to abuse
 ‘ it ; come in, they will be here soon, we can chat
 ‘ in the mean time.’ Upon this he led her into a
 Parlour fitted up in the most elegant Taste. “ Lord,”
 cried *Charlot*, “ what a fine Place !” ‘ Yes, my pretty
 ‘ One,’ replied the *Duke*, ‘ it is so whilst you are in
 ‘ it. Sit down, my Angel, lay aside your Basket.
 ‘ Come, come,’ continued he, seeing she made a
 Difficulty of doing it ; ‘ sit down, I say, you are at
 ‘ home here, use no Ceremony : I am a Stranger to
 ‘ you, otherwise you would know I am a great Ene-
 ‘ my to all Formality.’ At last she was prevailed
 with to sit.

‘ My *Valet de Chambre* informs me,’ continued the
Duke, ‘ that you live at N—— : I go sometimes
 ‘ that Way, I’ll call and eat some Cream with you ;
 ‘ I am fond of it, but from your Hand it will be
 ‘ delicious ; for to be plain with you, *Charlot*, the first
 ‘ Moment I beheld you, my Heart was dedicated
 ‘ to your Service. How happy should I be to gain
 ‘ your Favour ! Why don’t you speak ?’ added he,
 taking her by the Hand, ‘ why this Silence ? It puts
 ‘ me on the Rack.’ “ What you have been saying,
 “ my Lord,” answered *Charlot* with her usual Sweet-
 ness, “ has covered me with Confusion : This is the
 “ first time of my hearing such things, how should I
 “ be able to make any Answer ? I wish I had Sense
 “ enough to do it ; but the Simplicity of a Country
 “ Life”—— ‘ That adorable Simplicity,’ replied the
Duke in Transport, ‘ is one of your greatest Charms !
 ‘ How much more preferable would the whole Sex
 ‘ be, if adorned with that, as well as with your
 ‘ other ravishing Graces ! But you don’t understand
 ‘ me, unfortunate Wretch as I am ! If my Eyes speak
 ‘ not for me, (alas, alas, *Charlot* !) Words can never
 ‘ express a Passion like mine.’ All this while he
 grasped her Hands, kissed and bathed them with his
 Tears ; in a word, acted the Part of a Man over-
 whelmed with Affliction. *Charlot* was naturally ten-
 der ; these Gestures and Expressions, far different
 from

from what she had ever been acquainted with; the handsome Person of her Admirer; her young Heart susceptible of an Impression; all put together, perplexed her exceedingly. "I am much concerned," said she with an Air of Compassion, "that I should be the Cause of your giving way thus to Affliction: Had I foreseen it, I would never have come near the House." "On the contrary," replied the Duke with great Earnestness, "the Sight of you can only afford me Relief; those Eyes must pronounce me happy or miserable. What would I not give, that you could view the inmost Thoughts of my Soul! you would see how you triumph there!" Saying this, he endeavoured to take her in his Arms; she was too discreet to suffer it, but rising up, told him with a bashful Blush, she plainly saw it was time for her to be gone. She made towards the Door in order to go out, when the Duke throwing himself before her, cried out, "Stay, my Angel, you are Mistress here, and have nothing to fear: Stay, stay, I'll do whatever you require, I will provide a Husband for you; I will settle you handsomely in the World." "I am too young," she replied, "to make any Answer to such things: In the name of Goodness let me go." Saying this she wept bitterly. The Duke, convinced that he only lost his Labour, endeavoured to pacify her, and with great Difficulty, at last compassed it. The *Valet de Chambre's* coming in put an end to her Fears. Nevertheless she returned home with a Disquiet of Mind arising from Love; the Scene she had beheld, had its Effect; her Heart was entangled, and in a few Days she longed as much to see the Duke, as she was before desirous to avoid him. It is true, her good Sense enabled her to resist any Thoughts of returning; but this Force upon her Inclinations was so violent, as very much prejudiced her Health. She grew very pale, as we all remarked, though we could not so much as guess at the Cause.

Eight Days were now passed without her hearing any thing of the Duke, when he came to the Village and enquired after a Man whose Daughter had brought him

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him Fruit. As he was the only one in the Place that dealt in that Commodity, he was soon known, and the *Duke* ordered all he had to be sent home; he then took a Fancy to walk in the Orchard where it grew, *Charlot's* Father waiting upon him all the while. By the time he imagined his Project had succeeded, he retired.

While the Father was taken up in attending the *Duke*, his subtle *Valet de Chambre* applied himself to the Daughter. He exerted all his Eloquence to seduce her, and draw her to *Fontainebleau*, in order to comply with his Master's Passion.

He took a great deal of Pains to set off his Birth, Wealth, and Person; he laid before her the great Advantages that might be made of such an Amour; but all to no Purpose. He changed his Battery, and employed the Appearance of Virtue to draw her into Vice. He proposed the making her a Duchess; which he assured should soon be brought about if she would come into his Measures. He reminded her of her own Condition, and that such an Opportunity of aggrandizing herself was not to be neglected for any imaginary *Punctilio*. Here her Resolution began to fail her; Love and Ambition prevailed so far, that she promised to come the next Day to Town, to see, as he expressed it, whether there was any Design of imposing upon her.

Dupin acquainted the *Duke* behore-hand with what had passed, and shewed him the Necessity of dissembling with *Charlot*, if he hoped to succeed in his Designs. 'Thou art certainly bantering me,' replied the *Duke*; 'though I love the Girl to Distraction, I'll not enter into any Engagement with her, which I don't intend to perform, much less commit so great a Folly as to marry her. Neither Love nor Money ought ever to countenance preposterous Matches. Depend upon it, I'll never follow the Example of ——— who in order to gratify his Passion was guilty of a thousand Follies, and then, to crown the Work, married his own Maid. A very virtuous Wife, perhaps, you'll say; but I don't
' much

* much admire the artful Methods she made use of to
* gain her Ends. I could mention ——— who was
* drawn in to marry a Baker's Daughter, by her
* taking advantage of his Fear of Sprites. His *Valet*
* *de Chambre* acted the Part of an Apparition, threaten-
* ing him with eternal Ruin, if he did not make an
* honest Woman of her. He was heartily frighten-
* ed, and the Plot succeeded. The Earl of ———
* is much in the same Situation. He lay under Ob-
* ligations to a poor Girl who had saved his Life, and
* rather than part with Twenty Thousand Livres,
* which she deserved at his Hands, he very fairly
* married her to save his Money. I might reckon
* up a great many more unequal Marriages; these
* Parts furnish many Examples, but they shall never
* prevail upon me to make one of the Number. So
* take your own Measures for bringing the Matter
* to bear: I own I am in Love; but remember, I,
* will neither make nor perform any Engagement.'

The *Valet de Chambre* endeavoured with great
Earnestness to prevail upon him to talk with *Charlot*
at least in an ambiguous Manner, on the Subject he
had entertained her with the Night before: But all
in vain. The *Duke* had honourable Principles, tho'
his Youth hurried him into some Excesses. When
Charlot came, *Dupin* persuaded her not to insist upon
any thing, assuring her that nothing could secure his
Master's Affections more than an entire Confidence in
his Honour. 'Your Compliance (said he) with his
' Request, will in a few Days make you a Duchess.'
And the better to satisfy her as to this Particular, he
reckoned up several Examples, 'which makes the
' thing,' says he, 'evident beyond Dispute.' *Char-*
lot, incapable of deceiving others, could not see thro'
the Artifices by which this Villain at last drew her into
the Snare. The Vanity of becoming a Woman of
Quality, the high Rank, and its Consequences, with
which she was flattered, dazzled her Understanding;
in fine, she agreed to spend a Week at *Fontainebleau*,
on condition her Father would give his Consent. A
Pretence was soon contrived. A Message was sent in
the

the *Duchess's* Name, the *Duke's* Mother, to her Father, in order to have her to Town; he thought himself much honoured in the Affair, and sent her very willingly.

She was no sooner there, but all Engines were at work to oblige and divert her. She began to relish a Life of Ease and Pleasure; what put the finishing Hand to the Business was fine Cloaths and Dress, of which she had always been passionately fond. She fancied herself already a *Duchess*; here she faltered, and here her Ruin was completed.

Every Day she expected to see the Effects of *Dupin's* Promises, and he as often found Pretexts to put her off. Time slipped away, her Lover was upon the Point of going to Court, to which his Rank and Employment about the King's Person called him. Her Passion for the Duke was inexpressible, and as she was used by him with the greatest Tenderness, she thought herself perfectly happy. But at last she found herself with Child, and the Duke gone to Court without bidding her Farewell. His Passion was sated, and almost worn out; the *Valet de Chambre* was directed to rid him of *Charlot*. The poor Creature began to forebode her Misfortunes; her Commerce with the *Duke* had given her an Insight into Things; she was no longer a simple Country Girl. She saw plainly the Danger she was in of being discarded: She had mentioned to her Lover the Promises made her in his Name, but he disowned them: She wept, tore her Hair, and took on bitterly, but all to no Purpose, the *Duke* went away without the least Emotion.

She taxed the *Valet de Chambre* with it: The Villain threw the Blame on his Master, and was the first in calling him an Impostor. But *Charlot*, now made desperate, was not to be put off with plausible Pretences; she exclaimed so loudly against her Deceivers, that the *Duke*, to whom *Dupin* had sent an Account of her Rage, apprehending the Affair's becoming public, proposed a considerable Sum of Money towards getting her a Husband. She stood out a long Time, but convinced at last that her Ruin was inevitable, she came

came to a Resolution. She took the twenty Thousand *Livres*, part of which paid her Portion in a Monastery to which she retired, the rest she distributed among her Relations. The Affair made some Noise; though till then it had been kept private, it was now no longer a Secret to the whole Village.

I had been acquainted with this Affair, which, with all its Circumstances, came fresh into my Memory on this Occasion. I resolv'd with myself to be more wary and more discreet than the unhappy *Charlot*: In vain did my Inclinations, prejudiced as they were, side with the *Marquess*, and set him off in the most favourable Light. My Virtue interpos'd; I determin'd never to swerve from its Dictates, and as often as my Heart should give Occasion, to call it to my Assistance. From that Moment I have constantly adhered to this Maxim, and have just Reason to look upon it as the Foundation of all my good Fortune. Under the Direction of so good a Guide there is no Danger of going astray.

I was taken up with these Reflections, when Word was brought of the *Marquess's* Arrival; he came leading the *Countess*, and was followed by a great deal of Company, whom he found at the Castle: He had already acquainted them with what had happened when I met the King on the Road, and the Gratitude his Majesty had ordered. But he did not inform them that the Affection, he had at that Instant taken to me, had put him upon laying the Circumstances of my Adventure before the King in such moving Terms, as laid his Majesty under a kind of Necessity of shewing me some Regard. The Company were so well pleas'd with the Account, that they all resolv'd to see in what Manner I should behave on the Occasion. This gave the *Countess* an Opportunity of informing them, that the *Marquess* of *L—V—*, Father to the young Nobleman, was my Godfather. The young *Marquess* was secretly transported with this Discovery, and which afterwards serv'd him for a Pretence when, under his Father's Name, he gave me so many signal Proofs of his Love and Generosity.

As the Company drew near, we advanced to meet her Ladyship. She no sooner saw me but she call'd out, 'Come hither, my dear *Jenny*, I am overjoy'd that you begin so early to taste the Sweets of your good Fortune: Don't be afraid,' continued she, seeing me in great Confusion, 'we know your Education has been such as a Village affords. How do you like my God-daughter, my Lord? Her Carriage is not the politest; but with good Instruction, she may make some Figure in the World.' "Indeed, Madam," replied the *Marquess*, "your Ladyship must pardon me; I think this pretty Creature very well behav'd; she wants but little Improvement, to be as you would have her." The Company busied themselves in commending me; one extoll'd my Beauty, my Neatness and Fancy in my Country Attire; another prais'd my Complexion; a third thought my Hand and Arm much beyond what is usual in low Life: In a word, every one contributed something to increase the Perplexity I was in. As to my Father, he afforded no small Diversion with his, 'She's your Servant; No indeed; I wish she were.' My Mother made no Answer, but a great many Curtesies; whilst I was the only one who did not dare to look up; and if any thing about me could create Delight, it must have been the extreme Confusion I laboured under.

When the first Volley of Compliments were over, the *Marquess*, addressing himself to me with as much Respect as if I had been a Duchess, said, "The King has commanded me, my pretty One, to put into Your Hands this Purse of Thirty *Louis d'Or's*: You owe it to the singular Satisfaction you expressed at seeing his Person, an Account of which was given him: I am exceedingly pleas'd he thought fit to employ me on this Occasion, and the more so, as I find, by this Lady's Information, that my Father stood with her at your Christening. It's what I was unacquainted with before, but I dare engage my Father will be extremely pleas'd to hear of this Adventure." 'That you may assure yourself,' replied

plied the *Countess*. 'But *Jenny*, what do you say to my Lord *Marquess*? You must thank him for the Pains he has taken.' I made him a Curtesy, and acknowledged the Favour, but in so low a Voice, that I dare say no body could tell what I said, nor indeed did I know very well myself. 'Mind,' says the *Countess*, winking on the Company, 'how I shall put her to it: Come *Jenny*,' continued she, 'tell us sincerely what you will do with your Money? How will you lay it out?' 'Since you are pleased, Madam, to command me,' answered I, 'the best Use I can put his Majesty's Bounty to, is to give it to my Mother.' 'How!' said the *Marquess* hastily, 'won't you keep some for your own Use?' 'Indeed, my Lord,' I replied, scarce daring to look in his Face, 'I don't want any thing; I shall only beg of her to have me taught to write, that if ever I should be at any Distance, I may be able to enquire after her Health.' He was charmed with my ready Answer, which he understood perfectly well by my Letter which *Colin* wrote. 'Ah! Madam,' cried he, turning to the *Countess*, 'how commendable is this Desire of Improvement! it would be barbarous to the last Degree, not to second it.' 'It is not my Design,' replied the *Countess* smiling, 'to be guilty of any such Thing; I'll see if I too can't do something proper for the King to be informed of. *Jenny*,' says she to me, 'I'll carry you home with me, this very Evening, if you have a mind; are you willing to go?' Upon this, turning myself to my Mother; 'You are the properest Person, dear *Mama*,' said I, 'to consider what Answer we ought to return to my Godmother's great Goodness.' But my Father saved her the Trouble, telling her Ladyship, he thought himself much honoured by such a Favour. The *Countess*, turning to the *Marquess*, told him, She undertook the Charge of me, and would endeavour to make me deserve the Notice his Majesty had been pleased to honour me with. 'Take your Leave, *Jenny*,' said she to me; turning about and followed by the Company. I embraced my Mother

and the rest of the Family with Tears in my Eyes, feeling at that Instant the Force of Nature in an upright Heart. Here I was not at a loss, but gave full Scope to my Affections; so true it is, that Shame accompanies only irregular Passions. I gave the Purse to my Mother, who told me in a Whisper, she would not fail to buy me some new Cloaths fit to appear in. Having taken my Leave, I followed the Company, who were now at some Distance. My Mother did not leave me till I had join'd them, nor then neither, till she had charged me to be always Good, and never to forget that no true Happiness could be expected without it.

The *Marquess* often looked back. He no sooner saw me alone, but coming up to me, 'How happy
' dearest *Jenny*, am I (says he) to have it in my
' Power to see you, and from time to time to renew
' such delightful Satisfaction! I wish I could make
' you comprehend, how dear so long an Absence has
' cost me.' "I am very sensible, my Lord," answered I, "how much I am indebted to your Generosity: I hope you will accept of the Acknowledgments I make, though they are far short of what they ought to be; you must attribute it to my small Capacity, and the Company I have been used to; they were no better than myself, and it could not be expected but I should be much confused on such Occasions; perhaps, when I have been some time with my Godmother, I may learn more Breeding." "Your good Sense charms me," replied the *Marquess*: "It wants only a little Improvement; but, you must learn to distinguish your Friends. And give me leave, my dear *Jenny*, not to lose this favourable Opportunity, but to speak as becomes the sincerest Friend you have. You are beautiful, and will every Day be more so: The *Countess* sees much Company, and consequently it cannot be long before Addresses will be made to you. But remember, few young Men are in the same way of thinking with myself; they carry Danger with them, and will leave no Way untry'd to deceive you: If you listen to them, you
must

‘ must give me over for lost. I need not say any more
‘ at present of what I have to speak of, a little Expe-
‘ rience of the World will let you into part of it. In
‘ the mean time, endear yourself as much as possible
‘ to your Godmother; bating the usual Foibles of the
‘ Sex, a good Woman, and endowed with excellent
‘ Qualifications worthy your Imitation. Some other
‘ Time I will give you her Character as a Model by
‘ which you may form your own; you see I don’t
‘ treat you like a Child. Nevertheless I ought to ask
‘ your Pardon for taking upon me to give you Lessons:
‘ But the great share I must bear in every thing that
‘ concerns you, makes me thus look forwards into
‘ your Affairs. I must not forget to acquaint you that
‘ her Ladyship has a Daughter, who, as she is much
‘ inferior in point of Beauty, will be jealous of you
‘ from the first Moment. Her Brother is a handsome
‘ young Gentleman, and I have reason to think will
‘ be as little able to resist your Charms as myself; this
‘ gives me some Uneasiness, as well as his having con-
‘ tinual Opportunities of seeing you. He will make
‘ love, and perhaps gain upon your Affections: If so,
‘ what must become of me!

“ I don’t know,” answered I, “ what Love is;
“ I have hitherto lived very happy, unacquainted
“ with any Uneasiness, but what arose from seeing
“ my mother in Affliction, or the Peevishness of my
“ Brother and Sister. There is nothing but your ge-
“ nerous Behaviour towards”—“ No more of Gene-
“ rosity,” replied he: “ I’m in Pain when you bestow
“ that Name on such trifling Marks of the most tender
“ Friendship. You are not yet acquainted with me;
“ when you are, you’ll be sensible, how happy I am
“ in this small Opportunity of shewing how tenderly I
“ love you.” “ Lord! (said I smiling) you are al-
“ ways talking of Love: Let it rest till I know what
“ it is, and whether a Maid may be allowed to hear
“ of it.” “ I’ll teach you what it is,” replied he.
“ No, no, my Lord,” I cried, “ my Mother has
“ often charged me never to listen to Men; since all
“ they say only tends to impose upon us: I dare say my

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"Godmother is of the same Opinion." "Take care," replied the *Marquess* very earnestly, "that you never mention a Word to her concerning my Passion. She is of a jealous Temper, of which more hereafter; it may prevent my seeing of you, and upon that my very Life depends." "Nay then (added I) there must be harm in it, since you are afraid to let it be known." "No, my dearest *Jenny*, there is none; I have a better Opinion of me." I was about to reply: I found a Facility in doing it, that surprized me. I was under no Restraint with the *Marquess*; and if he had been one of my Play-fellows, I could not have reasoned with greater Freedom. I was about, I say, to enquire why he should give himself this Preference, when my Godmother turning about, called to me. Upon our coming up to her, "How now!" says she to me, "what, are you listening to the *Marquess*? What Subject has he been upon? Love to be sure. Remember, *Jenny*, it is Poison, and often times fatal." "I know nothing of the Matter, Madam," answered I: "My Lord, to divert himself, I suppose, has been enquiring after our Country Amusements, and I have given him the best Account I can." "It's very true," says he, "this pretty Creature has described them in so lively a Manner, that I prefer them far beyond the Pleasures of a Town Life." The *Countess* rallied him on his new Taste; the Company took up the Subject, till, without perceiving it, we had reach'd the Castle.

The *Countess* was no sooner in her Apartment, but she call'd for *Mademoiselle de Parc*: She had been formerly her Waiting Woman, tho' at present had no other Employment but to govern her Ladyship, as well as the rest of the Family. She might have some fifty Years over her Head, was lean and wrinkled; a Countenance much upon the Wheedler and Devotee; she would always be of your Opinion till you had placed a Confidence in her, which she was sure to make a Handle of, to tyrannize with Impunity. She knew the Intrigues of a Family, was always finding fault, except her Avarice interposed: She loved Money, and made

no Secret of it upon proper Occasions: Any Fault would be excus'd where Presents mediated a Pardon. It was to this antiquated Piece of Formality I was given in Charge: 'I recommend my God-daughter to your Care for Education,' said the *Countess* to her; 'she is good-conditioned, and naturally well-inclined: I make no doubt but she will advance apace under your Direction. Do you know the King has taken notice of her, and given thirty *Louis d'Ors*? "Thirty *Louis d'Ors*!" cried *Mademoiselle de Parc* interrupting her; "no little Matter, I assure you: "Where are they?" "Her good Nature," replied the *Countess*, 'prevailed on her to give them to her Mother.' "She had done better to have kept them," replied the old *Abigail* with a Frown, "I could have laid them by for her as well as another. Who knows what may happen? How could she be so giddy! She would have known where to find them at a Pinch." 'That's not the Business we are about,' said the *Countess*, interrupting her; 'where will you lay her?' "Why, in my Chamber," answer'd *de Parc*; "where can she be better?" "That's true," said the *Countess*; 'But the first Thing she is set about, must be to learn to write: When she can do that, I'll take her to *Versailles*, where she shall return the King Thanks for his Bounty in her own Hand-writing; it may possibly engage him to continue it.' "Very true," replied my new Governess; "that's no bad Thought." During this Conversation I never opened my Lips: My Heart misgave me; I dreaded my present Situation, and with Regret looked back upon that I had just now left. After much Discourse of this kind, *Mademoiselle de Parc* seiz'd on me as her Prey, and ever after follow'd me like my Shadow.

The *Marquess* staid some time at the Castle, during which he continually sought for an Opportunity to speak with me: But this was no easy Matter, as I was always with my Governess, or else in the *Countess's* Bed-Chamber, learning to embroider. I sometimes met his Eyes, and learnt from them how disagreeable this Restraint was to him; by degrees I became ac-

quainted with their Language. Whilst he said, nothing affected me but the endearing Reflection of being beloved by him: I apprehended no Harm in amusing myself with the Idea of him; Gratitude, methought, required it of me: Frivolous Pretext! Fatal Mistake! a Fire lay hid under it, whose gentle Heat pleased at present, but soon broke out with great Violence. *Mademoiselle d'Elbieux*, the *Countess's* Daughter, was about fifteen Years of Age; of a fair Complexion, the only personal Advantage she was Mistress of: Her Eyes large and dull, but in that particular, Impostors; for she did not want Wit, though at that Time it was unequal, and not very taking. Her Countenance deceives one; she being in appearance good-natured and engaging, but in reality envious and sullen. In consideration of Favours received from her Mother, when at her House, I would gladly have omitted this Character; but it was impracticable to proceed in my Story without bringing her upon the Stage, as several future Events will be found entirely owing to her Treachery and Malice. All I can do in this Case is to soften the Touches, when I shall have Occasion to speak of her hereafter. To this Day my Revenge has been very favourable; but if she should know me again, it will be her Interest to keep her own Secret. My little Experience did not prevent my discerning the Uneasiness my Arrival at the Castle created in her. When every one else took a Liking to me, she was in a different Way of thinking, and by her haughty Behaviour diminished the good Opinion others had of me: I was very sensible of her Coldness, or rather her Envy, in my Regard. It gave me some Concern. The *Chevalier* her Brother was in the other Extreme: From the first Moment he began to fancy me. I was convinced of it by his Behaviour and his Discourse: he look'd upon me as an agreeable Amusement for the Time he was to stay at the Castle. My innocent and unaffected Carriage, seem'd to promise him an easy Conquest. In a word, he was exactly what the *Marquess* had described; tall and well-shaped; his Behaviour, in appearance obliging, but in reality far
from

from it: Very passionate, and, like his Sister, excessively haughty. Where he endeavour'd to please, he would artfully disguise these ill Qualities; but if the Success did not answer, he was sure to employ Artifice and Force. I had leisure enough to study both their Characters, and the Usage I met with from their Hands taught me by fatal Experience, never to form an Opinion of any one from the first Impression, nor contract a Friendship, unless with those whom, by a moral Certainty, I knew to be of a Character very opposite to Theirs.

The *Marquess* had the Dexterity, the Day before he left the Castle, to contrive an Opportunity of speaking with me, whilst I was in the *Countess's* Room at my Work, and a great deal of Company present, who dined at the Castle. He propos'd *Pharaon* to her Ladyship, and under pretence of not understanding the Game, prevailed upon her, with very little Difficulty, to hold the Bank for him. The Company immediately engaged, and thro' their Eagerness at Play, *Mademoiselle de Parc*, the *Marquess* and myself were soon left alone. He offer'd her a *Louis d'Or* to venture with, in which she should go Halves if she had good Luck. This was a Temptation not to be resisted. Her Back was no sooner turn'd, but addressing himself to me, 'How happy am I, my dearest *Jenny*,' said the *Marquess*, 'in this Opportunity of talking with you! I have long sought for it: What would I give to enjoy it every Day! I am going, my lovely Creature; I cannot stay any longer without discovering what it is that fixes me here. May I not enquire before I go what Place I have in your Affection? Speak, my Angel, don't refuse me this Satisfaction; Life's a Burthen to me without, at least, the Hopes of gaining your Affections. Consider it is very uncertain when I shall be able to see you again, and yet that is the only Comfort left me, in the Situation in which my Passion for you has placed me.' He utter'd this with so much Tendernefs, that I could not forbear looking at him, fetching a deep Sigh at the same time. 'What means that Sigh, my Charmer?'

cried he, in the most affectionate Manner. ' Am I so happy, sincere as I am, to move your Compassion?' " Ah! my Lord (replied I) leave me, I beg; whenever you are near, or speak to me, I am not myself. What do you aim at? Why do you pursue a young Creature of my low Condition? I know very well my Distance; yet I am not afraid to say, that as great as you are, if your Designs are dishonourable, they shall never succeed." " God forbid (cried he) that I should have such a Thought. All I desire is to love you, and obtain your Favour." " Alas! to what Purpose?" answered I. " Why does every Gentleman say the same? Is it the Fashion at Paris? In all my Life I never heard so much of Love as within these eight Days I have been here." " How!" cried the *Marquess*, quite amaz'd, ' this is the first Time I could ever have an Opportunity of making my Addresses to you.' " As if you were the only One!" answered I very innocently! " All the other Gentlemen are continually upon the same strain; but in particular the *Countess's* Son never suffers me to have a Moment's Quiet." " Heavens!" says the *Marquess* interrupting me ' sure he is not in love with you?' " I can't tell what it is to be in love," replied I; " but if every one is in love, that says so, he certainly is." " And what answer do you make him?" cried the *Marquess* with great Earnestness. " Really I take so little Notice of what he says," answered I, " that I can give no Account." " But this I know very well, I should not be sorry if he concern'd himself no more with me than his Sister does." " May I depend upon this, my dear *Jenny*?" said the *Marquess* a little recovered. " Don't you find a Pleasure in hearing him?" " Ah! not in the least," answered I very simply; " so far from it, that one Word of yours makes a much greater Impression on me than a hundred of his." " How she charms me!" cried the *Marquess*. " How happy should I be if I were convinced of what she says with so much Sincerity! I would not change my Condition with any thing the whole World affords,

‘fords. Repeat it once more, my lovely dear: You restore me to Life; my whole Happiness depends on that Acknowledgment.’ “Heavens! what have I said?” replied I, astonished to see him thus transported. “What is it that pleases you so much? Perhaps I may have done amiss without knowing it?” “No, no,” said he interrupting me hastily; never think of acting otherwise. If your Heart has explained itself, don’t contradict it; it shall never repent its Condescensions in my Behalf.” “My Heart has said nothing!” answered I, interrupting in my turn very briskly. “If I have let drop any Words without knowing their Meaning, you ought not to take any Advantage from thence.” “What! am I to go away then,” replied the *Marquess*, overwhelm’d with Vexation and Regret? “Your Heart says nothing! To another it may possibly speak. Farewel Life, since I have incurred your Hatred.” These last Words were spoke in so moving an Accent, that they affected me very much: I looked at him, and the extreme Sorrow I saw in his Countenance, made me heartily repent I had been the Occasion of it. “Good God!” I cried with great Anxiety; “what a Misfortune is it not to know how to express one’s self! that’s the Reason I am thought to say one thing when I mean another. Why should you afflict yourself in this Manner? It was far from my Intention. Besides it’s wrong in you to give any heed to a Person, who has not Wit enough to answer you: Have but Patience till I have learnt some from my Godmother, and then I’ll say nothing that will give Offence.” He could not forbear smiling at my Ingenuity. “There it is again!” cried I. “This Moment you were ready to cry; and now I have made some Blunder you are laughing at me. Very well! it’s high Time for me to hold my Tongue.” I spoke this with some Warmth, and fell to my Work without taking the least Notice of a thousand passionate and tender Expressions he employed to pacify me.

At

At last, wearied out with my Obstinacy, the *Marquis* remained silent: Imagining he was gone, I looked up hastily to see what was become of him, but was much out of Countenance to find him looking stedfastly on me. 'You certainly design my Death,' said he, 'since you will not vouchsafe me a Word, nor so much as a Look. What have I done to deserve such Usage? I go then with a heavy Heart: Cruel Creature! farewell for ever.' This moved me: I was obliged, methought, to justify myself from such an Imputation: Of how great Force is Prejudice in the Conduct of our Lives! "No, my Lord," answered I with some Warmth, "my Behaviour deserves no such injurious Names. I am not, nor ever was, cruel to any thing; so far from it, I cannot see a Lamb killed without crying. I never could hurt the least thing; even when my Brother and Sister have fallen upon me, I would not so much as defend myself for fear of hurting them. Judge then if I deserve to be called cruel." Had I gone on, the *Marquis* would have given me the Hearing, so well was he pleased with my ingenuous Simplicity; but Love places every thing in a favourable Light. 'I ask your Pardon, my dearest *Jenny*,' said the *Marquis*, 'if I have offended you: The Word *cruel* does not mean *ill-natured*; however, had you persisted in not making me any Answer, you certainly would have deserved to be called so. But now you have restored me to Life, and I will never use that Word again. There is no Time to be lost, the Company may perhaps give over Play very soon, and I should never have forgiven myself if I had omitted to settle one Point before I go. I design to send *Dubois* (his *Valet de Chambre*) twice a Week under a pretended Compliment to the *Countess*, that I may hear from you, At another Opportunity I will acquaint you what Method I have used to prevent her taking any Umbrage at it. *Dubois* will find Means to speak to you, and bring me your Answers, which in some measure
may

‘ may alleviate what I must suffer from your Absence.
 ‘ Besides, I shall take all Opportunities possible to
 ‘ wait on you, so as not to be observed. At present
 ‘ I shall not press to know what Place I have in your
 ‘ Affections, since you seem to be so averse to the
 ‘ giving me that Satisfaction; however I shall be
 ‘ able to form some Judgment of it, by your Earnestness to learn to write, and, I flatter myself, I
 ‘ shall then find I am not altogether disagreeable to
 ‘ you.’ He was going on, when my Governess came to us with Joy in her Countenance: She had won four *Louis d’Or’s*, and was bringing the *Marquess* his Share.
 ‘ Pray, Madam,’ says he, ‘ keep them yourself; they
 ‘ may be lucky to you another Time. When I return to *Versailles*, I intend to play for you there,
 ‘ and see whether the same Fortune attends you in
 ‘ deep Play. The only Return I desire is, that you
 ‘ would be careful of this Child; you may possibly
 ‘ find your Account in it hereafter.’ This was taking her on the weak Side, especially as she knew the *Marquess*’s Generosity and Exactness in keeping his Word.
 “ You need say no more, my Lord,” she replied;
 “ let me alone: I will take the same Care of her as
 “ if she were my own Daughter. I am not to learn
 “ that our young *Chevalier* is very sweet upon her;
 “ but I shall watch him so narrowly, that he will not
 “ find an Opportunity of speaking to her, but when
 “ I am by: He and I are no Strangers one to another; and I am apt to think he will not venture
 “ to take any Liberties there.” The Company left off Play just as she had done speaking. The Bank, it seems, was broke, and the *Countess* came to acquaint the *Marquess* with his Loss; but he seemed very easy as to that Particular. Presently a Walk was agreed on, so that I was left alone with *Mademoiselle de Parc*, and soon found the Effects of the *Marquess*’s Civilities; (for so she stiled the Money and Promises she had received from him;) and indeed, ever after she used me with the greatest Tenderness imaginable.

The *Chevalier d’Elbieux*, freed from the Trouble of doing the Honours of the House, applied himself
 very

very closely to me: Every Moment he was urging his Passion, and I was as backward in taking any Notice of it. How widely different his Manner of expressing himself from that of the *Marquess*, when compared together! The one, though polite, yet haughty and breathing an Air of Superiority; the other, on the contrary, complaisant, genteel, and accompanied with a Deference, as if addressed by an Inferior: this certainly was very taking, and, simple as I was, the Difference was very remarkable.

The *Countess* soon perceived her Son's Inclination for me, and reprimanded him accordingly; but this, far from having the desired Effect, only increased his Passion. It is true, he became more circumspect in his Behaviour, but in a short Time I found, by woe-ful Experience, what terrible Effects may be expected from Retraint, where the Heart is not guided by a Principle of Virtue.

As for *Mademoiselle* his Sister, I tried all Methods to render myself acceptable to her; she condescended to bear with me, but after a Manner insupportably haughty. Whether the respectful Behaviour of the *Marquess* had given me a wrong Turn, or that naturally I was not disposed to submit, I found an infinite Difficulty in doing it to her. I often bewailed myself; to which perhaps the Absence of the *Marquess* did not a little contribute, whose amiable Behaviour was set off by every Vexation I underwent. What a Friend is Solitude to Love! I soon became acquainted with it, now no longer that ignorant Girl who asked what it was. Its Revenge was severe, making me feel the full Extent of its Power and Violence. I fell away, lost my Complexion and Strength. My Rest heretofore was undisturbed, but now I seldom enjoyed so great a Blessing. I considered the Circumstances of my present Situation; I was willing to hide their Source from myself, and instead of blaming the Impetuosity of my Affections, I attributed what I suffered to my Absence from my Mother. But I was very soon convinced of my Error.

The *Countess* judged as ill in the Affair as myself, imagining the Sight of my Parents would be of Service to me, in the Condition to which she saw me reduced. They were sent for, and indeed afforded me some Relief; but I received much more from the Arrival of *Dubois*. He gave me an Account of his Master, and how much he was concerned at my Absence. There was no Oecasion for explaining my Sentiments to him; my Countenance discovered more than my Words could express.

From the Time that the *Marquess* left the Castle, I had applied myself to learn to write; a *Valet de Chambre* belonging to the *Chevalier*, who wrote a fine Hand, took a great Pleasure in teaching me. I had just begun to join the Letters, and, to give the *Marquess* a Proof of my Attention to his Requests, I took a childish Pleasure in scrawling over a whole Page. This, with great Charge, I gave *Dubois*. He enquired very earnestly whether or no the *Chevalier* made love to me or not? I suppose it was Part of his Instructions. The Answer I made was, that at first he did, but his Mother, being apprised of it, had taken such Methods, that now he durst not so much as open his Mouth to me on that Subject.

The Day after *Dubois's* Return to the *Marquess*, happened to be Sunday. I had made a Friendship with my *Governess's* Niece *Catherine*, for that was her Name, besides an excellent Temper, was Mistress of a great deal of Wit, and that improved by a genteel Education. I have certainly great Obligations to her, as she was the first that begun to polish the coarse Breeding I had contracted at Home. Her Age as well as Experience was superior to mine, but that did not hinder us from being inseparable Companions. In the Afternoon when Church was done, her Aunt walked with us into a neighbouring Wood, where an Opening was cut for the Conveniency of Hunting. *Mademoiselle de Parc* had a Book in her Hand, which gave us an Opportunity of retiring to a little Distance. Our Conversation accidentally turning upon the *Countess*, she informed me that the

Count

Count and she had been for some Years upon very indifferent Terms; that it was not much observed in the World, tho' they very seldom met, he generally coming down into the Country, when she returned to *Paris*, the only one Point they agreed in. 'Good God!' cried I; 'is it possible for married People to live at a Distance from each other? We never hear of any such thing in our Village: What can be the Cause of it?' "Love on one Side and Jealousy on the other," answered *Catbarine*. "The Husband dislikes his Lady's Admirers; and the Lady can't prevail upon herself to discard them." 'What!' says I, interrupting her, 'do People think of Gallantry after they are married?' "Yes, my dear *Jenny*," replied she. "It is certainly very wrong; and yet nothing is more frequent at *Paris*: There, Interest, not Affection, commonly makes the Match; wretched Custom taking place of Reason. The Gentleman has his Mistresses, the Lady her Intrigues, live in the same House, and seldom see the Face of each other. It is true, there are some Husbands not so tractable, that expect their Wives should keep up to their Duty, though they don't think fit to shew them the Example: If the Wife happens to be headstrong, and will not comply, they come to Expostulations, and so part: Others, like the *Count* and his Lady, compromise the Matter, and each lives as their Fancy directs; consequently they undergo less Uneasiness, as they are under less Restraint: It has even happened sometimes, that their complaisant Indifference for each other has brought about a sincere Reconciliation; this, 'tis true, is rare, but Examples are not wanting to confirm what I have said. As for the *Count* and the *Countess* your Godmother, I don't expect they will ever be of that Number: The *Countess* is a Woman of Character, and has always passed for such in the World; but she affects the Air of a Coquet, loves to be thought amiable, and more to be told so: For these last three Months she has been, to her insupportable Mortification,

" without

“ without an Admirer : It is but since the Arrival of
“ the *Marquess* of *L. F.* at the Castle, that she has
“ put on this Air of Sprightliness and Good-humour
“ you see her in ; before he made his Court she was
“ ready to die of Melancholy. For some Days he
“ has been very assiduous, and seems deeply in love.”
These last Words went to my Heart, and caused such
an Emotion in my Spirits, that I fainted away on the
Grass where we sat. *Catharine* lifted me up, and
with some Difficulty brought me to myself : She did
not in the least suspect the real Cause of my Illness,
it being presently attributed to the indifferent Health
I had enjoyed for some Days past ; they led me back
to the Castle, and put me immediately to Bed. *Catharine*
left me, in order, she said, that I might compose
myself, assuring me that an Hour or two, if I
could sleep, would set me to rights : I pretended to
be of the same Opinion ; she had no sooner shut the
Door, but I gave a loose to my melancholy Re-
flections.

Ah wretched Creature, cried I bursting into Tears,
where is that Tranquillity of Mind I once possessed !
What has thus reduced me of late to this forlorn Con-
dition ? Why thus altered since the *Marquess's* Ab-
sence ? What is it to me if he courts the *Countess* ?
why am I so deeply concerned in the Affair ? What
means this Affliction his Absence brings upon me ?
Why should I, at these Years, loath what was once so
agreeable ? Ah ! it's but too evident. Barbarous Man !
how could you say you loved me ? Why should you
thus deceive me ? Did I compel you to profess a Pas-
sion you are entirely void of ? Why should you take
any Advantage of my too great Credulity ? Heavens !
what brought me hither ? What will become of me ?
Ah ! *Charlotte, Charlotte* ! I feel too plainly what you
must have endured when abandoned by one you loved
so well. I but judge of you by myself. Her whole
Adventure presented itself to my disturbed Imagination,
till, wearied out with Tears and Vexation, I
fell into a profound Sleep which much refreshed my
exhausted

exhausted Spirits, and I awaked with some Composure of Mind.

I was going out of my Chamber, but was prevented by the *Chevalier*; 'I am told,' says he, 'you have been out of Order whilst you were taking the Air; and yet I think you look pretty well.' "Likely enough," answered I, but it must be owing to Sleep, "for I am not perfectly recovered." 'I am sorry for that,' replied he, 'something must be done: I'll engage to cure you, if you'll let me be your Physician; I can do more than all the Doctors put together.' "Lord! Sir, (answered I, my Resentment against the *Marquess* not being entirely out of my Head) 'let me alone! I detest the whole Sex of Men," 'That's only (answered the *Chevalier*) an Effect of the Spleen; they are not so contemptible neither, at least those of a certain Turn.' This was spoke with such an Air of Complacency in his own dear Self, as plainly intimated he thought he was one of the Number. 'No, no, my Dearest,' continued he, 'you will not always be so hard-hearted.' Saying this he offered to catch me in his Arms; but I disengaged myself from him, crying out for Help. This brought my *Governess*, who seized him as he was pursuing me, and after upbraiding him with the little Respect he paid to his Mother's Commands, and assuring him that she at least should insist upon a different Behaviour, shut him out with Fury and Indignation in his Eyes.

'What would this Fool be at here?' says she to me when we were alone. "I don't know," replied I, "he endeavoured to take me in his Arms." 'You were in the right (said she) to call out; you heard how I handled him, he'll not come this Way again in haste. He is very boisterous,' continued she, 'and we shall have no loss of him when he is gone; it will not be long first, as the *Countess* informs me. It's really a pity he should behave in this Manner, he does not want Sense, if he would but govern himself; he has an obliging Air, which imposes on those

‘ those who are not thoroughly acquainted with him.
‘ As for my part, I never liked a cloudy Cast in his
‘ Eyes, which makes one think he is always contri-
‘ ving some Mischief or another.’

After this Discourse we went to the *Countess's* Apartment, little thinking to find the *Marquess* there. This Surprise increased my Resentment, and made him appear more criminal. I was very near starting at the Sight of him, but Shame and Anger made me stand my Ground.

He no sooner saw me, but coming up with great Alacrity, ‘ How do you do, my charming *Jenny*?
‘ Good God!’ cried he, seeing me nearer, ‘ how she
‘ is altered! What can be the Meaning of this,
‘ my Dear? What has befallen you since I was
‘ here?’ In saying this he took hold of my Hand; but I snatched it away again with Indignation. ‘ She
‘ is very feverish,’ continued he with an Air of Surprise at what I had done, though he seemed to stifle it. ‘ Madam,’ said he turning to the *Countess*, ‘ depend upon it the Child is ill, she must be taken
‘ care of.’ ‘ It will go off,” replied her Ladyship,
‘ it’s only a little Melancholy; I have sent for her
‘ Mother to divert it. Come hither *Jenny*, let me
‘ feel your Pulse—You are in the right; she is in a
‘ Fever; send for the Doctor,” continued the *Countess*, speaking to my *Governess*, “ and put her to Bed,
“ and let somebody watch with her.” The *Marquess's* Eyes were never off me, endeavouring to discover the Cause of my Vexation, which I had much ado to keep to myself. But I prevented him by making a Curtesey and retiring. I was no sooner in my Chamber, than I went to Bed with many a melancholy Reflection, the Consequence of which was so violent a Révolution, that in two Hours the Fever was augmented; and increased so fast afterwards, that by Day-break it redoubled, and I grew light-headed.

The Extremity to which I was reduced, rendered me incapable of knowing what passed; so that I am beholden to *Catharine*, who never left my Bed-side, for that Part of my History. The *Countess* was immediately

mediately informed of the Danger I was in; she was much concerned, and ordered all possible Care to be taken of me. Like many others, she dreaded the Sick; even her own Children in that Condition must not have expected to see her: Nay, since that, I have met with Persons whose Apprehensions were carried to that Pitch of Extravagance, as not to converse with such as visited the Sick. It happened luckily for the *Marquess* that my Godmother was not of this last Number. The Moment he heard how ill I was, he flew to my Chamber; struck with the utmost Consternation to see me in so much Danger, he could not avoid discovering his Passion. Happily nobody was present but my *Governess* and her Niece: They soon perceived the Occasion of his Grief; his passionate Exclamations convinced them that Love was the Source from whence they took their Rise. He won their Hearts by his Generosity, not to say Prodigality. 'It's in vain,' said he, 'for me to hide any longer from you the Cause of my Grief; my Life depends upon this Child's Recovery.' Saying this he drew out his Purse, and gave it to *Mademoiselle de Parc*. 'There are,' continued he, 'a hundred *Louis d'Ors*, I beg your Acceptance of them; not that I thereby limit my Acknowledgements if you can save her Life. And as for you,' say he, turning to *Catharine*, 'accept of this Diamond as a Reward for your Concern: I am convinced you love my *Jenny*, and that's enough to make you dear to me. I have a particular View in regard to this lovely young Creature, whom I adore, from whose Life my own is inseparable. Ye Heavens! who know the Purity of my Intentions, restore her to me. Ah! *Jenny*, *Jenny*,' continued he, bursting into Tears, 'you hear me not; alas! could I but save your Life, tho' at the Expence of my own!—Look up, my Angel, see the deplorable Condition your poor Lover is reduced to! Good God! whence comes this Illness? I left her in perfect Health. Heavens! how she burns! her Eyes are wide open, and yet she does not see me!' A Torrent of Tears, which followed,

lowed, scarce suffered him to speak to his *Valet de Chambre*, who came to receive his Orders. 'Take post,' said he, 'fetch hither immediately *Monsieur N—*. Lord, what an unfortunate Wretch am I!' His Exclamations were so moving, that my *Governess* and her Neice could not refrain mingling their Tears with his. In the Interim the *Countess* lent to desire his Company below Stairs. *Mademoiselle de Parc* prevailed upon him to disguise his Grief, and advised him to leave the Castle next Day, to prevent any Discovery. "If you stay," says she, "you will not be able to contain yourself. The *Countess* is quick of apprehension, and will presently unravel the whole Affair; especially as you cannot refrain coming continually to this Room, tho' to no manner of Purpose. I would have you go, and make yourself easy: She has Youth and a good Constitution on her Side, she'll work through it: Every Day you may depend upon hearing from me. Believe me," continued she, seeing him irresolute what to do; "follow my Advice, you will not repent it. When she begins to recover you may return; whereas should your Passion be discovered, the *Countess* will send *Jenny* home, and give the World an Opportunity to ruin her Reputation." This last Argument prevailed with the *Marquess*: He retired, after he had kiss'd my Hand, and the next Day invented an Excuse for leaving the Castle. It's true, the *Countess* endeavoured with great Earnestness to detain him; but the Reasons he alledged, prevailed upon her to consent to his Departure. At some Distance he met *Monsieur de N—*, and his *Valet de Chambre*; he recommended his Patient to him, and besought him not to leave her till perfectly recovered. *Dubois* was charged not to stir till I was entirely out of Danger.

The great Care that was taken, joined to the Skill of the Physician, wrought a perfect Cure in a Fortnight's Time. The Account *Catharine* gave me of what had passed, forwarded my Recovery very much. The Grief, of which the *Marquess* had given such evident

dent Proofs, made a great Impression on me. I found no Difficulty, in owning to them the Occasion of this dangerous Illness: They both condemned my Jealousy, and convinced me how unjust it was, by letting me see, that his supposed Passion for the *Countess* was no more than a well-contrived Expedient to be oftener near me. I likewise gave them to understand, that as much in Love as I was, I would never fall into the Snare, whereby poor *Charlot*, whose Adventure they had heard from me, threw herself away. *Mademoiselle de Parc* was so well pleased to hear my good Resolutions, that she took me in her Arms, promising never to abandon me, but to secure me from the Attempts Love might make upon my Virtue. The Presents she and her Niece had received, influenced them to draw very advantageous Consequences both for themselves and me. Every thing conspired to flatter my Inclinations: My Lover was the ordinary Subject of our Conversation, and every Day I heard from him. Such an agreeable Situation could not fail by degrees to dispel my Apprehensions.

There was nothing now to molest me but the *Chevalier d'Elbieux*, who gave us Trouble enough, coming ten times a day into my Room, for which there was no Remedy: It not being proper to affront him, as I was in his Mother's House, however vexatious his Importunity might be: *Mademoiselle de Parc* afforded me some Comfort, by promising she would prevent his having Recourse to any Violence; however I dreaded the very Sight of him, as if my Mind foreboded what was to happen.

In the mean time the *Marquess*, whom my *Governess*, without letting me into the Secret, had acquainted with the Occasion of my Illness, wrote a long Letter, which she read to me: He there asked my Pardon for having been the innocent Occasion of it. He solemnly protested against the least Affection for the *Countess*; that his only Design, in pretending Love to her, was to gain Opportunities of being near me: The Letter contained Vows of Fidelity, with an Assurance that he only waited a proper Occasion to give
undeniable

undeniable Proofs thereof. I learnt besides, that I should see him the next Day, which he acquainted me with, to prevent the Effects of a too sudden Surprise. I felt an infinite Pleasure in hearing the Contents of the Letter, and tho' I could not read, I laid it up very carefully, as a convincing Proof of the Affection it so naturally described.

Mademoiselle d'Elbieux sent but once in my Illness to enquire how I did; I was at a loss how to account for her Aversion to me; but one would have imagined she was displeased with my Recovery, and when every one else congratulated me on that Occasion, she alone was silent. The *Countess*, her Mother, was overjoyed: The *Chevalier* of late kept himself within bounds, his Behaviour went no farther than what Politeness requires in Behalf of the Fair Sex: I was much delighted, imagining his Passion for me was at an end. And now I fancied myself completely happy, this Change in him being what I had most earnestly desired. But alas! he soon undeceived me: I found by woeful Experience, that one cannot be too much upon one's Guard against a Man, who on a sudden appears to have laid aside a violent Passion; there is always a Snake in the Grass, which will certainly sting when least expected.

The following Day, when the *Marquess* was to come, my *Governess* proposed a Walk, saying the Air would be of Service. She spoke of it at the *Countess's* Table, where I sat ever since my Illness, tho' no very acceptable Companion to *Mademoiselle d'Elbieux*. Her Brother behaved with exceeding Complaisance, and as I imagined he had got the better of his Folly, I paid him the Deference due to the Son of my Benefactress. The Physician, who still attended me approved of my taking the Air, assuring me that I should find a Benefit by it.

After Dinner *Catharine* whispered me, that our Walk was a Contrivance of her Aunt's, in order to meet the *Marquess*, I was pleased with the Thought; I was under no Apprehension of seeing him, as I had in my Company a *Confidante* of the Age of *Mademoiselle*

selle de Parc: Though I was very sensible she acted upon a Principle of Interest, I had so good an Opinion of her as to believe she would not carry her Complaisance too far. Her Neice, who was Sincerity itself, in reckoning up to me her Aunt's Imperfections, had not forgot the good Qualities of which she was Mistress.

The Heat of the Day being over, we went out, directing our Walk the Way the *Marquess* was to pass. The Walk was very pleasant; after half an Hour spent in it, we stopped in the Wood; from thence we went to rest ourselves in a little Meadow hard by: We had not been there a Quarter of an Hour, before we heard a Whistle. I was startled, but my *Governess* and her Neice made slight of it, telling me I need not be under any Apprehension in the Forest: But in a little a second Signal seem'd to answer the first; immediately we heard a Noise just by, and turning my Head suddenly I set up a great Cry. Four Men disguised with Masks rushed upon us; and in an Instant stopped Handkerchiefs into our Mouths. After this they bound *Mademoiselle de Parc* and her Neice, then led us about fifty Yards from thence, to a By-place surrounded with a thick Coppice, where they left the poor Creatures tied to two Trees. As for me I was carried farther off, where three of the Men retired, leaving me alone with the fourth, who throwing off his Mask discovered himself to be the *Chevalier d'Elbieux*. Imagine my Surprise. 'Since nothing but Force,' says he, 'will prevail with you, it's fitting you should be treated according to your Taste.' He had no sooner done speaking, but he began to offer Violence. As they had neglected to tie me, I struggled very hard, and the Handkerchief falling off my Face, I took that Opportunity to cry out as loud as possible, so that the Forest rung again. Notwithstanding my Resistance, I was upon the Point of falling a Victim to the Wretch's Brutality; but Heaven had Compassion on my Innocence. I heard the Noise of a Horse's Feet galloping up towards us. The Villain started at it, and immediately desisted:

When

When he look'd behind him, and saw a Person coming to my Rescue, he pour'd out a Volley of bitter Imprecations, running to his Pistols that were in the Hollers of his Saddle. This was too favourable an Opportunity to be neglected, accordingly I ran away as fast as I was able: In a Moment the Noise of their Fighting reach'd me; the Report of their Pistols, echoing back from all Parts of the Wood, was very terrible: The Consternation I was in, stopped me from going any farther; and, overcome as I was with Fear and quite spent with Fatigue, I swooned away at the Foot of a Tree

The Night was far advanced when I came to myself: A cold Sweat hung upon my Face, and it was with some Difficulty I rose from the Ground. The Stilness and Darkness of the Night struck a Terror into me: The ominous Screaming of Owls, the Howling of wild Beasts, and the uncertain Glimmering of the Stars, all together, had a terrifying Effect on my disorder'd Imagination. What will become of me? said I to myself: Where am I? Whither shall I go? How shall I escape the Fate that pursues me? Trembling and doubting of the Road, I wandered I knew not where. Every Breat'h of Air rustling in the Leaves stopped me, and made me start for fear. Where Persons are under a Consternation they seem to conspire against themselves, by augmenting their Fears; for my part, the least Object I could discern, presently became an Apparition. Sometimes I ran; then again stood still, and at the least Noise hid my Face, as if that would diminish my Fright. In going along, an Owl brush'd me with his Wings; I gave myself over for lost, and doubled my Speed: A Stamp of a Tree catch'd my Gown, I cried out, thinking somebody had seized me, and accordingly went back; but discovering my Mistake, as I stoop'd to disengage myself, the Ground gave way under me, and I fell into a Pit. Either it was not very deep, or I was exceeding fortunate in my Fall, for I found myself in a sitting Posture at the Bottom, without any Hurt.

What new Fears seiz'd me in this unexpected Situation

tion may be easily imagined: I gathered myself all in a Heap, and, covered with my Gown, I poured out a Torrent of Tears. Soft Sleep at last relieved my Cares, weighing down my watry Eye-lids, and wrapt me in its balmy Sweetness for the remaining Part of the Night.

The Dawn of Day began to pierce the Thickets, the warbling Notes welcomed the returning Light, when, on a sudden, I started out of my Sleep in a Fright, much better founded than any of my preceding ones: A Wolf, which Fear magnified very considerably, was close by me: Our Fortunes were much the same, he could not escape the Snare which had been laid for him: This terrible Sight made me conclude my last Hour was come, and accordingly I prayed to God with the greatest Fervency: I look'd upon this Train of Misfortunes as a just Punishment, by him Inflicted upon me, for having too far indulged my inclinations in favour of the *Marquess*; I called upon Heaven with a solemn Promise to avoid all Occasions of seeing him for the future, and only to listen to its divine Inspirations, if I should escape the dreadful Jaws of so fierce an Animal.

Danger is certainly a great Help to fervent Prayer: Mine was accompanied with such an ardent Affection, and so great a Composure of Mind, that my Circumstances began to be less terrifying. At first I scarce had Courage to look at my formidable Neighbour; but by degrees I ventured to consider him Face to Face: His Countenance had a cow'd, dejected Air; he seem'd in a pensive Mood to survey his Prison, often out of Uneasiness looking towards the Top; Instinct directing him to seek the Means of making his Escape. As he walk'd backwards and forwards, at every turn I imagined he was going to devour me; sometimes he scratch'd up the Earth, and then on a sudden stood without Motion: He seem'd to listen to some Noise; when, changing his Place, he crept hastily under my Gown: I was so terrified, that I was only able to lift my Eyes toward Heaven, and what should I see, but a Man just going to fire a Gun into

into the Pit. This new Apparition made me find my Tongue again; 'For God's sake (I cried out) spare me, spare me!' 'What have we here?' said the Person looking into the Pit; 'Waunds, I had like to have made a fine kettle of Fish on't truly. What do you there, my Lads? how came the Wolf and you to be trapp'd together?' 'In the Name of Goodness,' replied I, taking heart at what I heard, 'save me, and I will give you a full Account.' 'With all my Heart,' answer'd he, 'have but a minute's Patience till I get help; I'll go fetch one of my Companions, who is just at hand: In the mean while, you have nothing to fear from the Beast, he'll do you no harm; when once a Wolf is taken he is as quiet as a Lamb.' Saying this he went off, but presently return'd again with the Person he mention'd. One of them jump'd into the Pit and lifted me up, the other taking me by the Hands drew me out: The first thing I did was to kiss the Ground, and return God thanks for so great an Escape.

Whilst I was discharging this Duty, my Deliverers dispatch'd my unfortunate Fellow-Prisoner. When they came up to me, one of them, looking at me with great Surprise, cried out, 'Good God! What do I see? What a Happiness! What a Pleasure is this! 'tis *Jenny*!' This drew my Eyes upon him, and to my great Amazement I found him to be *Colin*, the Woodmonger's Son, my first Lover, mentioned in the Beginning of these *Memoirs*.

I was so transported as to scream, 'What! is that you, *Colin*?' said I to him. 'What! is that you, *Jenny*?' replied he. 'Yes, *Colin*:' 'Yes *Jenny*.' My first Emotion was the Effect of Joy: it's the natural Consequence of being surpriz'd with a Sight of those who have been the Companions of our Childhood; but upon second Thoughts, an Aversion succeeded; the Reason of which may be easily guessed.

I had promis'd to inform them how I fell into those dangerous Circumstances I had just now escaped; but the Sight of *Colin* made me not over-forward to satisfy their Curiosity. I contented myself

with barely saying, that in flying from some Ruffians, I had lost myself in the Wood, and endeavouring to find my Way back to the Castle, I had unfortunately fallen into the Pit, by the Trap's giving way under me.

"I am very glad (replied *Colin*) that you have escaped so well; and particularly as I am so happy as to have contributed towards it; but, plague on't, *Jenny*, I am not very well pleas'd with what went before; Your living at the Castle sticks in my Gizzard; for they say that same poultry *Marquess*, who brought you the Money from the King, is in love with you: This does not answer my Purpose; you cannot have forgot what passed between us that Day you made me write the Love letter: I spoke to my Father, and obtain'd his Consent for marrying you. My Friend *Christopher* here, and I, laid our Heads together, and made him believe, in order to gain his Consent, that you were to receive every Year the same Gratuity, as that which was so much talk'd of in our Village. This fixed him at last, no longer ago than yesterday; and this Morning I ran to the Castle to acquaint you with it: But, now I think on it, I heard strange News!"

"What did you hear, *Colin*?" replied I very earnestly. For I had no sooner recover'd myself from my late Fright, but the preceding Night's Adventure came fresh into my Mind, and alarm'd me cruelly on the *Marquess's* Account. Terrified with this Apprehension, "What do they say?" cried I. "People are in search of you," replied he, "on all sides; 'tis said, the *Côevalier* has carried you off, which is thought the more likely as he has not been seen since he engaged that Cur of a *Marquess*: But I am not a little pleas'd to think the latter is rightly served for coming between me and home." "How served?" cried I, very earnestly. "Humb, humb," continued he, "you are mightily uneasy methinks; are you in pain about that? Since it's so, to be even with you for your ill Conditions, I'll tell you no more."

Keep

“Keep your Secret then to yourself,” I replied, nettled at what he had said: “*Christopher* will be more ‘complaisant.’” “No, I thank you for that,” answer’d the Clown, “I am on *Colin’s* side; and more than that, you are right enough served, if we pay you in your own Coin. Ever since you have been at that same Castle, you are grown so proud, you won’t so much as look at us poor Folk; and if you abate a little of your Haughtiness at present, ’tis only because you can’t shift without us. Udsbuddikins, were I in *Colin’s* Place, I know what I would do; I would not have you now you are blown upon.”

“So much the better,” replied I very fiercely, overjoy’d at having a Handle for quarrelling with *Colin*: “I am not so mightily taken with his Person as you imagine, but that I can easily give up my Pretensions; now I have Day-light, I can find my Way to the Castle without your Help.”

Colin was surpriz’d at the Sharpness of my Reply; he was still fond of me. “Stay, *Jenny*,” says he, I’ll show you the way thither myself. Good God! “why should you take thus upon you?” “No, no,” continued I, “you shall not be at the Trouble of denying any more Requests of mine; I shall learn what has pass’d without being beholden to you.” Saying this I offer’d to go, but was prevented by their laying hold of me. “Ah! naughty One,” cried *Colin*, “you shall not get off so easily: I should not appear so contemptible in your Eye, if you did not meet with Encouragement elsewhere; but you would do well to remember *Charlot*.”

The Sting of this Reproach lost nothing of its Virulence, and put the last Hand to the Banishing of all Regard for *Colin*, who till now had some small Share in my Affections, and that too, increased by the Assistance I had just received from him. “I should be very sorry,” says I, “to fall into the Circumstances you seem to hint at, and much more to be any ways at your Disposal. Let me hear no more of such Discourse,” continued I very sharply, “and don’t pretend to stop me, whom you have no Right to detain.”

"O but I have," cried *Colin*; "why I have your Father and Mother's Promise, and that is sufficient; and, Miss, since that is your Name, you shall go Home to your Parents. You are very much altered by your Quality Conversation; but a little of our Village Air will take down your Pride." Upon this making a Sign to *Christopher*, they seized each of them an Arm, and dragg'd me along.

I was forced to follow, though with Tears in my Eyes. "Look, *Christopher*," cries *Colin*, "how she takes on! I could pity her, but that I know the Occasion of her Sorrow; it's only because she is like to lose her dear *Marquess*. Were they mistaken who said there was a good Understanding between them? Her Behaviour makes it as plain as a Nose on a Man's Face. One would think she might be overjoy'd at the Thoughts of seeing her Father and Mother, and Neighbours again: But she, forsooth can't so much as bear to hear them named. Well, well, *Jenny*, you have no bad luck to come among us again; we have no laced Coats, it's true, but we may be every jot as good as the fine Sparks you admire so much: And besides, let me tell ye, your Godmother has spoke her Mind; she says, she will have no more to do with you, after what has happen'd; this makes a great deal of Noise in the Neighbourhood; and every one lays the Blame upon you."

This Piece of News, which he undesignedly acquainted me withal, went to my Heart, and brought a thousand Things at once to my Imagination. I valued my Reputation; and the Thoughts of returning to our Village under an infamous Character, put me upon the Rack. The Tenderness with which I loved my Mother, stagger'd my Resolution: Methought I saw her bewailing my Absence and uncertain Condition; the next Moment I fancied her with a severe Countenance reproaching me as guilty of what had happen'd. I shall be used ill at home, said I to myself, and shall not dare go abroad to be the Mark of every pointing Finger: Who knows but
that

that Miscreant, the *Chevalier d'Elbieux*, will lay wait for me, and take an Opportunity of effecting his hellish Designs! What Resistance can we make? Heavens! to what am I expos'd! These Reflections determined me to make my Escape as soon as possible, and shelter myself in *Paris*, where a Service would be infinitely preferable to the having of *Colin* for a Husband, who had treated me with so much Harshness. I intended, when settled, to give my Mother the Reasons of my not returning home.

I was employed in these Thoughts, when there appeared in the Road a Man on Horseback; as he rode at a great Pace, he soon came up with us. "Did you see," says he as he drew near, "a young—" "Ah! what do I see?" cried he in discovering me.— "'Tis her.—Is that you, Miss *Jenny*? What a Happiness to find you again! what a Satisfaction will this be to my Master!" As he said this, he alighted, and came to me presenting his Hand. How great was my Joy to find it was the *Marquess's Valet de Chambre*! The Presence of my vigilant Conductors could not prevent my giving him evident Proofs of my Satisfaction. *Dubois*, in his Transports, had taken my Hand in order to kiss it; but *Colin* interposed, and thrust him aside, crying out, 'Not so fast, Friend; if you are for kissing, you had best go to the Person you wrote the Letter to. I know you well enough, for all you pretend to be surpriz'd,' "Is this any of your Relations?" said the *Valet de Chambre* to me. 'No indeed,' answered I very quick. "Why what would the Fool be at?" continued *Dubois*, still holding my Hand, 'Not so fast, I tell you Friend,' added *Colin*: 'We are not afraid of your laced Hat; and, as much Countrymen as we are, we bid you Defiance.' "Oh, oh!" cried *Dubois*, "what, are you for being obstreperous, my Puts?" 'Waunds, Put yourself,' replied *Colin* in a Passion, 'as if we did not know who you are.' In saying this he seized *Christopher's* Gun, and stepping back, 'Udd-buddikins,' says he, 'go your ways, or I'll turn you up as I would a Hare.' *Dubois* was a Man of Cou-

rage, and had seen a Battle, so this Threat did not daunt him in the least; but putting the Muzzle of the Gun aside, he laid hold of *Colin*. *Christopher* seeing his Companion overpowered, let go his hold of me in order to assist him: Finding myself at Liberty, I fled from them as fast as my Strength could carry me.

After having passed through a considerable part of the Wood without finding any Path or Road, at last I came to one, where meeting a Woman driving two Asses before her, I ran up very hastily to her: She immediately asked me what was the Matter, and the Reason of my precipitate Flight? I made a Story, and told her I ran from my Master, who would have had me complied with what was not proper. 'I approve of your Discretion,' said the good Woman to me, 'and for its sake will bestir my self in your Behalf: If you want a Place, my Dear, follow me; I have a Daughter at *Paris*, to whom I'll recommend you; as she is in a good Place, she may be serviceable to you. She has not been long there; these are her Cloaths I am carrying to *Valvins*, where I am told I shall meet with an Opportunity of sending them to her. You may, if you will, take the same Convenience; consider what you had best to do.'

The Notion I immediately conceived of escaping the Pursuit which would infallibly be made after me, the avoiding such Discourse as I had just heard, and still rung in my Ears, with the pleasing Thoughts of living near the *Marquess*, soon determined me. "I am much beholden to you," said I to her, "for your kind Proffer, and accept of it very willingly." 'Well,' says she, 'I'll speak to the Carrier, and if you can't pay the Fare, I'll lay down the Money, and you may repay it to my Daughter when you are able.'

When my Mother came to the Castle, she had given me about twelve *Livres* to buy some little Things which Girls have Occasion for: I had the Money about me, and told the Woman I had wherewithal to bear my Charges: 'So much the better,' replied she, 'Money is no Burthen; and it were to be wished
• always

* always to have a little at Hand : This might often
* prevent Mischief, where young Creatures like you,
* to extricate themselves from Difficulties, fall into the
* Snares laid for the Ruin of their Honour.'

We had walked about two Miles talking in this Manner, when my Guide propos'd taking a Breakfast. I was overjoyed to hear of Eating, being almost famished. Out of a little Wallet she pull'd some Bacon and Bread ; we seated ourselves in the Shade of some Willows on the Bank of a clear Rivulet: The Asses, according to their Nature, stopp'd very willingly to graze. I thought the Bacon very delicious; and even to this Day, whenever I lose my Stomach, the very Remembrance of that rustick Meal never fails to give me an Appetite and a Relish to my Victuals.

Whilst we thus refresh'd ourselves, the good Woman look'd at me very earnestly : The Tears began to trickle down apace, whilst the Victuals remained in her Mouth. " Alas Goody !" I cried, " what is the Matter ? You seem troubled." " Ah !" says she wiping her Eyes, ' you put me so much in mind of my Daughter *Mariana* that's dead and gone! She was about your Age, and very like you. Would to God she had been less handsome ; for it was her Beauty that brought her to the Grave: poor Girl, she was no less amiable for her Virtue ! I'll tell you her whole History as we go along, and then judge whether I have not just Reason to grieve as often as she comes into my Mind.'

Breakfast being over, we went forwards : The Good Woman, remembering her Promise, ' Be attentive,' says she, ' *Silvianna*' (for I took that Name when I first join'd her) ' to what I am going to say ; it may be of some Advantage to you : Young Women are often courted ; and yet how few do we see possess'd of that Discretion they ought to have, since nothing can be an Equivalent for their Virtue. It's true, I bemoan myself every Day for the Loss of *Mariana*, but I had much rather think her happy in Heaven, than see her cover'd with Infamy on Earth. Where Honour is the only Thing a Person can value

‘ themselves upon, they never can do too much to secure it. For Example, if any one should rob you of the little Money that’s in your Pocket, you would lose all you have, and would certainly think yourself undone; it is the same with regard to Honour.

‘ These were the Sentiments in which I train’d my Daughter: and the good Effect they produced as she grew up, gave me great Content. By the time she was twelve Years of Age, the whole Neighbourhood admired her. Though *Fontainebleau* is not very large, yet the King’s coming thither every Year, draws a great Concourse of People. In that Season I deal in *Lemonades*, and, as I am very choice in what I sell, my House is generally full of very good Company.

‘ I was cruelly perplex’d in seeing my Daughter visibly waste away through some hidden Grief, the Cause of which I could not possibly divine. She was now eighteen, and every Day dearer than other; so that her pining in this manner overwhelm’d me with Trouble. As for myself, I thought I had no ways contributed towards it, being ready even to prevent her Wishes in every thing I knew was agreeable to her; and as her Passion for Dress was no Secret to me, I supplied her very plentifully with Means to indulge herself in it: so that few young Women of her Condition made a better Appearance. All this signified nothing, Melancholy still prevailed. I often press’d her to acquaint me with the Cause, but she pretended to be ignorant of it herself, till at last she was so ill as to take to her Bed. I shut up Shop immediately, that I might not be interrupted in tending upon her. Nothing was wanting that could any way help her Recovery; Physicians were sent for, but they could not find out her Distemper; in a word, my Heart was ready to break when I saw her thus reduced.

‘ One Day finding herself something better than usual, I press’d her so earnestly to acquaint me with the Occasion of her Illness, that, fetching a deep Sigh, she spoke to me in the following Manner: “ Your Tenderness, dear Mother, lays me under an indispensible

"penfible Obligation of fatisfying you on this Subject: Befides it cannot be defer'd any longer; I find I muft fhortly give an Account of my whole Life to the Almighty, and I fhould think it an Addition to my Guilt not to acknowledge to you my Weaknefs. Can there be a greater than to fall in love with a Man, and then inform him of it? The Violence of my Paflion has brought me to this Condition: Oh! Mother, do not blufh for me! The Grave will expiate this involuntary Offence."

'No, my dear Child, no,' faid I to her, moved to Compaffion with the Fear of lofing her: 'God will preferve you, and pardon your Weaknefs; he will fecond your virtuous Education; I'll prevail upon Heaven by my earneft Prayers to reftore you to me. Dear Child! I can never out-live thee.' "Your fincere Piety," replied ſhe, "will enable you to bear our Separation; for my Sake, dear Mother, dry up your Tears, they pierce me to the very Heart."

She cried too, dear Girl! 'Ah, *Sylviana*,' continued the good Woman, 'how I was moved! Methought the Tears I fhed on that Occafion were the Fore-runners of thofe that would bewail her Death: We continued fome Time in this melancholy Situation, till at laft my Daughter, with a Prefence of Mind furpafling her tender Age, and edifying me by her Refignation and pious Expreflions, thus addrefl'd herfelf to me.

"You may remember, dear Mother, that being out of order one Evening, you was obliged to go to Bed earlier than uſual: As I was alone, I took up a Book to amufe myſelf till the Time of ſhutting Shop; the Paſſage I chanced to dip into affected me ſo much as to draw Tears from my Eyes; it was the *History of Hypolite*. Fatal Day! dangerous Book for young Perſons, leaving the Mind ſuſceptible of the ſofter Impreſſions! Juſt at that Moment came into the Shop two young Gentlemen, one of whom was Beauty itſelf: they called for ſome Liguor cool'd with Ice; and the Perſon I juſt now deſcribed, behaved and ſpoke with ſuch inimitable Grace, as

"charm'd

" charm'd and troubled me both at once. He perceived I had been crying, and having informed himself of the Occasion, How amiable you appear, said he to me, when, to such enchanting Beauty is joined a Tenderness capable of moving you thus at the Misfortunes of others! You weep then for the Count de Douglas? Happy Man! Who could not envy him on this Occasion? Learn from hence, if any one should be so much enamoured with you, as that Count was with Julia, not to make him wretched. For if the casual Reading of such a Passage could thus affect you, judge from thence, what a Lover must endure overwhelmed with your Severities.

" The young Gentleman's Friend, such he appeared to be, interrupted him in his Discourse; whether by Design, or that he had really Business, I cannot say: But he made an Excuse for going elsewhere, promising to call upon him as soon as the Affair was dispatched.

" Thus was I left alone with the Gentleman: I know not whether he expressed himself in a better Manner than those who have hitherto made their Addresses, or that my Heart, softened by the fatal Passage I had just been reading, was in that Situation in which the Assaults of Love find the least Resistance; whatever was the Cause, it received the Impression, even before he declared his Passion; nay that nothing might be wanting to complete my Shame, I did not conceal my Overthrow. His Transport was so great, that he threw himself at my Feet, kissed my Hand, and gave a thousand other respectful Marks of his Love. I blush to think I could be so weak as to suffer it, and feel from thence an unworthy Satisfaction. Ah! Mother, why did you leave me alone? Could you not foresee that one single Moment is more than sufficient for triumphing over the Reason of a young Creature.

" In the mean time it grew late, the Shop was still open, I remember; I was for taking leave of the young Gentleman, and obliging him to retire: But

“ the *Ingrate* seemed to be so much troubled, and that
“ with such an Air of Sincerity, that I was moved at
“ it. One Quarter of an Hour I could not refuse;
“ his Life, he said, depended on it. Unhappy Com-
“ plaissance, which every young Woman ought to
“ banish! He improved it to his Advantage, by giv-
“ ing fresh Tokens of his Love; his soft Voice, his
“ lively Expression, his languishing Eyes, could not
“ fail of infecting my troubled Mind. Alas! you love
“ me, Sir! said I to him; and I could not refrain from
“ letting you know, you are the first I ever suffered to
“ entertain me with such Discourse: shall I not re-
“ pent hereafter the disclosing myself in this Manner?
“ In all Appearance your Condition is far superior to
“ mine; what Effect then can be expected from our
“ mutual Affection, or to what Purpose will you have
“ conquered my Inclinations? Oh! leave me, I
“ blame myself already for having listened to you so
“ long! How! replied he, with an Air of Melan-
“ choly; do you think me capable of abusing so much
“ Goodness? Wretch that I am, to be so little known
“ to you! No, my charming *Mariana*, could my
“ Breast harbour so vile a Thought, this Hand at the
“ Expence of my Life should avenge your Cause: To
“ you I vow an eternal Constancy, preferable to what-
“ ever the World can shew of State and Grandeur.
“ Neither is my Condition so much above yours, as
“ you seem to imagine: I belong to the *Count* of —
“ and have a fair Prospect of making my Fortune,
“ perhaps very shortly; and, such as it proves, I am
“ ready to share it with you. These Sentiments gave
“ me new Courage; a young Woman is never startled
“ at Love when founded on a Principle of Virtue and
“ Esteem; yet how nice a Point is it at this Day to
“ listen too much to its Suggestions! how frequently
“ do Villains abuse this honourable Pretext to the
“ Ruin of young Creatures! A Rock on which Inno-
“ cence is daily cast away.

“ We parted with Regret, and this first Interview
“ confirmed to him an eternal Fidelity on my Side: I
“ went to Bed full of what had passed, and composed

“ my-

“ myself to rest with a Satisfaction and Serenity of
 “ Mind I had never before experienced.

“ Pardon me, dear Mother, said the good Creature,
 “ for carrying on so very privately this Intrigue, du-
 “ ring the Space of six Months; my Lover gave me
 “ to understand, that as yet it was not convenient to
 “ disclose the Secret to you, that his Affairs were on
 “ the Point of being concluded, and insisted on having
 “ the Satisfaction of informing you himself. The
 “ Reasons he gave for his Conduct were so satisfactory
 “ (at least they appeared such to me) that I even con-
 “ trived Opportunities for his seeing me, and keeping
 “ the Affair from your Knowledge.

“ I waited with great Tranquillity the happy Mo-
 “ ment, in which so tender an Amour was to be
 “ crowned with Success; I relied entirely on his Ho-
 “ nour: Vain Confidence! as if Men were capable of
 “ any such Thing!

“ One Night, about ten, my Lover came to me:
 “ My lovely *Mariana*, says he, I am obliged to leave
 “ you, and my Mind misgives me, that Absence from
 “ you will certainly bring me to the Grave; restore
 “ my Mind to its usual Tranquillity; yes, says he,
 “ throwing himself at my Feet, and bathing my Hand
 “ with his Tears; I am the most forlorn of Mankind,
 “ if you deny me the Favour I am going to ask: The
 “ Restraint I have laid on myself, my Respect for
 “ you, have made me undergo more than Tongue
 “ can express for these six Months past; and can you
 “ let me go without securing to me my only Happi-
 “ ness? Either kill me at once, or promise to make
 “ me happy. I need not inform you, replied I, mo-
 “ ved at the Condition I saw him in, that I love you
 “ more than Life; nevertheless, what is it you dare
 “ to ask? Alas! *Mariana*, replied he with Warmth,
 “ my Desires know no other Measure than that of
 “ my Love of you! Of yourself, replied I, the in-
 “ dulgung your own Appetites; without reflecting,
 “ that it must be at the Expence of all that is most
 “ dear to me in the World, my Honour, my Repu-
 “ tation, my Peace. What is it you mean! cried he
 “ lifting

“ lifting up his Eyes toward Heaven ; to whom are
 “ all these dearer than to me ? Do you know me,
 “ and yet use such Expressions ? No, *Mariana*, injure
 “ me not so cruelly, as to think me capable of so
 “ black a Crime : Your Heart long since has declared
 “ itself in my Behalf, that is Security enough for the
 “ Uprightness of my Intentions ; it is your Consent
 “ to marry me, I ask ; to-morrow must make me
 “ yours, or, by all that’s sacred, I am gone for ever.

“ I trembled to hear so solemn a Protestation ;
 “ (How weak are we when entangled in Love !) I
 “ sighed, he urged his Request, and at last gained my
 “ Consent to marry him privately. The Reasons he
 “ alledged were of great Consequence ; his Ruin was
 “ inevitable, he said, should his Master discover that
 “ he designed to marry, and to obtain his Consent
 “ would take up too much Time ; let us first secure
 “ the main Point, says he, and I’ll work through the
 “ rest : If he should find out that we are mar-
 “ ried, at least I shall be the better able to stand by
 “ you, and have a sufficient Excuse for leaving his
 “ Service.

“ Don’t you remember, dear Mother, that I asked
 “ your Leave to visit an Aunt about six Miles off ? it
 “ was under that Pretext that I was to go to be mar-
 “ ried ; every thing was prepared, and we parted in
 “ that Expectation. I had never loved him so much
 “ before, nor ever given him such convincing Proofs.
 “ Heavens ! that in one Moment so fair a Prospect
 “ should vanish, and the blackest of Treasons come to
 “ light.

“ As my Lover went out of the Shop, two young
 “ Gentlemen exceedingly well dressed met him at the
 “ Door. He was no sooner gone, but one said to the
 “ other, Was not that the *Marquis* of——who passed
 “ us ? Yes, answered the other, don’t speak so loud ;
 “ he squeezed me by the Hand when I was going to
 “ salute him ; there is some Mystery carrying on, I
 “ suppose he makes Love to *Mariana*. I no sooner
 “ heard this, but I stood close to the Partition between
 “ the Shop and the Closet, the Place we used to meet
 “ in ;

" in; I could hear all that passed, and ordered the
 " Maid to serve them, bidding her say I was gone to
 " Bed, if any asked for me. I placed myself so con-
 " veniently, as not to lose one Word of their Dis-
 " course.

" I should easily believe it, said one of the Gen-
 " tlemen in answer to something that had passed be-
 " tween them; but *Mariana* is discreet, and I can't
 " think she has granted him the last Favour. So!
 " replied the other, are you weak enough to imagine
 " *Joan* can say nay to a Lord? Of twenty Girls of
 " her Rank, are not nineteen caught in our Nets?
 " Your over-favourable Opinion imposes upon you
 " I am surprized at it. You may banter as you
 " please, answered the first: I'll allow you to be right
 " as to the Generality of them, but as to her we are
 " speaking of, I know to a Demonstration she is a
 " modest Girl. A Person of Figure offered her very
 " considerably, even proposed to settle upon her; but
 " to no Purpose. It may be, replied he that knew so
 " little of me; but can you imagine she would refuse
 " a Person of our Rank, who should propose Marriage
 " to her? How can she avoid that Snare? You little
 " think that the *Marquess*, in conducting an Affair of
 " this Nature, sets so many Engines at work, that he
 " seldom fails of Success; he does not stick at mar-
 " rying a Girl, he fancies, under a borrowed Name:
 " perhaps that is the Case here.

" Imagine, dear Mother, my Surprise and Indig-
 " nation. Ah! Villian! I cried out, not reflecting
 " where I was. We are over-heard, said one of the
 " Gentlemen, and by *Mariana* herself. I am very
 " sorry for it, replied the other; we must prevail up-
 " on her not to speak of what she has heard; upon
 " this they rushed into the Closet, where they found
 " me all in Tears.

" They used their utmost Endeavours to comfort
 " me: But I was ashamed to look them in the Face,
 " as if what I had heard, made me guilty. They
 " urged me very earnestly, to inform them what
 " Terms I was upon with the *Marquess*, and as they
 " appeared

“ appeared very much* like Gentlemen, in consideration of the invaluable Service they had done, by giving me so much light into the Affair, I related to them the whole Detail of my Adventure; they seemed to credit what I said: I used that Expression, because when they went away, I could hear ’em say, they knew the World better than that. But before they left me, I was obliged to promise, not to give them up as the Authors of my Information; and I was as good as my Word. Their Backs were no sooner turned, but I threw myself into Bed, under an Agony not to be expressed. I spent the Night in contriving Means of absenting myself from the Place appointed: In vain did Love plead for a perfidious Man; my Resolution was never to see him more: A dear-bought Victory! His Idea always maintained its Place in my Breast, not to be removed. The Struggles I that Night underwent were so violent, as to throw me into a Fit of Sickness.

“ The Day following, our Maid, whom he had gained, brought me a Letter from the Wretch; I sent it back unopened, and as I thought this a fresh Attempt upon my Honour, I ordered him to be told, I would hear no more of him. A second Letter came, I behaved as I did with respect to the first: The Villain finding he lost his Labour that Way, sent me word by the Maid, that he had things of the last Consequence to impart. very much to my Advantage, and begged I would not condemn him unheard, I was so provoked at the Servant’s Insolence, having before reprimanded her severely on account of the former Message, that I prevailed with you, under some other Pretence, to turn her away, as you may remember.

“ In a very few Days after this, I was terribly surprized one Morning when I waked, to find my perfidious Lover kneeling at my Bed side, and bathing one of my Hands with his guilty Tears: I snatched it away with too much Confusion not to discover the Ascendant he still had over my Affections.

“ WcM

" Well then, charming *Mariana*, you no longer
 " love me," said he, with an Air the most moving;
 " you refuse to see or hear me, you banish those who
 " might inform you of my faithful Ardor. Hea-
 " vens! that so much Beauty and Injustice can be so
 " near allied! What is my Crime? Is it the con-
 " cealing my real Name? If so, I owe myself the
 " *Marquess* ——— I should not have denied it. What
 " a Misfortune, to have a more exquisite Taste than
 " the Generality of Mankind! to this I owe my
 " wretched Condition; this has torn from me all that
 " was dear in the World? Who is to blame, *Mariana*
 " or I? Why did she not keep her Word? why did
 " she not come to the Place appointed? There she
 " might have discovered whether it was the *Marquess*
 " of ——— or his Secretary, that would have
 " married her. Ah! lovely *Mariana*, why did you
 " deprive me the uncommon Pleasure of so agree-
 " ably undeceiving you, by presenting a Husband
 " worthy of so much Merit? Endearing Pleasure! I
 " had proposed to be personally beloved, and not be-
 " holden for the mighty Gift of Rank or Fortune.
 " Such is my Crime: I have done; pronounce my
 " Doom: This Justification I owed myself, and now
 " have paid my Debt; placed as I am on the Brink
 " of Destruction, I will not survive the cruel Misfor-
 " tune of having been suspected.

" How weak are we when entangled with Love!
 " His Words made an Impression on me; they were
 " plausible, and my Heart thro' Prepossession pleaded
 " in behalf of the Traitor. But Reason came to my
 " Assistance; I could not forget the Discourse I had
 " overheard: They had no Interest in the Affair,
 " being neither his Enemies nor Rivals; this last Re-
 " flection carried it, and I would hear no more: The
 " *Ingrate* committed numberless Extravagancies; he
 " offered to kill himself, putting me a thousand times
 " in Apprehension for his Life: As much an Impostor
 " as I thought him, I could not overcome my Fears.
 " Somebody very luckily entering my Room, he re-
 " tired, and, convinced I was not to be deluded by
 " his

“ his Forgeries, freed me once for all from his Company.

“ He was no sooner gone but I blamed my too great Severity ; the specious Pretence under which he veiled his wicked Designs presented itself again. “ What a Wretch am I, if I have wronged him ! Perhaps he really loves me ; perhaps he tells the Truth : “ Stay, Charmer, I'll clear these frightful Doubts. I thought of a thousand ways to lay open this interesting Mystery ; but alas ! what I had heard proved but too true ! I chanced to meet with one of the unhappy Instances of his too successful Villainy ; she convinced me I had placed my Affections on a Monster. I often blushed to think of my narrow Escape, but still loved him to Excess, and suffered cruelly on that Account. Time might, it's true, have worn out my Passion, had not his Behaviour to me about a Week since put the finishing Stroke to a wretched Life.

“ For so lately was it, that a Person exceedingly well-dressed came into my Chamber ; he enquired if I was *Mariana*, and being answered, I was the Person, Would to God, (said he) another had been employed on this Occasion ; your Countenance at first Sight gains one over to you. My Lord *Marques* of ——— to-morrow is to marry Miss ———.

“ This young Lady has heard of several Amours of her intended Spouse ; among the rest, she has been informed, that he has conversed with you as a Wife, and some don't stick to say he was privately married to you : This has occasioned a Demur ; the Lady will go no farther in this Affair, till she receives entire Satisfaction on this Point : A Person will come from her to you for an Answer, on which this Marriage absolutely depends. The *Marques* has sworn he is a Stranger to your Bed, but she refuses to rely on his Protestation, and has given him to understand, that if he has deceived you, as she is informed, that the Match must be broke off. The *Marques*, who doats on her, is in the utmost Consternation, and sends me to assure you, that if you
“ prove

“ prove an Obstacle to his Designs, and refuse to be-
 “ have on this Occasion as is proper, he will find a
 “ Place for you where you may repent your Obsti-
 “ nacy at leisure, and that—Go, go, Sir, replied I,
 “ interrupting him, and provoked at such Menaces;
 “ tell him, who has honoured you with such a notable
 “ Commission, I scorn him too much to concern my-
 “ self with his new Engagements; however, I could
 “ not have imagined, that after having been guilty of
 “ so many Impostures, with which I am better ac-
 “ quainted than he thinks for, he should crown the
 “ Work with a shameful threatening Message to a
 “ young Person he had offered to marry. Saying
 “ this, I turned my Back upon the Gentleman, who
 “ went away much astonished at my haughty Be-
 “ haviour.

“ But, vain Haughtiness, useless outside Appear-
 “ ance! A thousand times was I torn to Pieces with
 “ bitter Regret, too plainly convincing me of the Ex-
 “ cess of my Passion. My Lover gone for ever! I
 “ am not only abandoned, but even sacrificed to a
 “ Rival, nay, insulted and trampled on by his unge-
 “ nerous and outrageous Menaces! This it is, dear
 “ Mother, that thus preys upon me, and has reduced
 “ me to such a woeful Condition: What is the
 “ whole World to me? the *Marquess* is married, and
 “ all is over!”

“ Her Tears put an End to this Melancholy Rela-
 “ tion. I endeavoured to comfort her, and restore her
 “ Health; but the Illness increasing, about ten Days
 “ afterwards, she spoke to me in the following Man-
 “ ner, and that with a Presence of Mind as surprized
 “ me, overwhelmed as I was with Tears, and holding
 “ her in my Arms.

“ My Hour approaches, said she, and we must
 “ part; I find I have not long to live: Comfort
 “ yourself, my dear Mother, and don’t oppress me
 “ with your Sorrow. Nature is too apt to shrink in
 “ this Conflict; add not the Weight, your Tender-
 “ ness will occasion; but if you love me, refrain
 “ giving me so many Marks of it; they shake that
 “ Steadi-

"Steadiness which now I stand in need of more than ever. Have recourse to God, and beseech Him in my Behalf; in his Mercy I place my Trust; above all, thank him for having preserved my Innocence through so many Dangers: What a Comfort! That Treasure, at least, I shall carry to the next Life. Let me conjure you in the Name of God, to leave me to myself during those precious Moments he is still pleased to allow me, that I may employ them wholly in the great Affair of Salvation; receive this last Kiss, and pardon the Uneasiness I give you: Farewel, dear Mother, you move me too much."—Saying this, she turned her Head away, and would not be disturbed afterwards. She died as she lived; that is, in such Sentiments of Piety, as afforded me a singular Consolation. After some time, I submitted myself to the divine Providence; alas! it cost me dear, and does still every Day of my Life.

Mariana's Mother wept bitterly in concluding this mournful History; I was much moved, and cried very heartily. The favourable Opinion she had of me, was considerably increased by seeing such Marks of my tender Affection, and she expressed as much in a very sincere Manner. Reflections naturally succeeded, which confirmed me more and more in a steady Adherence to Virtue: I could not forbear thinking this Relation was designed as a Preservative against the Dangers, to which my Innocence would be exposed at Paris.

We reached *Valvins*, and meeting with the Convenience mentioned before, we agreed with the Waggoner for my Fare: The old Woman and I embraced each other with great Affection, promising a mutual Correspondence for the future.

I was no sooner alone in the Waggon, but I gave a loose to many a melancholy Reflection. Heavens! said I to myself, what am I doing? what will become of me? what will People think? what will my Mother say? What! can I leave a Mother bewailing my Absence at this very Instant? No, no; I'll go no farther,

farther, cried I all in Tears ; I had better undergo the Reproaches, I so much dread, than expose myself again to those very Dangers I have so happily escaped. Yes, dear Mother, had I never left you, but had remained under your Eye, I should not this Day be involved in so many Difficulties.

This made a deep Impression ; I resolved to return to the Village, and rather submit my Vanity to the the greatest Humiliation, than be thus wanting in my Duty to my Parents. I was just going to bid the Waggoner set me down, and was actually preparing to alight, when I saw a Man riding full Speed after us ; my Mind misgave me : But how great was my Surprise, when I could distinguish his Face, and discovered it was the *Chevalier d'Elbieux* ! I trembled, as well I might, from Head to Foot, and immediately hid myself under a Coverlet, that was designed to keep me from the Rain : I lay thus perdue above an Hour, without the least Motion. At last I grew impatient, and not being able to bear the cruel Incertitude any longer, I lifted up the Corner of the Coverlet. Heavens ! what should I see but the *Chevalier* still following the Waggon, and holding a Discourse with him that drove it. What a Situation was I in ! Which way should I turn myself in this Distress ! I knew him too well, not to apprehend the worst of Extremities from his Brutality. How should he come this Way ? Who should direct him hither ? What might I not expect, if he knew I was so near him.

This racking Mystery soon cleared up ; another young Gentleman came galloping up to the *Chevalier*. " I have had no better Success than you," says he, calling out as he came towards us ; " I can hear nothing of what we are looking for." Monsieur *d'Elbieux* only put his Finger on his Mouth, and pointed to the Waggon. This Sign implied a great deal, for it plainly showed where I lay hid. When he came up with us, ' Take heed,' said the *Chevalier* to him in a low Voice, ' we have her ; she can't escape this Bout : I don't know what it is, but she suspects something you see how she hides herself.' The

The Winding of the Road prevented me hearing any more. God was pleased to inspire me with a Contrivance for escaping: Heaven never forsakes the Innocent.

In about half an Hour after this, the Waggon drove into the Wood again; the Remembrance of what I had there been exposed to threw me into a Fit of trembling. The Road happened to be very bad, the Depth of the Ruts made it exceeding troublesome riding. This forced the Gentlemen to quit the great Road and strike into a Path, so as to leave Part of the Thicket between them and the Waggon. Such an Opportunity was not to be lost; but as I apprehended the Waggoner, by his slow Driving, to be in the Secret, I could expect no Assistance from him. There hung over the Road several large Boughs, one of these I laid hold of, and the Waggon driving from under me, I climbed into a large thick Tree, fully resolved to hide myself there, till I might venture to make off; the Road here was straight, and I could see a long way before me.

I was soon convinced of what Importance it was, not to let slip the Opportunity Heaven had put into my Hands. I could see the Waggon at some Distance with the Horsemen close by it; the Waggoner retired, and the Gentlemen quitted their Horses. One of them, but which I could not discern, got upon the Carriage, he lifts up the Coverlet, and seems vastly surprized not to find me there, looking about on all sides. He jumps down again, they both mount their Horses, seem to confer together, and then ride off, taking different Roads.

I was fully determined not to leave my Post, till I was sure of not falling into their Hands a second time. Two Hours were passed and nothing appeared. I began to be in good Heart, when I heard somebody say, 'It's to no purpose to search for her at such a Distance, she can't be gone so far, but must be hid somewhere hereabouts; let us look out sharp where we are, this is the Place we lost her in. Do you place yourself where the Roads cross, and I'll stay upon this rising Ground, from whence I can see a long

' long Way about me,' This Information was of great Service to me, as I should otherwise have ventured down, and infallibly have fallen into their Clutches.

Night drew on apace, the Sun was already set, and I suffered very much from continuing so long in such an uneasy Posture. My Strength, as well as Patience, was quite exhausted, when there passed by a Chaise escorted by two Horsemen; in it sat a Lady and a Girl. The Moment I saw them I resolved to quit the Tree and take that Opportunity of escaping the Danger which hung over me. But in putting my Design into Execution, had the ill Fortune to hook the upper Part of my Gown in the Tree, and loosing my Footing at the same Time, I was left dangling in the Air. The Fear of falling made me cry out, which brought the two Horsemen attending the Chaise, and who were then just by, to my Assistance; they presently disengaged and took me down. "Good God!" (said one of them) "pretty Maid, why do you expose yourself to such Danger? you must certainly be very fond of Birds, to run this Hazard in taking their Nests." I had not time to make any Reply; the *Chevalier d'Elbieux*, who had heard my Voice, was posting towards us. I ran with all my Force to the Chaise, which my Outcries had stopped, and calling out from some Distance to the Lady, 'Save me, Madam, for God's Sake,' I cried; 'a Villain offers me Violence!' The Lady looked at me very earnestly whilst I was speaking; for my Cloaths, though I was dressed like a Country Girl, together with my Behaviour, had something so very particular as to interest her in my Behalf. "With all my Heart; poor Child, said she, "help her in; it were a Pity any Mischief should befall her." She had the Good-nature to make room for me; the little Girl was placed in my Lap, I began to take Courage, and the Chaise drove on.

When I was seated, she enquired who I was, and the Occasion of my Fears. I related all the Particulars with great Sincerity, excepting my Inclination to the *Marquess*. After she had heard me with great Attention, "This is Wickedness with a Vengeance!"

cried

cried she at the End of my Story, "and plainly
 "shews how dangerous is the Company of Men de-
 "stitute of Honour, where they take a Fancy. Mo-
 "thers ought never to leave their Daughters to them-
 "selves, nor should young Girls, who value their
 "Character, ever take the least Step without their
 "Mother's Advice. However, Child, you have no-
 "thing to fear from the *Chevalier*. I don't believe
 "he dare molest you while I am by; neither would
 "my Servants suffer any such thing, if he should at-
 "tempt it. The *Countess* I am well acquainted with,
 "and, when I write to her on this Subject, will re-
 "primand her Son very severely." She had scarce
 done speaking, when I perceived the *Chevalier* riding
 by the Chaise-side, and looking in very earnestly,
 "Ah! Madam, (said I in a low Voice) there he is,
 'there he is.' "Don't be frightened," she replied,
 "I'll warrant his Stay will be but short,

"*Chevalier d'Elboux*," says she, raising her
 Voice, "pray come hither! I am a particular Ac-
 "quaintance of the *Countess* your Mother; and as
 "such, am willing to give you a little good Advice."
 He no sooner heard these Words, but, giving the
 Reins and Spurs to his Horse, he rode away.

"Well, *Jenny*, did not I tell you how it would
 "be?" continued she; "we have a fair Riddance of
 "him. As to the rest make yourself easy; you
 "shall remain with me till I have wrote to the
 "*Countess* your Godmother, and her Answer will de-
 "termine what is to be done."

I blessed God very heartily for this happy Meet-
 ing. My Protectress appeared to be about forty,
 was still handsome, but the Sweetness of her Tem-
 per can never be sufficiently admired; I strove, by all
 the little Services I could think of on the Road, to
 endear myself to her. My Labour was not thrown
 away; by the time we reached *Paris*, I had gained not
 a little on her Affections.

The House where we were set down was extremely
 well furnished; it was her own, and her Name, as
 I soon learnt, *Madame de G—*; her Husband a

Receiver in the *Exchequer*. Every thing was magnificent, and the Number of their Servants spoke their Wealth. The Lady had three Waiting-women, besides a Governess for her Daughter, who was about ten Years old.

Her Husband had not so many Attendants; his Dress was very plain; a great Oeconomist in his Family Affairs, but generous to Profuseness in regard of his private Pleasures.

The Lady introduced me to him as soon as we arrived, but he seemed to take little or no Notice of what she said in my Commendation. It's very well, says he; how have you enjoyed your Health in the Country? But without staying for her Answer, he retired to his Closet, giving me a Look, as he passed by, which did not seem to be so unconcerned as his Conversation.

The *Receiver* was between Fifty and Threescore; he was well made, with an engaging Aspect. I found afterwards he was very rich, and much given to Women, but withal so cautious, that few or none of his Intrigues are come to light. Every one has his Humour; this Gentleman's Ambition was to pass for one who had overcome the common Frailties of Mankind.

The Lady had wrote to the *Countess* as soon as we got home; I made it my Business to ingratiate myself more and more to her, and she seemed to love me with great Affection. Her Daughter was taught Writing and Musick; the good Lady was pleased to order I should make use of that Opportunity for my Improvement; as my Voice was naturally very agreeable, it was soon taken notice of. As for Writing, in a short time I was able to hold a Correspondence, which gave me no small Satisfaction: for I was no sooner rid of my Fears, but all my Resolutions to forget the *Marquess* were by degrees intirely forgot.

One Morning whilst I was studying in a little Room, which was allotted to my Use, a Footman of the Lady's came to call me to her; I made what
haste

haste I could, and upon entering the Room, ' Sit
' down *Jenny* (says she) I have received some Let-
' ters which concern you, I am willing you should
' know their Contents.

She spoke with such a serious Air, as made the
Blood run cold in my Veins; I listened to her with
Fear and Trembling.

' This (continued she) is from your Godmother :
' The *Countess* speaks very well of you, but she
' informs me of some things I don't approve of your
' being acquainted withal: your Heart is tender,
' and it may not be proper to revive your former
' Sentiments.'

This was more than sufficient to excite my Curio-
sity; however I dissembled my Eagerness, but was
determined to get hold of the Letter, that I might
unriddle this Mystery.

' The other (continued she) is from my God-
' daughter, who thinks quite otherwise of her. Bro-
' ther the *Chevalier*, with regard to you; she ad-
' vises me to look narrowly to you, and says it is her
' Affection for me which makes her give me this
' Caution. Miss *d'Elbieux* tells me you are a great
' Dissembler, very vain, and very malicious; that
' you was within a small Matter of being the Occa-
' sion of much Mischief; that by your Affectation
' you had inveigled the Love of the *Marquess* of *L. V.*
' that he had fought upon your Account; in fine,
' that she much apprehended your Stay in my House
' would be attended with some fatal Consequence,
' which, too late, might make me repent I had ever
' received you. That the *Marquess* of *L. V.* Father
' to him who was wounded, exclaims bitterly against
' you, as the Promoter of that Danger his Son's
' Life was in, whose Recovery is very much doubted.'

I strove exceedingly with myself, in order to stifle
the Vexation this Letter gave me, and the Grief I
conceived at the desperate Condition of my wounded
Lover. Notwithstanding my Endeavours, the Tears
gushed out; it was in vain to hide them, the Lady
too plainly saw my Trouble.

‘ You are in Tears, *Jenny* (said she, looking steadfastly at me;) ‘ that convinces me one Part of the Letter is true; and as for the rest, I give no Credit to it; the Prejudice is too rank, and I plainly see my God-daughter has taken an Antipathy to you. I am at a loss to account for it, as you appear to be sweet-tempered; and I don’t find the least Resemblance in the Character she has drawn, unless you are the greatest Dissembler upon Earth.’

I shed a Torrent of Tears at these Words. ‘ Recover yourself (said she;) I did not send for you to give you this Uneasiness; behave yourself well, and I’ll take care of you.’

I was going out of the Room, when she called me back. ‘ Now I think on’t (says she) your Father and Mother would have you return Home: but you shall be your own Mistress to go or stay.’ ‘ Ah! Madam (cried I) as much as I love them’— ‘ Well, well,’ says this amiable Lady, interrupting me; ‘ I see you have some Reasons for not complying with their Orders: Make yourself easy, you shall stay where you are.’

I retired, quite overcome with so much Goodness. In going from her Apartment, the *Receiver* met me. ‘ What is the Matter, my pretty Girl?’ says he, stopping me; ‘ has any one been taking you to Task? I shall be very angry with my Wife; for, except her, nobody here dare use you ill. But be comforted, I’ll put things upon a better Footing; I have been thinking some time of making your Fortune.’ ‘ I am much obliged to you, Sir;’ answered I; ‘ your Lady’s being pleased to bear with me, demands a greater Return than I can possibly make. I have all the Reason in the World to be satisfied with her Goodness.’ ‘ Not too much of that, I believe,” says he, “ you would scarce cry for nothing: some other time I shall enquire farther into this Matter; we are not in a proper Place to talk any longer; Farewell.” Saying this he squeezed my Hand, and went to his Lady.

I was

I was no longer so dull of Apprehension as not to know the Meaning of Words ; and plainly perceived I was in favour with the Gentleman : This made me very uneasy, lest his Taste in this particular should clash with my happy Situation.

I returned to my Chamber, musing on what had passed, and very much resenting the Behaviour of *Mademoiselle d'Elbieux*. I was taken up in contriving Means for getting the Letter, which had not been read to me ; the mention made in it of the *Marquis*, was alone too great a Temptation to be resisted. It was locked up in a Drawer, and I often watched an Opportunity to lay hold of it.

The Sunday following I compleated my Design, whilst the Lady was at Church ; for having over-staid the Time, she forgot her Keys in the hurry. Opening the Drawer I found the Letters, which I carried off to my own Chamber, and read them very hastily.

The first was that from *Mademoiselle d'Elbieux* : As much concerned as I was in it, I ran it over very slightly ; that of the *Countess* was of greater Consequence.

I read it several times : she spoke of me in very favourable Terms, excepting, where she mentioned her Suspicion of an Understanding between the *Marquess* and me. She said, her Son had wounded him dangerously with a Pistol Bullet ; that several Reports had been spread in the Country concerning the Affair ; but that she had unravelled the whole, by the Means of an old Servant, whom she had intrusted with the Care of my Education ; that notwithstanding the *Marquess* was very reserved, as to the Grounds of the Quarrel, yet his Perplexity at not knowing what was become of me, plainly discovered the Violence of his Passion ; that she had thought herself under an indispensable Obligation of cautioning the *Marquess's* Father, her particular Friend, to provide, in case his Son should recover, against the Consequence of such an Amour ; an Affair of the greater Concern, as she thought me virtuous, and my Lover a Man of Honour.

The Letter concluded with advising my being sent back to my Parents; that my Charms might in time occasion much Mischief; and that, if the thought of keeping me with her, it would be absolutely necessary to prevent my ever seeing the *Marquess*.

I bewailed the Condition of that dear Man, and yet did not disapprove of the Cautions given on this Occasion; I even resolved to turn them to my own Advantage. What I had read convinced me of the little Strefs that was to be laid on so unequal an Engagement. I folded up the Letters and carried them back in a great hurry: one Moment later, I had been caught in the Fact, the *Receiver* coming in just as I was leaving his Lady's Apartment.

"O! you are here, are you?" says he. "Well, pretty *Jenny*, is there any thing troubles you now?" The Colour, my Apprehension occasioned, the Consternation I was in, all together set me off to an Advantage. That Air of Assurance most Women are fond of, is far from being always a Charm; and I have since heard the Men acknowledge, that however fond they may be of the Sex, they are more taken with a modest and reserved Carriage, than that forward free Behaviour.

Monsieur de G ——— was just then an Instance of this Remark, by extolling me, at least in Appearance, beyond such as I have just now mentioned. "But (says he) you make me no Answer: Do you stand in any Awe of me? If you do, it's wrong judged; I am more your Friend than you imagine. For it is owing to me that my Wife, without knowing my Inclinations, shows you so great a Regard." Indeed, soon after I came thither, I had a Sattin Gown given me: The Lady's Women were very fond of me, they taught me how to behave, and their Instructions were not lost, as Girls are ready enough in learning such Lessons. "I had my Reasons," continued *Monsieur de G* ———, "or I should have ordered your Cloaths myself, which would have been after a much genteeler Mode;

" Mode; but we must have a Regard to the Circumstance of Time, which you may make more suitable whensoever you please. When say you, Jenny? Shall I reckon you in the number of my Friends?" " I could not wish for any thing better, Sir," I replied at last, without knowing the Extent of that Word. " Ay, now you speak!" continued he. " You are Love itself; upon this Condition you shall be as happy as a Queen. Adieu; I am apprehensive my Wife is coming in, and would not for the World she should surprize us together: As she is extremely apt to be jealous, this would be sufficient to make her run mad. Be upon your Guard, and take care not to drop the least Hint of this to any one." I stood like a Statue after hearing such a Discourse: *Madame de G*—, who just then came, found me in that Condition: " What was you doing here? (says she.) My Husband went from hence but now, what has he been saying to you? Methinks you are thoughtful; there is something more than ordinary in it. Come, tell me what has passed: My Husband is amorous; I'll lay a Wager he is in love with you, and has been telling you as much." " With me, Madam!" replied I. " Don't tell me any Lies," continued she, throwing herself into an easy Chair; " I am not angry with you; but if you conceal any thing, we shall be no longer Friends." " I can easily satisfy you, Madam," I replied; it's true *Monsieur de G*— has said some obliging things to me; but I imagined it was only in consequence of the Favours for which I am beholden to you." " Mighty well!" cried the Lady interrupting me: " That is to say, he will love you for my Sake. But let me hear what he said."

Upon this, I repeated Word for Word his whole Discourse; only I stopped short where he proposed being my Friend; upon second thoughts I had guessed how much it imported. The more I hesitated, the more her Curiosity was raised. " Well, and what Answer did you make?" said she very seriously.

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I repeated my Words. "And what did he say to that?" continued she. "Ah! Madam, what very much surprized me, (answered I) and convinced me I did not rightly understand the Expression he had used." I then related the rest of his Discourse, and she mused upon it a little.

"Your tender Years plead a Pardon for your Answer," said she; but do you know to what you have obliged yourself: By virtue of what you said, my Husband will secure your Person; you are his, and in that case Honour, Reputation, and all is gone." "God forbid," cried I, interrupting her, and alarmed at what I heard; "my Heart would break, to think I had given the least Occasion to any such thing." "I believe it," replied the Lady; "and you have done very well in giving me this Detail; otherwise you might have been fatally engaged, without suspecting any Ill, till it had been too late to prevent it. Therefore look to it, Jenny, and for the future do nothing without consulting me: The Dangers you have already escaped, ought to make you more circumspect than another."

The Lady's Discourse had too great an Appearance of Truth, not to make a deep Impression. I was soon convinced she was not mistaken in what she had said; and I had great Reason to think myself happy under the Direction of so skilful a Guide.

Two Days after this, one of the Lady's Women, for whom I had a particular Esteem, came to my Chamber: "What! in Bed still, lazy One?" said she: "Come, rise and dress yourself; I am going out, and you must go with me." "With all my Heart," answered I, getting up; "if you had given me the least Notice over Night, I should have been ready before this." "There is no harm done," answered she, "it is not late; however, get ready as fast as you can."

This Servant could not be less than sixty Years, forty of which she had passed in the Family, where she was very much respected: I made my Court to her

her from the Beginning, for I soon perceived she was the *Governante* of the House, and that nothing was transacted but what had her Approbation. I had the greater Reason to be fond of her, having one Day overheard her speak much in my Behalf to her Lady, prevailing upon her to keep me, when she had thoughts of sending me away. I never let her know, that I was sensible what Obligations I had to her, but strove by every thing in my Power to make a suitable Return.

We went in a Hackney-Coach to a Silk-Mercer's in St. *Honore's* Street. She consulted me upon some flowered Damask; I gave my Opinion of what I liked, and she fixed upon the Piece I had fancied. She called for some Gowns fit for Autumn and Spring; still I was consulted, and spoke my Mind with the same Frankness as before.

She bought three Gowns, besides a Bed-gown. From thence we drove to a Sempstress, where she bought a Dozen fine laced Shifts, and a Dozen plain ones, with other Linen suitable.

From thence we went to the *Palais*; here she bought Head-clothes, Tippetts, Ribbons, and other like Attire.

We went back to two or three other different Shops, for Stockings, Gloves, &c. at last we alighted at St. *Rue's* Bank, and were conducted to an Apartment, not very large indeed, but nobly furnished.

The old Servant, I mentioned, brought Table Linen; a Footman, who by the Livery I knew belonged to the *Receiver*, came in; he laid the Cloth very neatly, and then retired.

I stared, not being able to comprehend what all this meant: far from suspecting any thing, I was with a Person of some Consideration, one that I looked upon as a second Mistress; my want of Mistrust on this Occasion was not at all blameable.

About half an Hour afterwards somebody knocked at the Door. The Footman brought up a young Woman with Hoop-petticoats. My Directress ha-

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ving chose one of the handsomest, 'Come (says she) let us see how this will fit you.' I put off my Gown, it was tried on, and I thought it no small Addition towards a graceful Appearance; a secret Complacency arose when I viewed myself in the Glass, and saw I was not at all despicable.

My Vanity was discovered by my Directress. 'You are not mistaken, pretty *Jenny*, in thinking yourself handsome (says she), you are very lovely; I must have the Pleasure of dressing your Head according to my Fancy.' As I was not against it, she fell to curling my Hair, and then put me on one of the bought Heads; only to try it, she said. I made great Difficulty when we came to the Red: "You are a Simpleton (cried she) don't you see it's only for Diversion? We have nothing to do now but on'y to adorn these little Ears: and for that too we have the good Luck to be provided." Upon this she pulled out her Purse, which seemed to be none of the lightest, from whence she took a Paper containing a Pair of Brilliant Ear-rings. "What do you think of them?" "Exceeding fine," answered I. "Well, then, let us see if they become you as well as the rest." I viewed myself; the Alteration was so great, that thro' Surprise I was not able to speak. And indeed, *Jenny* was no more; a well-made young Lady, killingly handsome, had taken her place; the Red gave new Lustre to my Eyes, and to speak the Truth, I thought myself transcendently charming.

Let me be indulged in this Sally of Vanity; especially as I am a Woman: When *Monsieur de la Vallée*, the Fortunate Peasant, placed his personal Merit in so strong a Light, I, who am speaking, was not disgusted at it; I ask but the same Favour at the Hands of the Publick.

Whilst I was thus taken up with the Contemplation of my own dear Self, a *Mantua-maker* came in. "Come, Miss, (said my Directress) put off your Gown, that your Measure may be taken: Your Cloaths will be made to Admiration. Mrs. Pagode
" has

"has the best Hand in *France* for setting off a handsome Woman." Thus far I had not the least Suspicion: But the taking my Measure, and these Expressions, opened my Eyes; at once I saw clearly into the whole Affair. O Heavens! said I to myself, I am betrayed! I had not Strength to reason any farther.

By this time they had undrest me, and the *Mantua-maker* was busy in taking the Measure, but with an Air that had a Mixture of Sorrow and Compassion. I said nothing; quite at a loss how to evade the Mischief that threatened me: The *Chevalier d'Elbieux's* Behaviour was too fresh in my Memory, not to make me dread every thing that had the least Appearance of that kind. I recommended myself to God, who certainly directed me on this Occasion.

I pretended a Desire of being left alone a few Minutes on a certain Account: The wicked Directress, for such I began to think her, told me there was no one there with whom I might not make free. But I appeared so naturally ashamed, as in Truth I was, that she cried out, "Let her have her Way; she is a meer Child, and every Trifle startles her; in time she'll know better."

The Moment they were gone out of the Room, with my Pencil, on a Scrap of Paper, I wrote the following Note.

Jenny is undone, Madam, unless you snatch her from the Precipice, on whose Brink she stands. Want of Time prevents her saying any more.

This I directed for *Madame de G*——: I had already contrived how to send it; the *Mantua-maker's* Behaviour convinced me she was virtuously inclined, she having frequently sighed when she looked at me. Whilst she was employed in folding up the things, I approached her, under some Pretence, and slipped the Note into her Hand, telling her at the same time, if she had the least regard for Virtue, as I believed she had, she must carry that Note immediately, as directed, and God would reward her.

I found

I found I had no time to lose; one Moment more had been too late: The Door opened, and who should come in but *Monsieur de G——*! Although after what had passed, I might reasonably expect him, yet I was thunder-struck at his Appearance, and looked like Death itself. "What a charming Creature!" cried he, not observing my Perplexity, "I was not mistaken: is there any thing can surpass this!" He came up to me and viewed me on all Sides, (the others left the Room at his coming in) "Well, my Charmer, you are not displeased with your Condition I hope? It not the Master's Service as good as the Mistress's? But all this is nothing in comparison of what is to come. The first Moment I saw you, I pronounced you happy. Come, my pretty Creature, why won't you talk with me? You are melancholy; what is the Matter? Do you fancy any thing——you need only speak. Some Jewel? perhaps a Ring? accept of this, it's yours."

Saying this, he took a fine Diamond from his Finger, and presented it; but I thrust it aside. How great is the Confusion of a virtuous young Woman in such Circumstances! 'Let me alone, Sir, (said I at last) keep your Presents to yourself; they are infectious. Little did I expect such Favours, and much less an Adventure of this Sort. God knows my Heart, I never intended to give the least Encouragement.' "How! (cried he very gravely;) "I have misunderstood you certainly; or what is it you mean? When I offered to provide for you, did you not give your Consent?" "Not in the least, Sir," answered I very smartly; "I am unacquainted with your manner of expressing things, and we did not understand one another." "Why, what did you understand then?" said he interrupting me. "That you made an Offer of your Friendship," replied I, "which was doing me a great Honour." "But nevertheless (continued he) you have brought yourself into——" "Ah, not at all, Sir,"

“ Sir,” answer’d I in Tears ; “ you are too much of
“ a Gentleman to use Violence——” “ How !” said
he interrupting me very calmly ; “ you don’t know
“ me surely ; I love you too well to give you the
“ least Uneasiness ; and though I should have a far
“ better Title, yet nothing would be exacted that
“ is incompatible with your Tranquillity. Dry up
“ your Tears then, my lovely *Jenny* ; reign sole
“ Mistress of yourself and me : Nobody shall presume
“ to controul you ; independent of all about you,
“ their only Study shall be to obey your Orders. The
“ Return you may hereafter think fit to make for all
“ this, lies entirely in your own Breast : In the mean
“ time, enjoy yourself in the endearing Reflection,
“ that you are entirely at your own Disposal. This
“ Apartment is yours, and whatever else you can
“ fancy shall be provided without delay.”

All this was so far from allaying my Apprehen-
sions, that it only served to increase them. “ How un-
“ happy am I !” cried I, “ that you should entertain
“ so ill an Opinion of me ! Better far to be in my
“ Grave than accept of such Presents. Good God !
“ what Obligations must I lie under !” “ None at
“ all,” replied he : “ I don’t pretend to influence
“ your Affections, dispose of them as you shall judge
“ proper. My Word and Honour shall be engaged ;
“ a Security you ought to think me incapable of
“ violating. The Liberty of seeing you from time
“ to time, and obliging you in every thing, is all I
“ ask ; a sufficient Recompence for the greatest Ser-
“ vices I am able to perform. A farther Acquaint-
“ ance will convince you that I am in a different Way
“ of thinking from those, who, full of the Benefits
“ they have conferred, fancy they have a Right, on
“ such frivolous Grounds, to tyrannize, and exact a
“ servile Compliance to every thing they think fit to
“ demand. No, no, *Jenny*, once more I give you
“ my Word, I look for no Return. Your Niceness
“ in this Affair, far from giving the least Disgust,
“ charms me infinitely, and raises my Esteem to an
“ equal

"equal Pitch with my Love; and whatsoever my
 "Passion may be, you shall never have any Reason
 "to complain. In order to convince you of the
 "Truth of this, I shall leave you at present, and
 "not even return till you think proper to send for
 "me." Saying this, he made a low Bow and re-
 tired. Where Experience is wanting, the Appearances
 of Things must carry it: The Sentiments he had ex-
 pressed, were not unworthy a Man of Honour, and
 made a deep Impression, insomuch that I was, under
 a kind of Concern for having suspected the Virtue of
Monsieur de G——. I was not in the wrong; his Con-
 duct in regard of me from that Moment, demonstrated
 he was very capable of putting in practice the generous
 Maxims he had laid down: I even wish'd to have
 had it in my Power to recall the Note. These Re-
 flections were follow'd by the Emotions of Self-love:
 as I was alone, I consulted the Glass upon those
 Beauties I had heard so often extolled; I examined
 my several Features, and without perceiving of it,
 applauded my own Charms: the Stuffs were rich,
 I tried their Effect upon me. Were I in such Clothes,
 said I to myself, and seen by the *Marquess*, I might
 not for the future, perhaps, be so long without hear-
 ing from him. But where is the harm, continued I,
 in accepting of these fine Things? I am not obliged
 to make any Return. *Monsieur de G*—— has given
 me his Word——.

I was going on in this Train of Thought, when
 the Waiting-woman came in: she was too sly not
 to discover the Bent of my Soul in those Moments.
 "How now! pretty *Fanny*," says she, "you have
 "let my Master go away. He seem'd much disturb-
 "ed: sure you would not say any thing disagreeable
 "to him." "No, God forbid!" answered I; "at first
 "indeed, methought, he seem'd to drive at some-
 "thing out of the Way." "He!" cried the Waiting-
 woman, taking me up with an insinuating Air;
 "Alack! you know little of him: a very moderate
 "Compliance will purchase Presents without end
 "from

“ from him. Go, go, he deserves you should be a little more complaisant; few Women in *Paris* would scruple to——” Very fine! very fine indeed!” cried out *Madame de G——*, who had been listening at the Door, and that Moment enter’d the Room; “ a pious Exhortation truly this same of yours to a young Girl! Wicked Wretch, I am glad I know thee. Heavens! who would have thought it, that I should be so long impos’d upon by her Hypocrisy! Be gone, vile Dissembler; be gone this Instant: see my Face no more; for depend upon it, if you do not leave *Paris* before this time to-morrow, I’ll confine you for Life. Good God,” continued the Lady, throwing herself, quite fatigued as it were, into an easy Chair, “ that ever I should employ such a Creature!” But the Wretch did not stay to hear all this out, the first *Apostrophe* being sufficient to pack her off. For my part I was as much at a loss, as if I had been the Criminal myself.

The Lady seem’d to be in a profound Meditation: But presently recovering herself, and looking on me with all the Goodness imaginable, “ Your Discretion and Prudence I shall never forget,” said she; “ the Note you sent, was brought me by a Person whose Conduct had a great Appearance of Virtue. Lay aside your Tears in regard of my Husband; your modest Behaviour will increase his Esteem, and he will be the first Man to encourage you for having done your Duty. I know him too well, to doubt of what I say. Wretched Servant! You are likewise a Promoter of these Disorders. It’s you have put my Husband on such Exploits: It’s to such base Compliers with their Masters Inclinations, that we justly attribute so many Misunderstandings and Divorces. Very genteel and pretty Furniture, in Truth!” continued she, looking on the Table and the other Things provided for me: “ Poor Child!” added she, beholding my Head-dress and Paint; “ seducing Allurements, too often fatal to Youth!” This Detail shamed me very much; I snatch’d up a Napkin,

kin, and immediately demolish'd my Patches and Paint.
 ' Embrace me, my dear *Jenny*,' said the good Lady,
 ' I am charm'd with your virtuous Indignation; now
 ' you are fit to appear. Call some of my Servants,
 ' and order up the Master or Mistress of the House:
 ' I would fain know who it belongs to, and in whose
 ' Name these Lodgings have been taken.'

The Mistress came herself: One of those who always fawn upon their Company, and pique themselves on being the very pink of Courtesy; our Landlady was so to such a Degree, that it was impossible to discourse with her in any other Strain. "Lord, Madam, do me the Honour to believe—" Every Word was so smooth'd with Compliments, that I am apt to think, when she abused any one, it was "under Favour, with Submission, &c." Her Eyes languish'd so much whilst she spoke, that they were often in a manner closed up; at every Word she was sure to moisten her Lips, and each Phrase was distinguish'd by a small Spitting, being introduced by an affected *Hem*, and ended in a most agreeable Squeak.

This whining Gentlewoman inform'd us, that *Monsieur de G*— hired the Lodgings, and furnish'd them; that she did not know my Name, but the Gentleman had assured her I was a married Woman, and came to *Paris* in order to sue for a separate Maintenance, my Husband squandering away his Effects in continual Debaucheries; that he had received great Recommendations in my behalf, being related to the best Families in *Bretaign*.

' The Story is well enough contrived,' replied the Lady; ' but I can assure you the Gentleman has impos'd upon you; 'tis all a Fiction. Adieu,' continued she; ' another time be more circumspect who you take into your House. A very little Reflection would have convinced you, that if this Lady was so well recommended to *Monsieur de G*—, he being a married Man, the Stranger might have had an Apartment in his House; and you are the more inexcusable in this Affair, as you own we are no
 ' Strangers.

'Strangers to you.' Saying this, she lock'd up every thing; we got into the Coach, and return'd home.

Monsieur de G— had been gone but a few Minutes; he was acquainted with what had happen'd by a Note which, as we found afterwards, the Waiting-woman had sent: We were told he was gone into the Country.

Although this Gentleman had been engaged in several Intrigues, he was always so circumspect, and the Regard he had for his Lady so particular, that he would not for the World give her the least Uneasiness, or suffer any thing of this kind to become publick. He was no sooner arrived at his Seat, but he wrote to beg Pardon for what was past, assuring her, she should have no Reason to complain of his future Conduct; and as a Proof of his Sincerity, he was willing I should be sent home. The Lady, whose Goodness to me increased continually, read me his Letter, and her Answer to it: she told him, he was to blame in absenting himself on such a trifling Occasion; that no one can always command their Inclinations, and if his were never more out of the way, it would be very well; that she herself had a particular Value for me, as I justly deserved; that she had no Thoughts of sending me away, being very secure in my Discretion: the Letter concluded with repeated Assurances of the tenderest Affection.

Did every Wife behave in this manner, as often as the nuptial State lies under a Cloud, Divorces would not be so much in vogue in these our Days.

I pass'd almost a Year without hearing any thing of the *Marquess*: Time and Reflection had allay'd that ardent Passion so visible in the Beginning of these Memoirs. *Madame de G*— was so fond of me, as to make no Distinction between her Daughter and me; under the Masters, who attended her, I had made some Proficiency, and I sung with so much Judgment as to gain the Applause of all who visited the Lady. *Mademoiselle*, her Daughter, far from resembling *Mademoiselle d'Elbiquez*, loved me very tenderly,
and

and was never easy in my Absence. *Monsieur de G——*'s Love Fit was become a paternal Affection, of which he soon gave me very convincing Proofs; but however commendable his Intentions might be, I could look upon nothing, which came from that Quarter, with a very favourable Eye.

Several of the Company who resorted to the House made their Addresses to me; but the most importunate Sutor was a certain *Monsieur Gripart*, Farmer General of the Taxes, immensely rich and frightfully deform'd. People may pretend that a young Woman ought to be directed in her Choice by Reason, and not by Fancy; but for my part, to deal ingenuously, I could not think *Monsieur Gripart* any other than insupportably disagreeable. Nevertheless some Regard was due to him as he was really in earnest. *Madame de G——* assured me of it, and added, she should think herself very happy if she could make it a Match. I did not dare to enter on the Subject of my Dislike to him; but was in hopes my mean Birth, and the Disadvantages attending it, would prove a sufficient Obstacle, without my appearing in the Affair: But the Misfortune was, *Monsieur Gripart*, who came from nothing himself, look'd upon great Extraction no more than a lucky Hit, and consequently did not feed upon such illustrious Chimeras: Considering the great Share he had in some of my Adventures, it will not be amiss to draw his Picture.

He was of a middle Stature; one half of his Body, as well as his Face, very different from the other: It's true, he was not hunch-back'd, but was equally graceful; for when he stood as straight as he could, one would imagine he was stooping to take something up. The Description of his Countenance will be no easy Task; I never saw any thing like it. His Head was an Oval inverted, the Top of the Forehead making the Point; his Eyes inclined to each other in proportion as the Figure diminish'd, and consequently their lower Parts were as much at a distance: His Mouth was made arch-wise, but instead of being turn'd downwards, which

which is usual enough, the upper Lip and his Nostrils seem'd to be but one Piece; and when he laugh'd, it was impossible to distinguish the one from the other: But both his Lips, contrary to what we generally see, turn'd inwards; and his Nose, proud of its Pre-eminence, was puffed up very fiercely on all Occasions.

His Eyes were as big as those of an Ox, without any Advantage in point of Sight; their Lids were so fond of each other, that they never parted without Tears.

The Left Eye-brow was at a considerable Distance from the Eye to which it belong'd, and took in at least one half of the Forehead, being turn'd upon itself; whereas the other could scarce be distinguish'd from the Right Eye.

The Height of his Forehead must have been excessive, had not the Border of Eye-brows, we just now mentioned, form'd an agreeable Point of View. The bushy Perriwig, which *Monsieur Gripart* usually wore, look'd like a suitable Frame to so frightful a Picture.

This Gallant, just such as I describe him, loved me to Distraction: Not a Day passed but he made me a Visit; which Liberty, and that of discoursing with me at Pleasure, he had taken up of his own Accord: Whilst I was ignorant of his Designs, the droll Figure and humorous Conversation of the Man was an Amusement. It was a considerable Time before he made any Declaration, and till then I could not believe a Man of his Mold capable of Love like other People: Nevertheless, personal Deformity is no Bar to Virtue, Wit, nor Love; and Instances are not wanting where the most contemptible Aspect has deserv'd a Character infinitely preferable to the Merits of those, whose personal Qualifications have been altogether charming.

At last he declared himself, taking an Opportunity whilst *Madame de G* — was writing. He came up to me, as I was at work, with some Disorder in his Countenance; 'Lay by that useless Task, said he, 'will you never be tired with embroidering?' "Why
"so?"

“so?” answer’d I! ‘Ah, ah! (continued he) I have something to say to you, of that consequence, as to deserve all the Attention you are Mistress of.

‘Do you know that for these eight Months, six Days, and four Hours, I have been in love with you? You laugh, but this is not a Trifle to be jested with, The Deuce! a *Gripart* in Love? why there never was such a thing known in the Family before; the whole Race of us, from Father to Son, always married without any such thing as Love in the Case: I am the first that ever forfeited so noble a Prerogative. Till now I never look’d at a Woman but through the wrong End of the Perspective; the Miracle was reserved for you. That ever I should be in love! To speak the Truth, I could not have believ’d it myself, had I not been convinced of it by my sleeping so sound ever since I came acquainted with you; before that, I had not time to eat or sleep, being so taken up with getting Money; at present I eat, sleep, and now and then spend a Penny; wonderful Effects of my Passion, enough to move a Rock! What, are you insensible? Well, to convince you at once, I’ll tell you more: You cannot but know that Interest is all in all; judge then how much you engross all my Thoughts, by what I am going to relate. The other Day, a Person brought me a Sum of Money; it was no sooner counted out, but I lock’d it up in my strong Box; the Man who paid the Money, waited for an Acquittance: no I thank you; my Thoughts were so busy about you, I quite forgot that piece of Form, as well as that I had receiv’d the Money; at last my Debtor, whom I was sending away without any Acknowledgment, told me, he supposed I was too busy to give him an Acquittance. What Acquittance? replied I. Why a Receipt, continued he. A Receipt I cried I; for what? You are disposed to be merry, Sir, says he, I perceive; it’s for the Money——Oh! right, said I, whenever you pay me the Nine thousand

• five

‘ five hundred *Livres*, you shall have the Discharge :
 ‘ at present I have Business, and you must leave me ;
 ‘ saying this, I put him by the Shoulders out of my
 ‘ Closet. The poor Fellow, astonish’d to see me in
 ‘ earnest, and believing I intended to cheat him of
 ‘ his Money, bellow’d like a sucking Calf. This odd
 ‘ Behaviour awak’d me out of my Dream ; and after
 ‘ laughing very heartily at my Absence of Mind, I
 ‘ gave him a Receipt in form ; and, that he might
 ‘ remember as long as he lived, that *Gripart* was in
 ‘ love, I generously bestow’d upon him a whole
 ‘ Shilling. The Man was so surprized, that he never
 ‘ said to thank me ; I warrant you, he thought him-
 ‘ self as happy as a Prince.

“ No doubt on’t,” replied I, “ with so considera-
 “ ble a Sum !” “ Yes indeed considerable,” added
 he ; “ with Twelve Pence much may be done. Some-
 ‘ of these Days I’ll give you the History of my Life ;
 ‘ why, with such a Sum I made my Fortune. But,
 ‘ let us return to my Love-affair ; deuce take me,
 ‘ that’s more to the Purpose.

Monsieur Gripart embellish’d his Declaration with
 all the Oratory peculiar to a *Financier*, much of which
 I can’t call to mind : What I remember is, that he
 compared me to a large Sum, the employing of which
 was to be his Property ; and he concluded with say-
 ing, he foresaw the Price would be enhanced upon
 him, through the Number of Bidders ; but that he
 was resolved to carry his Point at the Sale, and not
 be such a Toney, as to let the Candle burn out before
 he bid his last Price.

In the mean time, I learnt that this extraordinary
 Lover’s Designs were carrying on with great Earnest-
 ness : A Waiting-woman of *Madame de G* — named
Christina, my Bosom friend, overheard some Dis-
 course, of which I was the Subject. *Monsieur de G* —
 argued very strongly in favour of the Match, and
 his Lady was entirely bent upon it.

I was no sooner apprised that the Affair was con-
 cluded upon, but I gave myself up to a frightful
 Disquiet.

Disquiet. I called to mind the Beginning of that Passion, once so dear to me; I ran over all that ever the *Marquess* had said and vow'd to me. Heavens! cry'd I to myself, is it possible that he should forget it all; and in so long a time, never once to let me hear from him? And yet how much did I confide in it! Fatal Credulity! False, deceitful Man! A Torrent of Tears succeeded; certainly none were ever shed with greater Sincerity.

One Morning when I was overwhelm'd with Reflections of this Nature, *Christina* came dancing and jumping into my Room. 'What will you give me for my good News?' I had wiped my Eyes, hearing her come; but the Marks of my Trouble were too fresh to be undiscover'd at first Sight. 'What ails you?' said she very compassionately, 'you have been crying; there is something troubles you, which is kept a Secret from me. You are very cross, but I'll come even with you, and will know the Bottom of it very shortly: At present let me tell you, your Mother is in the House, and is just now coming up Stairs.'

This Piece of News, so very unexpected, surpris'd me much, and gave me great Joy. To see a Mother after so long an Absence, what an endearing Comfort! I slipp'd on a Gown, and ran to throw myself into her Arms. I met her, fold'd my Arms about her Neck; she embraced me with great Affection. What a Happiness! my Sister accompanied her; by turns I gave them the most ardent Marks of the Transport I felt, and then conducted them to my Chamber. Our Discourse at first, through Eagerness, was too confus'd to be understood. By degrees I became acquainted with our Family Affairs; my Father was in good Health, and on his Way hither: *Colin* had married my Sister out of mere Spite; I was not a little pleas'd at this News for my Sister's Sake; the young Fellow had very good Dispositions, and where-withal to make her very easy in her Circumstances.

The

The Steward, who always shew'd me much Respect, hearing my Parents were come, sent a Breakfast to my Chamber; I exerted myself in doing the Honours of the House, finding an infinite Satisfaction in it. My Sister stared at me with Astonishment, 'Look, *Mamma*, said she, she is no longer our *Jenny*; 'this is a fine Lady. How she is dress'd! what Lin-' 'nen!' I had on a Bed-gown, nothing extraordinary; yet was much pleas'd with my being taken notice of. Vanity is always at hand, and for those who have left their home, there cannot be a greater Pleasure than to be seen again by their Friends genteely dress'd; but I intended to surprize them far more in my best Clothes.

'Do you know, *Jenny*,' said my Mother after Breakfast, 'what has brought me hither? To see you 'married.' That Word made me turn pale. To whom? not to *Colin*, there I was safe; I could think of nobody but *Monfieur Gripart*. My Mother saw the Trouble I was in. "Is it Joy or Grief that "moves you thus?" said she. "You cannot sure "have so far forgot the Education I gave you, as to "set your Heart upon any one?" 'No, dear Mother,' answer'd I in great Confusion; 'only I did 'not expect any such Tidings.'

"Well then, I am the Bearer of them," continued she, looking pleasantly again; "I must tell you, "that you are extremely happy, after all that has "passed, to have fallen into this Lady's Hands! "She has left nothing unsaid to your Godmother, "in your Praise; but her last Letter has crown'd "the Work. The *Countess* sent immediately for me, "and order'd me hither in all haste, telling me, "that *Madame de G* ——— had provided a Hus- "band for you, who would heap Wealth and Ho- "nour upon the Family: This is all I know of the "Matter."

Just as my Mother had done speaking, a Footman came to let her know that *Madame de G* ——— must speak with her: She went immediately, leaving my Sister with me.

Her

Her Sentiments in regard to me were entirely altered; her Joy at seeing me again, and the sincere Caresses she bestowed upon me, banished all Resentment of her former Behaviour: Where there is a Fund of Good-nature, Injuries are easily forgot.

I was not yet sufficiently acquainted with her to make her my Confident: Nevertheless, as I had a strong Inclination to know what had passed in my Absence, I ventured to ask how the Family did at the Castle? "The Countess (answered she) is much the same; she comes very shortly to *Paris* with her Daughter, who has been courted for some time by *Monsieur de F——*. As to the *Chevalier*, nobody knows what is become of him; he is rarely seen, ever since that Affair: It has made much Noise, and is variously related.

"Good God! (continued she) how pleas'd was I, to hear you was so well placed! You acted in the discreetest Manner possible, not to return with *Colin*. Lord! how you would have been pointed at in the Village! To this Hour, scarce four Words are spoke, in which your Name is not mentioned."

"Dear Sister, (cried I) tell me on what Grounds I am thus censured, and then I will satisfy you how far they are just." "You cannot be ignorant (replied she) what one must expect in all such little Places; every Trifle is magnified into an Affair of Consequence: Neighbours are always upon the watch, as to what passes in the next House, so that nothing escapes unobserved; and if the true Motive is not discovered, a much worse is invented: The Report is, that the *Marquess*, *Mademoiselle de Parc*, and you, had laid a Design for your being carried off: They add, that *Monsieur le Chevalier* being likewise in love with you, guided by Jealousy, discover'd the Plot. You are blamed for being the Occasion of the Duel your two Admirers fought, by giving them both Encouragement at the same time. All which was the more readily believed, because *Mademoiselle d'Elbireux* was heard to say, that
your

‘ your Coquetry with the Men was to her insupportable.

‘ However these Surmises, through my Mother’s usual Discretion, began to lose ground : The Inquisitive were put on the wrong Scent, by her giving out you was gone to one of her Aunts. This found Credit : But *Colin*, coming home frighten’d out of his Wits and soundly thrash’d, spoiled all again, by the Account he gave of his meeting with you ; he told every one how much he had endeavoured to bring you home, without being able to prevail ; that your Head was certainly turn’d, by listening to the nonsensical Discourse of the fine Gentlemen ; that nevertheless he had compass’d his Design, if the *Marquess’s* cursed *Valet de Chambre* had not interposed ; that the Fellow must certainly deal with the Devil, because, notwithstanding *Colin’s* Gun, and his Companion *Christopher’s* Cudgel, they were both handled very roughly.

‘ He was so enraged, in fine, that he talked more against you than any one, and said, he did not doubt but the *Marquess* had you in some House in the Neighbourhood.

‘ The same Day that *Colin* came with this Story, the *Chevalier* arrived ; when he was informed of what had passed, he called for *Colin*, and was shut up with him a considerable time. We saw him go away foaming like a Madman ; swearing he would take up *Colin’s* Quarrel, and teach *Dubois* to abuse his Tenants.

‘ As for the *Marquess*, he sent constantly twice a Week during your Absence, to know if you had been found. As soon as he was able to go abroad, the *Chevalier* disappeared ; which gave room to a great deal of Talk. For some time it has not been known what is become of him.

‘ Notwithstanding those Reports, you are still beloved by every one, except *Mademoiselle d’Elbieux*, who lets slip no Opportunity of falling upon you. As soon as she heard where you were, she told several

“ral they must expect to hear very shortly of some new Adventure ; that you are a sly Baggage, and are not at *Paris* for nothing, as she has good Reason to suspect.

“ Good God !” cried I, “ what have I done to deserve her Hatred in this Manner ?” “ We know well enough (continued my Sister :) She is secretly in love with the *Marquess*, and he is as indifferent on his Side, having no great Opinion of her Beauty. She has discovered that it’s owing to you —” “ To me ! she is much in the wrong, (replied I overjoy’d to put my Sister on the Subject :) “ I never could perceive there was any Grounds to think the *Marquess* so fond of me as People imagine. From the time I left the Castle, I have not so much as heard him mentioned.” “ Had he been so indifferent,” replied my Sister very sily, “ he would scarce have sent so often to enquire after you. But he lost his Labour ; for the *Countess* expressly charged us not to give him any Account of you. Whether he was acquainted with this Order of hers, I cannot say ; but we have never heard any more of him since : It was said indeed at the Castle, that he retired into another Country, I don’t know the Name of it ; that his Father had endeavoured by all possible Means to bring him to Court again, but without Success ; and that his Physicians, by his own Directions, had advised the Country Air, that he might avoid any farther Importunities on that Subject.”

This Account revived all my tender Sentiments for the *Marquess* : A deep Sigh forced its way. “ Ah ! Jenny, I plainly see you are in love with the *Marquess*,” said my Sister ; “ I cannot blame you ; his Merit deserves no less ; but have a care how you indulge your Passion ; the Settlement now proposed will be in danger of miscarrying. Look to it ; you cannot but see the Inequality between the *Marquess* and yourself ; on the other hand you are on the Point of being married very advantageously, unless
“ your

‘ your Indiscretion in favour of the *Marquess* over-
 ‘ turns the whole Affair.’ “ I thank you (replied I)
 “ for this good Advice, dictated by a friendly Heart;
 “ I shall endeavour to put it in practice, and make a
 “ Sacrifice of myself.” This was followed by a Tor-
 rent of Tears, which moved my Sister, very much.
 ‘ Here (says she) I cannot bear to see you in trouble ;
 ‘ I deferr’d telling you I had a Letter, which, not-
 ‘ withstanding the strict Injunctions to the contrary I
 ‘ shall venture to give you. Make yourself easy then ;
 ‘ *Mademoiselle de Parc* put it into my Hands the Night
 ‘ before we came from Home : She is still fond of
 ‘ you, and, if I am not much mistaken, has sent very
 ‘ acceptable Tidings. *Dubois* often sees her, as I
 ‘ have discover’d, tho’ it is very privately. You’ll
 ‘ pardon my Reservedness, *Jenny*, when you reflect
 ‘ on these Reasons, and the Hazard I am exposed to
 ‘ in the Affair.’

I opened the Letter with great Precipitation : the
 Address was in a Woman’s Hand ; but, agreeable
 Surprise ! within I discovered the *Marquess*’s Writing.
 I blush’d and trembled while I read as follows.

W Here are you, my charming *Jenny* ? Will this
 Mark of my tender Love and Fidelity ever come
 to your Hands ? Heavens ! what Anguish and
 Torture do I not suffer from the cruel Uncertainty of
 your Situation ! Death itself cannot be compared with
 it. What has befallen you ? Where are you ? I would
 have gone to the farthest Corner of the Earth, or
 the least Prospect of finding you ; but something tells
 me, I am not far from you. Still I live in hopes of
 a favourable Hour : it must not be long in coming,
 my Patience is at an end. I conjure you by all that
 is dear, if this comes safe, to let me hear from you.
 Nothing else can possibly save a Life long since devoted
 to you alone.

The MARQUESS of L. V.

April,—
 Castle of L. V.

F 2

I had

I had scarce time to read the Letter; when my Sister, who stood upon the Watch, came running to tell me she heard somebody on the Stairs, I put up the Letter very hastily, and being sent for by the Lady, I went with a heavy Heart, foreboding the ill News I expected to hear.

‘I am overjoy’d, *Jenny*,’ said the Lady as soon as she saw me, ‘that I have it in my Power to make you amends for what, through a Principle of Virtue, you heretofore declined. The Proof you then gave me of your Discretion is not forgot; and from that time, *Monsieur de G——* and I were determin’d on making your Fortune. A Match is agreed on for you, the Articles are drawn, and I sent for your Parents to rejoice with you on this Occasion. *Monsieur Gripart* is the Person design’d for you: his Riches are very considerable, and are like to increase; he is much in love with you, and will make you happy, he has already settled twenty thousand Crowns upon you. Is not this a convincing Proof, that Heaven sooner or later rewards those who walk in the narrow Paths of Virtue?’

‘You make me no Answer, *Jenny*! That Blush becomes you, and is a Mark of your Modesty.’ ‘Very true,’ replied my Mother; ‘but that ought not to hinder her from throwing herself at your Feet, Madam, and thanking you with the most profound Acknowledgments for all your Favours.’ I did so immediately, kissing her Hand. ‘Rise, my dear,’ said she, taking me in her Arms; ‘I look upon you as my own, and will be at the Expence of the Wedding, which shall be at our Country Seat. My Husband is there already; his Present consists of some things you have seen before. As for *Mignonne* (meaning her own Daughter) to whom you are very dear, as she has not much to give, insists upon your accepting of her Pearl Necklace.’ My Mother, charmed with such Marks of Affection, was at a loss how to express her Gratitude. Just at that Instant the Lady was informed that

that Company was coming in. We retired to my Chamber, whither we were follow'd by several of the Servants, to congratulate with us upon the good News, I having gain'd their Affections by my affable Behaviour.

The Day following my Father came : such an Alteration in his Daughter was a great Surprize to him ; my Sister told me he even cried for Joy.

The *Tuesday* following, to which there were but three Days, was appointed for the Wedding. It was not possible for me to prevent it : what Reason could I alledge against it ? A Marriage that gratified the Ambition and compleated the Happiness of our Family : I heard nothing else talked of ; it was only at Night I had an Opportunity to vent my Sighs and bewail my Condition.

At last the fatal Hour came ; on the Day before *Monsieur Gripart* sent me Jewels to the Value of twenty thousand Livres. The same Day we had repaired to the Castle of C——, the Place appointed for our Nuptials. The News was spread in the Neighbourhood, and drew a great Concourse of People from all Parts.

The Morning following I was called up at four, to be led, a melancholy Victim, to the Altar. They did me the Honour, 'tis true, to attribute my Uneasiness to the Fear and Apprehension usual with young Women at the Approach of Marriage. Alas ! my Thoughts were far otherwise employ'd !

Two Days before this, I had struggled very hard between the Suggestions of Love and Decency. Love prompted me to acquaint the *Marquess* with the intended Espousals ; I knew how to direct to him, the thing was feasible. If he really loves me in the manner he expresses, thought I, and has those honourable Designs he seems to hint, it would not be a difficult Matter for him to break off this fatal Match ; or, should his Intentions be of a different Kind, my new Engagement would be attended with less Regret. On the other hand, Decency disclaim'd any such Conduct, too forward to become a young Woman well

educated: it was running after a Husband. What a Disgrace, methought, if I should act thus, and he be backward on his Part! I should sink under such a Load of Affliction. No sooner did I resolve one way, but immediately I found myself inclined to the other. Frightful is such a wavering Situation; and much I pity those who are so unfortunate as to lie under a Perplexity, without being able to come to a Determination.

Nevertheless, they led me to Church; Mass being over, the usual Exhortation was made: the Ceremony was already begun; *Monsieur Gripart* had even pronounced the fatal *I will*. When, the Priest turning to me for my Consent, a Voice was heard from the Bottom of the Church, crying out, Hold, hold.

The Curate was at a stand: every one look'd back. A young Woman made her way thro' the Crowd, and coming up to the Altar, desir'd to speak with the Priest in private. He took her into the Vestry, together with *Madam de G——* and *M. Gripart*. I remained in my Place, astonished, and unable to divine the Occasion of such an Accident.

In the mean time the People, surpris'd at what had happened, crowded to the Altar. Their eager and curious Eyes were fixed on me. Some said the Bride was very handsome, and worthy of her good Fortune; others said, it was a Pity any thing should thwart it; a Countryman cried, *Ne'er min'd, she'll get a Husband for all this*.

At last the Vestry Door open'd: one of the Church-Wardens came to call me; I was no sooner enter'd but the Door was shut again.

'Your Wedding *Jenny*, is put off for the present, said *Madame de G——*, 'till such time as *M. Gripart* removes a Difficulty made by a Woman, to whom, 'it seems, he formerly promis'd Marriage. She lives 'in the Neighbourhood, and hearing he was on the 'Point of espousing you, has put in her Claim by this 'Person. 'Twas something late, indeed, and might 'have been slighted, but it is better to wait till the 'Parties have compromis'd the Matter.'

"I am

"I am extremely afflicted, Miss, at what has happened," said *M. Gripart* : "Youth has its Follies. I had entirely forgot this Promise ; but this Delay will only make surer Work on't, as I am certain the Person in question will hear Reason." "No doubt of it," replied the young Woman who had interrupted our Nuptials, "she only insists upon marrying her, or nobody." "That's a little hard," answer'd *M. Gripart* ; "but this is not a Place to argue in, you shall go with me in my Coach to her." He presented her his Hand, and making a low Bow, retired.

We return'd to the Castle ; my Father and Mother very much down in the Mouth. But my Concern was to hide my Joy, which seem'd, I knew not why, to promise a Deliverance from what I so much dreaded.

But this did not last long : *M. Gripart* return'd the next Morning very gay, he had removed the Obstacle, notwithstanding his Avarice, which was forc'd to give way on this Occasion : Money carries all before it. My Apprehensions return'd, my Father and Mother were as much elated. The Day was once more fixed for the Wedding, and nothing remained that could possibly be any Hinderance.

The Evening before we were to be certainly married, we took the Air on a high Terrace ; it look'd upon a Meadow, at the End of which, about forty Paces distant, was the great Road : The Company talk'd on several diverting subjects. *M. Gripart* address'd me with his tedious Courtship. As I was leaning in a melancholy Posture on the Ballister of the Terrace, amusing myself with the different Objects that presented themselves, several Horses, follow'd by a Pack of Hounds, pass'd leisurely along the Road. This Sight remind'd me of what had happened in the Forest of *Fontainebleau*, the dear Moment that brought me first acquainted with the Marquess : My Eyes dwelt with Pleasure on the

Prospect. I seem'd to divine all that was to befall
me.

A single Person, dress'd in Green trimmed with Gold, came very gently cross the Meadow, in a bye Path at the Foot of the Terrace; the Horse, as the Reins lay upon his Neck, taking the Advantage of his Rider's profound Contemplation, frequently stopp'd to graze. The Gentleman, by his folded Arms and Head hanging down, seem'd to meditate on some important Affair.

A Situation so exactly resembling my own, made me consider him very attentively: My Heart began to beat; in viewing his Features as he drew nearer, methought I knew him. Alas! it was the Marquess himself; his Image was too deeply engraved to be mistaken. As he passed by the Balustrade where I stood, he look'd up and put off his Hat: This gave me a full View of him; I was no longer myself, but shriek'd out, being suddenly taken ill.

Every one ran to my Assistance: As I did not faint away, my Eyes were never off the dear Object that caused my tender Emotion. The Marquess had stopped, hearing me cry out, and looking very earnestly, 'Good God! (he cried) 'tis she.' Saying this, he clapt Spurs to his Horse, and was out of Sight in a Moment.

The Company was too busy about me to observe what passed. *M. Gripart* and my Father led me to a Room, and laid me upon a Couch.

As my Surprise was the Effect of Joy, it was not attended with any ill Consequence: I presently recovered, and felt an unusual Tranquillity. *Madame de G*— had enquired, when the Marquess passed by, if any one knew that Nobleman; for such he appeared to be by his numerous Retinue: My Father's common Sense convinced him at once he ought to hold his Tongue on this Occasion: But my Mother, either thro' Vanity, or an Itch of Talking, was not so discreet. 'Yes indeed, we know him well
' enough,'

‘ enough,’ she cried; ‘ ’tis the Marquess of *L. V.* who brought our Bride the Gratification so much talked of.’ “ O ho!” replied the Lady; “ if that be the Case, our Wedding is like to meet with another Rub: I thought our Damsel did not change Colour for nothing ” ‘ Colour me no Colours,’ cried my Father in a Pet, ‘ the Marriage shall go on: I’ll be bound, Madam, for the Performance. If it miscarries, the Fault shall not be on her Side. The Marquess is no Husband for her.’ “ I am mightily pleased (replied *Madame de G—*) with what you say; but I am at a loss how to behave in case he comes here: However, it is very well *M. Gripart* did not perceive what happened: Let every one be upon their Guard, and not take any Notice of it when he is present.” I heard all this from the next Room.

It was not long before the Lady was informed that a Gentleman desired to speak with her: I easily guessed who, and from thence was much disturbed. My Father and Mother immediately observed my Looks, which were presently fixed on the Ground. Monsieur *Gripart* coming in at the Delivery of the Message, cried out, ‘ He is well come, and must honour us with his Company at Supper.’

After a Quarter of an Hour’s private Discourse with the Marquess, *Madame de G—* sent for me. I enter’d the Room in a sort of Agony: “ Come hither,” my dear Child,” said she, “ employ the Sway you have over this Nobleman, to assert your own Right and the Fortune offer’d to you: He opposes your Marriage, and protests he’ll leave nothing undone that may prevent it.” The Marquess was on his Knees before *Madame de G—*; but leaving her, he address’d himself to me in the same Posture: ‘ Ah! *Jenny*, have I deserved (says he) to be made the most forlorn of Mankind?’

How powerful is a Lover in such a submissive Posture! I asked him, with Tears in my Eyes, “ What

“ can you expect I should do ? I, that am not my own
 “ Mistress. In the Name of Goodness, leave me,”
 “ I said ; “ be gone, don’t overwhelm a virtuous Dis-
 “ position, too much shaken by your Presence.”——
 “ Must I go ? (replied he) Ah ! Miss, is this the
 “ Reception you afford a Person who adores you, and
 “ that too after so long an Absence ? One, who lives
 “ but for you, from the first Moment he saw your
 “ Face ? Does your good Fortune dazzle you, un-
 “ generous as you are, and prevail upon you thus to
 “ sacrifice me ? I have wrote twenty Letters to you ;
 “ and what Answers have I received ? what a one
 “ was it you sent me but yesterday ? that I should
 “ trouble you no more ; that you never loved me ;
 “ and, as a Proof of it, would accept of the first
 “ Match that was proposed ; that I should never know
 “ your Abode, till you was secure in the Arms of a
 “ Husband——“ Ah ! hold, Sir” I cried, “ I don’t
 “ deserve any such Reproach : I never wrote to you.”
 —— ‘ You never wrote to me ? Cruel Creature !
 ‘ I am not to be believed then without a Proof of
 ‘ what I say ! Heavens ! this is a new Insult ; can you
 ‘ think me capable of being an Impostor ? But I must
 ‘ prove my Words ; this Letter (continued he pulling
 ‘ one out) will justify me. Is this the Essay you
 ‘ make, after learning to write ;’ Looking upon the
 Paper, what should I discover but *Mademoiselle d’*
Elbieux’s Hand ! *Madame de G*—— came to look
 upon it, and knowing her Writing, assured him of
 the Truth. ‘ Ah ! Madam (said he) you restore me to
 ‘ Life ! Charming *Jenny*, compleat what this Lady has
 ‘ begun, by promising me not to marry your new
 ‘ Admirer.’ “ As if that (cried I, interrupting him)
 “ depended on me ! Is it not to you I owe all my
 “ Affliction ? Am I to withstand a Father and a Mo-
 “ ther ? must I frustrate the good Intentions of this
 “ Lady ? Heaven knows, how little either Affection
 “ or Interest influences me, in going to the Altar.”
 ‘ Then you will go ? (replied the Marquess in a me-
 lancholy Voice) ‘ You are willing to compleat your
 Nuptials

“Nuptials and end my Life in the same Instant?”
“God forbid!” cried I redoubling my Tears; “It’s too dear, Heaven’s my Witness. Alas! I love you but too well to enjoy any Peace of Mind; nevertheless, how can I decline this Match? what Reasons would you have me give for disobeying my Parents?” “Your Love for me, my Charmer,” answered the Marquess. “Ah! were such a Declaration sufficient,” replied I, “with how much Pleasure could I make it!” “Tis enough, ’tis enough, my charming *Jenny*,” cried the Marquess. “Pardon, Madam, my Transports; your Countenance tells me my Situation moves you to Compassion: I have already acquainted you with the Purity of my Intentions; do you believe me? will you perform your Promise? Speak; you see this lovely Creature does not disown her Passion. Answer me,” cried he throwing himself again at her Feet—“Heavens! she hesitates: what am I to expect? Will nothing less than the last Drop of my Blood prevail upon you?”

“How much you perplex me, my Lord!” answered *Madame de G*—after some Pause. “By what Means can an Affair, so far advanced, be broke off? It’s true, *M. Gripart* is your Inferior in point of Birth, nevertheless he is a Person of some Distinction in the World. He is our Friend; what Colour then can we give to our Refusal? On the other Side, *Jenny* is truly dear to me. A thousand things occur at once. Your Honour nothing can surpass, I believe: Your Word, inviolable, without doubt: Nevertheless, you must own, my Lord Marquess, that your Father can never be brought to approve of so unequal a Match: he has already explain’d himself on that Subject, and would never forgive me, did he suspect me capable of giving the least Encouragement in an Affair of this Nature. The most I can possibly do, is to fulfil the Promise my Compassion extorted in your behalf: I’ll find Means of deferring this Wedding eight Days.”

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“ Days longer, during which time do your endeavour
“ to break it off, without drawing any Suspicion on
“ *Jenny.*” Saying this she left the Room ; I was
about to follow, but the Marquess stopped me.

‘ Stay one Moment,’ said he with a sorrowful
distracted Air, ‘ unless you will see me dead at your
‘ Feet. Can you abandon me thus to Despair ? “ Good
“ God !” replied I, terrified at seeing him in this
Condition, “ what can I do ? What Answer would
“ you have me make to the Reasons you just now
“ heard alledged ?” ‘ That you slight them all for
‘ my Sake (said he) and declare against this detested
‘ Match.’ “ How ! (continued I) would you bring
“ my Character in question with Persons to whom I
“ am so much obliged ?” ‘ Far from it,’ cried he,
“ your Reputation is dearer to me than Life itself ; I
‘ would not, for the World, be the Occasion of your
‘ Ruin. I am ready to marry you myself ; receive
‘ my plighted Troth, my solemn Vows ; I call
‘ Heaven to witness I will marry none but you.
‘ This has all along been my Design, and I only
‘ waited a favourable Opportunity to convince you
‘ of it. I have a Father, it’s true ; but if you will
‘ consent to make me so happy, we may easily be
‘ married without his knowing of it : He is advanced
‘ in Years, and cannot live long ; tho’ God forbid I
‘ should desire his Death ! I would sooner die myself.
‘ I am even unwilling to give him the least Uneasi-
‘ ness, and for that Reason propose being married
‘ privately. If you love me ——’ “ I do love you
“ (cried I) alas ! beyond what can be express’d. But,
“ my Lord, I’ll never consent to such a Marriage to
“ gain the World. I love you, again I repeat it ; do
“ you ask a Proof ? I’ll disobey my Parents, if it’s
“ necessary ; yes, (continued I, redoubling my Tears)
“ I’ll set every one against me, but that is all you
“ must expect.” ‘ What !’ cried the Marquess with
great Emotion, ‘ will you refuse me ? do you suspect
‘ my Protestations ? can you think me so perfidious
‘ a Villain ?’ “ No, no ” replied I interrupting him,
“ I have

" I have an entire Confidence in you, and am fully
" convinced what honourable Sentiments you are
" pleased to entertain in my Regard, and by con-
" quering the Weaknesses my Passion inspires me
" with, will in some measure deserve them. My
" Honour is all I possess; in the name of Goodness,
" do not seek its Ruin, nor tarnish it by such Pro-
" posals." I had no sooner said this, but I ran away
as fast as possible. *Madame de G*——, who had
over-heard us, stopp'd me: 'Come into this Room,'
says she. 'I have something of the greatest Confe-
' quence to impart to you.' She lock'd the Door
upon us; and making me sit down, spoke in the fol-
lowing Manner.

I shall never forget the Proofs you have, in my
Hearing; just now given of your Discretion, conti-
nued *Madam de G*——; when we have more Leisure,
I shall express my Satisfaction; in the mean time, let
me exhort you never to swerve from so fair a Path.
Whilst my Ear, attentive to your tender Conversation,
enjoyed the Pleasure of a Scene. wherein Virtue tri-
umph'd over Love; my Eyes fix'd on the Park, were
struck with the Sight of several People in motion:
astonish'd to see Strangers passing backwards and for-
ward, I placed myself at the Window, so as not to be
seen; judge of my Surprise, when I observed among
five or six Horse-men, a Livery belonging to one,
whose Name will make you tremble: a Park-
keeper led the Way, and open'd them a Door into
the *Green-House*. After this he discours'd awhile
with a Person in laced Cloaths; I tremble to think
it must be the *Chevalier d'Elbieux*; that Wretch
has certainly got Intelligence where you are, and,
hurried on by his brutal Appetites, has some wicked
Design. — Ah; Madam, cried I trembling, I
am ruin'd unless you stand my Friend! your Con-
jectures are but too well grounded: what you say,
reminds me of something that gave me no small Un-
easiness. It was with Difficulty I put it out of my
Head; only last Night, Madam, continued I as
well

well as Fear would let me; I heard a Noise at my Door; I waked your Chambermaid, but was obliged to speak pretty loud first. Upon this [a Voice which I am sure I have heard before, said, *We must retire*. I was terrified and crept close to *Isabel*, but she only laugh'd at my Apprehension, saying it was only some of the Servants who had been at the Alehouse whilst the Family was in Bed, and hearing me speak, were afraid of being discovered. But for all she could say, I remained very much frighten'd, still fancying I heard the same Noise. I easily imagine, replied *Madame de G*—— who heard me with great Attention, that there might have been over-night a Design of carrying you off; but the great Company at supper, and who staid very late, might oblige them to defer it: this is a troublesome Affair, and I am at a loss how to disappoint their Enterprize; it's well the Marquess is still here; he is fully sufficient to curb their Insolence, and his Interest in the Affair will not suffer him to stand neuter.——Good God, Madam, cried I, take care; he must not know that the *Chevalier* is here, if it be he; be pleased to recollect what has already pass'd between those two Rivals, and the dire Resentment they bear to each other.——Heavens! what have I done to deserve so much Cruelty at your Hands! This Exclamation was attended with a Flood of Tears: But, continued I, alarmed at the Danger which surrounded me, would it not be best for me to make my Escape, whilst it is practicable? Good God! whither would you go, my dear Child, cried *Madame de G*—— interrupting me? Besides, you cannot imagine but we are observed: Nevertheless, I must approve of your Proposal, as it is the only Expedient for preventing the intended Mischief; as for this Village, it's not only inconsiderable, but cannot afford one Man who will face any of the People I have seen. It's true, now I think on't, there is a Place of Security, not far off, where you would

would be welcome ; but besides the *Chevalier's* Spies, I apprehend the Marquess himself will oppose the Execution of such a Design ; he is far from satisfied in the Situation, wherein you left him ; he must see and talk farther with you ; Lovers never think they have said all : and as if these Obstacles were not enough, M. *Gripart*, my Husband, your Relations, are all waiting for us. That signifies nothing, Madam, cried I ; tell me but the Place, where you say I shall be safe from these Pursuits, I'll run any hazard to reach it. The *Abbe's* of a Monastery about two Leagues from hence, replied *Madame de G*——, is my particular Friend, and owes her Fortune to me. Dear Madam, cried I kissing her Hands, order somebody to conduct me thither ; every Moment is precious, I tremble ; do you acquaint M. *de G*—— what has happen'd, whilst I join the Company, and put the best face I can on the Matter. When you have contrived the Means for my Escape, upon the least *Item*, I'll slip away, or feign an Indisposition, which will not be suspected after my fainting Fit ; they will imagine I am in my Chamber, and consequently make no Inquiry ; as for the rest, I have been used to Riding, and if a Horse be provided at the End of the Village, I shall easily join the Person you appoint for my Guide. Ah ! *Jenny, Jenny*, cried *Madame de G*—— taking me in her Arms, how ingenious is a virtuous Mind ; your Scheme is perfectly well concerted, and will, I hope succeed : depend upon it, you will always find a Mother in me ; your Virtue at once charms and interests me in your Behalf. Indeed, Madam, replied I with Tears in my Eyes, I will sooner forfeit my Life, than my Reputation ; but alas ! I am going to lose you, added I, crying very heartily. No, no, *Jenny*, replied *Madame de G*——, I shall ever be a tender Parent to you, I'll come to see you, and when things are settled will bring you back ; dry up your Tears, and let us not lose one Moment.

Madame

Madame de G — embraced me, and we were on the Point of leaving the Room, when the Door was thrown open on a sudden; it was the Marquess; he fastened the Door after him, looking upon us with Distraction in his Eyes. I have heard all that has passed, Madam, cried he, addressing himself to the Lady; there is a Design to rob me of *Jenny*, but you must take my Life first. Alas! what have I done to deserve such Treatment! Heavens! cannot my wretched Condition move your Pity! Saying this he threw himself at the Lady's Feet, and took me by the Hand, assuring us both that I should not go away, let what would happen; and that if we did not immediately promise as much, he would lay himself dead at our Feet.

The Apprehension for my Lover's Life, the Danger he would be expos'd to, in meeting with the Chevalier, who might every Moment surprise us and open a tragical Scene, embolden'd me to act in a manner far different from my Inclinations and usual Behaviour. Rise, my Lord, said I, looking stedfastly on him, with a dissembled Anger, and if you really love me — If I love you? ungrateful Creature! replied the sorrowful Marquess; is this the first Time? how well convinced ought you to be? what I have suffered — I ask it as a Favour, continued I in the same Tone; that you would hear me without Interruption; and since I may depend on your Affection for a punctual Compliance with what I am going to propose, I shall look upon such a Deference as a convincing Proof of what you have so often vow'd; otherwise, you must expect no Return from me: call Reason to your Assistance; without it, Love is but Folly. I should be unworthy of the Regard you express for me, and, what you seem to propose, did I blindly follow the Dictates of your Passion; sooner or later, you would be the first in making me repent my Weakness: The Intentions you have declared in this Lady's Presence, leave me no room to doubt of your Esteem, the Greatness of

which Honour I am fully sensible of; but the more you debase yourself in my behalf, the more I ought to rise above myself: She is no longer *Jenny* the Country Lass, who speaks to you, but a Person, inspir'd by the Honours this Lady has conferr'd upon her, and elevated far above her Birth; who reserves herself for you by such Methods, as you will one Day approve of, and who, thro' a Disinterestedness not very common, sacrifices to you a present Establishment, for an uncertain one to come; for who can assure me that you will not change your Mind hereafter in regard of one who has nothing but her Virtue to balance the Wretchedness of her Birth. I am engaged to *M. Gripart*, and to-morrow I must receive him for a Husband; a Monastery is the only Means left me to ward off the Blow you dread so much, and to prove how intirely I am yours. Would you therefore by an unseasonable Opposition, compleat a Marriage, which must separate us for ever? The Cloyster will be an honourable Pretext, and, by declaring a Vocation of a long standing to it, I may with Credit break through the Engagements I am under. Can you be so unreasonable as to oppose a Project, intirely form'd to oblige you alone? This, my Lord, is what I had to say. I shall argue no longer: but I solemnly declare, continued I in a very positive manner, if you will not agree to such proper Methods, and retire from hence this very Moment, I am resolv'd to marry *M. Gripart*, and never see your Face more.

Saying this, I turned my Head aside lest my Tears should betray me. The Marquess rose quite astonished, seized my Hand and bath'd it with his Tears. How dangerous is a Man below'd, when he appears in such an Attitude! A virtuous young Woman should never look on such a Spectacle; and it was happy for me, that so respected a Person as *Madame de G*—was present; otherwise, my Heart would have soon recall'd what my Virtue had advanced. On such Occasions, Flight is our compleatest

pleatest Victory : I forced my Way and shut myself into a Closet. The Lady at last appeas'd the Marquess ; promising to send him an Account of me ; and behav'd so well to him, that after expressing himself in the most affectionate Terms in my regard, he retired. My Heart was attentive to all he said, and shared his Transports. Ah Love ! if thou dost afford some Sweets, thy Pains are cruel ! My Lover was no sooner gone, but all my Resolution vanished ; I ran over every Syllable he had utter'd, and the Weakness I am going to acknowledge, is at least a Balance to the lofty Airs I just now assumed ; I have my Choice, whether to divulge it or not, for no one can contradict me as to what passes in my own Breast ; hitherto I have conceal'd it, but in entering upon these Memoirs I profess'd Sincerity, and am resolv'd to keep my Word ; besides it may perhaps be of some Service to young Persons of my own Sex, for whose Benefit I write these Memoirs, to be let into the Methods I was so fortunate as to put in practice for curbing the Vivacity of Inclination ; a Rock, on which they are frequently cast away, and which cannot be avoided, unless, not only sure Guides in the Paths of Virtue be consulted, but all Occasions are carefully shunn'd, of calling to mind such deluding Ideas. Excuse this Digression ; those who think it tedious, will do well to skip it ; the Book will be the sooner read.

As soon as *Madame de G*---was rid of the Marquess she went to her Husband : the Account she gave startled him ; he was of the same Opinion, that it was highly necessary to remove me ; a trusty Servant, according to his Direction, carried me that very Evening, unperceived by any one, to the Monastery of *St. N*---, where I was courteously received.

The continual Disquiets I had undergone, harass'd me too much to think of any Supper. Being desirous of going to rest, I was conducted to a neat little Chamber, and presently went to Bed, abandoning myself wholly to Grief. The greater Part of the Night,

Night, I suffer'd cruelly, the Marquess, present to my Imagination, seem'd still to lament himself at my Feet; I comforted him in a Language, alas! far different from what I mentioned before. How happy would he have thought himself, had he been by! I blamed myself for not giving him the tenderest Proofs of my Affection. Those who know what Love is, will easily enter into my Condition, and must own such a Night to have been very frightful. The Oppression I labour'd under, at last gave place to a broken, terrifying Sleep, arising from my present Circumstances; I dreamt of nothing but Rapes and Duels: Methought the Marquess, overpower'd by the furious *Chevalier*, with his last Breath protests his Love. O Heavens! I am seiz'd by the Conqueror. This Dream was so lively, that I started out of my Sleep with a loud Shriek.

The Sun was already above the Horizon, and shone into my Cell; I cast a melancholy Look on the several Objects which surrounded me: a large wooden Crucifix, with a Death's Head at its Foot, made me shudder; a Torrent of Tears ensued. When the Heart is oppress'd, every thing affects it; a devout Reflection terrified me; methought a crucified God, whose Sufferings I there saw represented, reproach'd me with my Weakness. Alas! what could I address to him but my Tears: and they were very plentiful. I threw myself at the Foot of the Crucifix, I called upon God, and found my Affliction abate—Methought he spoke, teaching me that Patience, of which he shew'd himself so perfect an Example. Looking towards one End of my chamber, a Picture of Hell, wherein Multitudes of Devils were represented tormenting the Damned, struck a Terror into me; I turned away my Eyes from so hideous a Sight. Alas! methought I shall one Day fall a Prey to these Enemies of Mankind, if I continue thus to follow the Bent of my Inclinations! Our Curate's Exhortations came fresh into my Mind; I pray'd to God to have Mercy on me.

me. Nature must yield when long assaulted ; I grew faint, and threw myself into the Bed again, pulling the Clothes over me ; I shiver'd, and as often as the Idea of my Lover offer'd to reasume its usual Sway, I drove it from me with great Earnestness, looking from time to time on the Crucifix, as a salutary Antidote against such a deluding Poison. Part of the Morning was spent in this Manner, when my Chamber door open'd : *Ave*, said an ancient Nun coming in, dear Miss, how have you rested ? what, not up yet ? *Madame de G*—— is below in the Abbe's Parlour, who has sent for you. Good God ! cried I transported at such agreeable News, how long has she been here ? how does she do ? what does she say ? I asked a thousand Questions at once. Put on your Cloaths, replied the good Nun, without giving me any Answer ; you'll know all by and by, you are waited for ; but be sure you say your Prayers before you leave your Chamber ; the first Duty of the Day is to offer our Hearts to God ; somebody will come for you in a Quarter of an Hour. Saying this she left me counting her Beads very devoutly. I jump'd out of Bed very hastily, saying my Prayers and dressing myself all at once, to save time ; expecting to hear of the Marquess. How small a Matter dries up a Fit of Devotion, founded only on the Sally of a Passion. *Madame de G*——'s Arrival replaced the Marquess in my heart. But, my God, said I with an Air of Confidence, I love thee with all my Soul ; and may I not reserve a little Love for a Man, whose Intentions tend to nothing but what is lawful ? I began to think myself not so very much to blame ; my Heart was busied in regulating these Things suitably to its Inclinations, when another Nun, whose beautiful Countenance was exceedingly amiable came into my Chamber, telling me in a very engaging Manner, she was come for me. Good God ! said she, you have been crying : I am concern'd for you ; I am apt to think you do not relish a

Mo-

Monastery. Alas! you are not the only one. I look'd earnestly at her, finding a Comfort in what she said; but she cast down her Eyes, and seem'd vexed with herself, for speaking her Mind so freely. There are Persons, the first sight of whom gains our Affections; this handsome Nun was one of that Number; I embraced her with great Tenderness, after which we went down Stairs.

When I came into the Abbess's Parlour, I ran hastily, without Reflection, to *Madame de G* — who was at the Grate: Good-morrow, my Dear, said that good lady; but you ought first to salute your worthy Superior, she is of a sweet Disposition; I have spoke to her in your Behalf, and she is willing to take the Charge of your Education. Struck with this Harangue, which boded me no Good, I turn'd to the Abbess and kiss'd her Hands; she embraced me, bidding me not to cry (for the Tears stood in my Eyes.) She never was among Religious People before, said she, I perceive; she is frighten'd, but Use will make it easy. Pardon me, Madam, I cried, thinking she meant that I had no Religion, I love God with all my Heart. I don't doubt it, answer'd the Abbess with a Cough of a Quarter long; I believe you are very devout and very virtuous. She is a very good Girl, added *Madame de G* —; the Air of a Convent is not very agreeable at first, but there are many Things which require Patience and Reflection; but more of that another Time. Saying this she wink'd upon me, as much as to say, stay till we are alone, I have a great deal of News.

The Abbess having mastered her Cough, with Plenty of Mallows and Liquorish to loosen her husky Lungs; began to open again and make a Confidante of her old Friend *Madame de G* —, concerning all the little Animosities on foot in the Convent; she gave her a long Detail of the various Humours and different Interests among them. Would you believe, said she very vehemently, not thinking of her weak Breast,

Breast, that the Director our dear Father, who had always been my Friend, that he should behave with great Coldness to me? Surprizing! The very first Time I perceiv'd it, I employ'd Mother *Gertrude*, in whom I have an entire Confidence, to find out the Reason. Could you imagine, my dear Lady, what I then discover'd? That he was grown very intimate with Mother St. *Elizabeth*, who whilst in the World, as well as here, you know never loved me! now judge whence the Blow comes. Nevertheless, God is my Witness, I made a Sacrifice of my Resentment, it being in my Power, as Abbess (unworthy,) to make her sensible of it; instead of that, continued she growing warmer and thumping the Board, I have promoted her to the best Offices in the Community, even that of Treasurer; Judge now, Treasurer! so considerable, that in one Point she may controul the Abbess herself. She is a very *Serpent* whom I have cherish'd in my Breast. That Word was very distinct, Passion utter'd it, while Charity was forgot; it's true every Invective was qualified with a *God forgive me*; but still *she is a very Serpent* was the Burden of the Song. To rob me of the Friendship of our Director, our Father, such a Father! he that absolves us, purifies us, and conducts us to Heaven! do you apprehend the great Consequence? Ah! Madam, I shall never be comforted.

This Conversation, which from my longing to be alone with *Madame de G—*, became insupportably tedious, was fortunately interrupted by a Nun's coming in with her Veil over her Face; at her Entrance she bow'd to the Ground and then kiss'd the Abbess's Hands, who very devoutly embraced her Head, telling her to put up her Veil, for there were no Men present; what would you have with me, dear Mother, continued the Abbess? The Nun began to whisper in her Ear; but she certainly thought we were deaf, for she spoke so loud that I heard every Word. Mighty, well, replied the Abbess, I am coming;

ming; do you stay for me on the Stairs. Would you believe, said she addressing herself to *Madame de G*—, what they are doing? there is another Cabal on foot; I am told Three of the Ancients and the good Father and Director are now plotting against me in the Trinity Parlour; there is a private Place from whence I can overhear them, unless my continual Coughing does spoil all; but Heaven will support me. Adieu, Mum, you see the Consequence. Saying this the Abbess retir'd, giving me a little Pat as she pass'd by, and muttering something to herself.

Come near, *Jenny*, said *Madame de G*—, as soon as we were alone; let us take this Opportunity the Abbess has given us, to whom, what I have to say to you must be a profound Secret; we should be ruin'd, were it known you are the Cause of what has happen'd last Night. Resolution is requisite, my Dear; the News I bring will not be very agreeable, but rather far from it. Here she paus'd a while to recollect herself. This melancholy Prologue went to my Heart, and scarce left me Strength to hear the new Catastrophe, which she related in the following Words.

You had scarce left my House, continued *Madame de G*—, when *M. Gripart* came to me in a violent Hurry. What's this I hear, Madam, said he? I had like to have been finely bubbled here; I chanced to overhear two Footmen talking together in the Park, otherwise my Market would have been made in a very notable Match truly! Would any one have believed that she could look so demure, and yet marry a Husband and retain her Gallant? I had pleas'd myself with the Thoughts of making her Fortune, but, thank my Stars, I am very easy as to that Particular; the only Thing which gives me any Uneasiness is, Madam, that you, who know how much I am your Friend, could see me thus imposed upon, being no Stranger, in all probability, to this Country Girl's Behaviour. Whoever thought it so easy to gull me, were much mistaken; for I would have the World know

know that the *Griparts* were never taken in yet, and what's more, never will; and whenever I am Fool enough to comit Matrimony, I'll warrant beforehand the Success of my Choice.

A small Digression must be excus'd; for it would not be fair, to let any of the Heroes in this History make their Exit, without communicating to the Reader their various Fortunes. As to This, he prov'd no Prophet, for in a few Years he married the noted Miss *Fanny* — the Ticket suffices. Her Cunning was such during M. *Gripart's* Courtship, that he never suspected her Virtue, and Fortune was so favourable to her, that though she was in keeping to the very Wedding Day, he never discover'd it; nay it might always have remained a Secret to him, if her ill, unguarded Conduct after Marriage had not extorted from him, notwithstanding all his Prevention in her Favour, an Acknowledgement of his wretched Destiny. In his first Transports, he raved like a Madman, beat her, and confined her, as he said, for Life. However his Anger abated, and in less than a Twelvemonth, he brought his Wife home again, but quite another Woman; her Confinement had afforded Leisure for proper Reflections on her former Behaviour; and she is at this Day a Pattern to the best of Wives.

Let us return to what *Madame de G* — was relating to me. In spite of all I could say to M. *Gripart*, continued she, he went out dissatisfied, got into his Chaise and went away murmuring. My Husband in the mean time had put every body we had under Arms, to protect us in case of an Attack; but it prov'd an unnecessary Precaution as to our House, Chance dispos'd of things otherwise; and it was said, there was no foreseeing the Misfortune that was to happen.

The Marquis of *L. V.* was no sooner retired, which, notwithstanding all I told him to the contrary, he did with so little Precaution, pretending the

the Servants by the *Chevalier d'Elbieux*, knew his Livery, than they acquainted their Master, who was highly enraged at it, imagining that under the Appearance of marrying you to M. *Gripart*, they intended to make his Rival happy: with this Prepossession he hastily quitted his Post, and entered the Court of the Castle with his Attendants Sword in Hand. He furiously demanded the *Marquess*, and striking a Terror into those he met, obliged them to shew him which Way he went. The Fright into which he put a Shepherd was the Reason of his being wrong directed as to the Road your Lover took, and that he pursued the Road M. *Gripart* had taken. The *Chevalier*, who went full Gallop, was not long before he came up with a *Valet de Chambre*, belonging to the *Financier*, who was following his Chaise at some Distance.

The *Chevalier* began the Tragedy, by fetching him down with one of his Pistols, after which, he pursued his Way; *Gripart* at the Report of the Pistol looked out of his Chaise, and seeing his *Valet* fall, thought they were attacked by Thieves: he immediately got out of his Vehicle, and thro' Fear fell on his Knees in the Middle of the Road, with his Purse in his Hand, begging in a suppliant Manner for Mercy and his Life. The *Chevalier d'Elbieux* in his Fury rode over him without the least Regard to his Intreaties, thinking to find the *Marquess* in the Chaise: as soon as he was got within Reach, he discharged his Pistol, the Ball went through the Vehicle, and shattered the Postillion's Shoulder. *D'Elbieux* was surprized to the last Degree, when looking into the Chaise, he did not meet with what he sought for, but found himself mistaken, and his Rival escaped. The Way being narrow, he once more rode over the unfortunate *Gripart*, now quite crippled: but he ran on his own Ruin; the Time of Vengeance was come. Heaven was going to punish him for all his wicked Attempts.

The *Marquess* of L. V. who was returning very gently home, like a chagrined Lover, awaked from his Melancholy, with the Noise of Pistols, and turn-

ed his Horse with Precipitation towards the Place from whence it came. O Heavens! he cried, *Jenny* is on the Road, can this be any thing regarding her, some fresh Enterprize! We are always solicitous for what is dear to us, and apt to recall to our Minds the most tragical Events. The *Marquess*, struck with this Idea, entered the Road we have just now mentioned full Speed; he was too well acquainted with the *Chevalier d'Elbieux* to mistake him: an empty Chaise, the Peasants flying and imploring Succour, the lamentable Outcries of maimed *Gripart*, two Men laid on the Ground; all this seemed to intimate to him a second Rape. As to *D'Elbieux* he had the same Opinion of the *Marquess*, he sought him too earnestly to avoid him: his Eagerness to be revenged made him forget his Pistol was discharged, and he faced his Rival with it unloaded in his Hand: Thou shalt not escape cries he, as soon as he came up to him, pulling the Trigger in vain, I will make thee know a second time the *Chevalier d'Elbieux*. The *Marquess*, without answering him, gave Fire, and lodg'd the whole Charge in his Body; the Shock of which was so great, that he dismounted the *Chevalier* from his Horse: Receive the Punishment due to thy Crimes, says the *Marquess*, alighting and presenting the other Pistol at his Head; Thou art a dead Man this Instant, if thou dost not tell me where *Jenny* is, and what you have done with her. I have not seen her, replied the *Chevalier d'Elbieux*, in a low dejected Voice. I confess, I had formed a Design of taking her away this Night, but hearing by chance you was at the Castle, and suspecting you might also intend to secure her to yourself for ever, I quitted the Place, where I lay concealed, in pursuit of you. Art thou sincere? cried the furious *Marquess*, fearing lest he should be imposed upon. Yes, truly, replied the wounded Man, you have vanquished me, and may take your Revenge: afford me but Time to recollect myself, and to implore God's Pardon for all my Offences: my Eyes are open, I see my Errors, and I am in the utmost Anguish for having committed them; pray forget — — Here thro' the Loss of Blood the

Chevalier's Speech failed him. The *Marquess*, whose Sentiments are generous, was moved to compassion; after ordering his Servants to help him and carry him to the Castle, he left him, and came to me, in the mean while, to acquaint me with this Transaction. Do but judge, my dear *Jenny*, of the Grief with which this fatal News has overwhelmed me.

Fly, Sir, fly, I cried as soon as he had done speaking; this is an Affair of the utmost Consequence, and I greatly fear lest it plunge you into such an Abyss, as perhaps we shall all together find great Difficulty in extricating ourselves. Alas! replied the *Marquess*, the plain Truth will clear me; but I tremble to think of my charming *Jenny*. If her *Asile*, where she now is, should take air at Court, you may depend upon it she will be confined the Remainder of her Days, by virtue of a *Lettre de Cachet*. I answered, I am uneasy on that Head; Measures have been so well taken, there is but one Man, and he I can depend upon, who knows of her Retreat; besides, that she passes in the Convent where she is, for a Relation of mine, who has Thoughts of becoming a Nun; I have prevailed with her Father and Mother to say, that their Daughter had absented herself, and they knew not what was become of her: thus you see, let them make what Search they please, it is impossible to discover her. Now I begin again to live, says the *Marquess*, kissing my Hand. Go, get you gone, says I. Time is precious, perhaps they are even now in search of you, I will not have you stay to make me any Answer; as soon as you are secure from all Accidents, let me hear from you, and I will inform you of what regards us.

The *Marquess* was scarce gone, when Word came they were bringing in the *Chevalier d'Elbieux*; Motion had brought him to himself. My Husband's Surgeon, who never leaves him, on account of an Apoplexy of which he is in danger, has probed the Wound; he thinks it dangerous, but says however, he may get the better of it.

The *Valet de Chambre*, belonging to M. *Gripart*, was killed, and his Master is so full of Contusions, he

will not be able to stir these six Months; the Possillion lies dangerously ill: in short, dear Child, my House is become an Hospital. As we are very much beloved upon our Estate, we have desired it might be a Secret: it was not talked of this Morning, but I much apprehend I shall hear dismal News at my Return. I ran hither in a Hurry to prepare you, lest, if it should happen that this Story comes out, you may be upon your Guard, not to let it be suspected you were the Cause of these tragical Events. You must affect a great deal of Unconcern, without that you are lost yourself, and will involve us all in the same Fate. Such, *Jenny*, such are the Effects of your cruel Charms; I wish to God you had been less beautiful, you had then inspired less Love; had I hearkened to *Mademoiselle d'Elbieux*, we had avoided a great deal of Chagrin.

This last Stroke of *Madame de G* —————'s was a thousand Daggers in my Heart; I was in such a Consternation as to remain motionless, without being able to utter one Word: my Tears, as well as Voice, stuck in their Passage, and I should have fainted away had not a Nun, who came in, supported me; it was her for whom I had conceived so great an Affection; she came from the Superior to make her excuse for not returning. This amiable young Woman, alarmed at the Condition in which she saw me, took me in her Arms, with a thousand tender Caresses. *Madame de G* ———, moved with these Marks of Amity, recommended me to her Care. Do not leave her, says she, she is in trouble, there is nobody more capable than yourself to give her Consolation; her Father will have her be a Nun, but she had a Reluctancy to it, and this is the Reason why she is so much dejected. Ah my God! cried this charming young Woman, why will they render her so unhappy? Ah Madam! have Pity on the poor Child. I can stay no longer, replied *Madame de G* ——— Business calls me away, and I am waited for; assure her, when she comes to herself again, that I shall always look on her

as my Daughter, and that she shall soon hear from me, Saying this, she went away.

Notwithstanding my Fainting, I heard every Word; my Patroness was no sooner gone, but I found myself extremely out of order.

Take Courage, my Child, says young *Saint Agnes* to me (for that was the Nun's Name) I sincerely pity you: endeavour to bear up, and let us get to a convenient Place: be not dejected, pluck up a good Heart, I will set you an Example; in me you shall find a true Friend. With these Words she gave me her Arm, and conducted me to my Chamber, where she immediately obliged me to go to Bed. I lay a long Time without uttering one single Word, or making any other Answer, but squeezing her most tenderly by the Hand: Well, says she, my good Girl, sitting down upon my Bed, how do you find yourself? Alas! replied I, bursting at length into Tears, how do I find myself? the unhappiest of Creatures! there is a fatal Destiny attends my Actions, the most cruel Events succeed one after another: Certainly, says I, lifting my Eyes to Heaven, never Wretch was overwhelmed with so many Misfortunes.

If it be true, replied *Saint Agnes*, folding me in her Arms, that the Consolation of those that suffer depends upon their finding Companions more to be pitied than themselves, you would soon be relieved. Behold, my dear Child, behold in me, the most unfortunate of Persons; were even your Afflictions greater than they are, they could not be compared to mine: you at least, are at liberty, but I am doubly engaged: under this Veil I carry a wounded Heart pierced with a thousand Darts; deplorable Victim of Caprice, I drag on a Life of Wretchedness, by so much the more insupportable, as I am obliged by Decency, Honour, and the Interest of my Relations, to stifle all Resentments. What do I say? I have not yet had the Comfort of a Friend, to whom I might unbosom my Secrets and my Troubles. You are the only one to whom I have said so much, and for whom I have

so tender a Concern. Let us blend our Misfortunes; make me your Confident, you are mine already; we shall reap equal Benefit from our mutual Afflictions. Shall it be so, my dear *Jenny*? Ah! replied I with great Ardency, what Comfort it is for me in my present Condition, to find so much Compassion in a Place that is so disagreeable! How kindly I take your Sentiments! said *Saint Agnes*; your Aversion to the Cloister is so conformable to mine, you deserve, on that Title alone, to be let into the Secret of my Affairs. I am going to lay open my Heart to you; you shall judge how highly I value your Friendship, since as soon as I know you, I deliver myself entirely up to you; we have still almost an Hour to ourselves without Interruption, I am persuaded my Story will in some manner mitigate your Sufferings.

I shall touch but slightly on my Birth, although there was something very particular in it. I am of *Pont a-Moussen* in *Lorrain*, Daughter of one of the principal Persons of that Town. My Mother was extremely handsome, and married to a Man of Quality, who generally resided at an Estate not far from that Place; she was five and twenty when I was born, and for some Reasons, which I shall mention hereafter, she concealed her Pregnancy, and was privately brought to Bed; I was brought up under the Notion of being a Gardener's Daughter who lived four or five Leagues off. The first Years of my Childhood were spent in mean Employments, such as suited with the Profession of my adopted Father. The Jealousy of my two Sisters, as I took them to be, rendering me continually the Object of their Hatred, was the Reason why, out of mere Pity, they charged me with the Care of tending the Sheep; the Hardships with which I was constantly oppressed, made this Occupation very supportable, and I blessed my Stars for the Alteration.

The Lord of the Village where I lived was named *M. Melicourt*, he was Counsellor in the Parliament of *M——* and he came down to his Estate every Year during the Vacation. He had a Son who was in his Studies, that never failed to accompany him thither,

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This young Gentleman was very handsome, well-shaped, and graver than those of his Age: instead of employing himself in Hunting or other Pastimes, he spent part of it in Reading; his only Recreation was walking in the Fields near the Village in the cool of the Evening. I met him almost every Day with a Book in his Hand; as often he passed by me, and that was not seldom, he took off his Hat. At that time I was near fourteen; lively, and liked young *Melicourt* extremely. Notwithstanding I always looked down on the Ground when we met, and should have been mightily vexed to have been deprived of the Pleasure of seeing him.

One Day, when I had drove my Sheep near a Warren a little Way from *Trese*, (for that is the Name of the Village) I spied young *Melicourt* asleep on the Grass, under a Beech-Tree: I was not sorry for the Occasion; my Heart had long wished for an Opportunity of gazing on him without bringing my Modesty in question; tho' I was unacquainted with the Effects of Love, yet I plainly felt an Inclination prevailing in my Soul, and in spite of my low Education, I had so much Command over myself as not to give a loose to it.

This favourable Conjecture encouraged me; I was all alone, he fast asleep; I advanced towards him step by step, stopping sometimes for fear of waking him; in my Hand I had a small Stick, with which I moved the Leaves to try if his Sleep was sound: it was needless, for the Youth gave me all the Reason in the World to think he enjoyed a most profound Repose. Thus encouraged, I drew very near him, my Heart in my Mouth for fear. *Melicourt* is of a brown Complexion, charming Eyes, sweet Countenance, very fine Hair, curled and negligently tied up with a Ribbon; in the Attitude, in which he lay, his Face was entirely seen, on which there sat so much Serenity and Comeliness, that one could not behold it without Delight; my tender Heart was so sensibly affected, that its Captivity was compleated by this rash Scrutiny. There lay on the Ground a Book, and it came into my Head to secure it; my Father, who

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was School-Master at *Trese*, had taught me to read : I was curious to know what I could make of this Book: after I had put it into my Pocket, I purposed to retire, lest I should be suspected of the Theft ; but I had not Force to move, some secret Power withheld me. Fatal Curiosity to young Persons, which often entangles them against their Will ! If I retired a Step or two, it was only to return with greater Eagerness. *Melicourt* was a Loadstone, from which I could not separate ; however, I was withdrawing myself, on his Stirring, as if he had been going to awake, when a Wasp came and settled on his Face. I stoop'd immediately, too much interested, not to stretch out my Arm and drive it off ; but it was done so awkwardly, or rather in such great Confusion, that in endeavouring to remove this dangerous Insect, I gave *Melicourt* a great Slap in the Face. He bounced up in a sudden Surprise, and muttered some Words, which I did not understand, I was so frightened. On my endeavouring to run away, he snatched hold of my Gown, and with a Smile, that quite charmed my Heart, Tell me, he said, my pretty Maid, what in the Name of God have I done to you, that you should disturb my Rest. Alas ! Sir, answered I all in amaze, I ask your Pardon, my Intention was not to hurt you ; being in search of a strayed Sheep, I happened in passing by, to see a Wasp just going to sting you ; I immediately ran up to prevent it, and the Hurry I was in, might occasion the Hurt you complain of. Whilst I was making, with a dissembled Innocence, this Apology, the Youth examined me with all the Attention imaginable, and expressed a Wonder that seemed to flatter my Vanity. When I had done speaking he would have thrown his Arms about my Neck to thank me, as he called it, for the Service I had done him. Covered with Blushes, I avoided his intended Kindness. Dear Creature, he cried, be not angry ; can you be displeased with the Sallies of my Gratitude ? Pristhee stay ; I will be more reserved, if you think me to blame for yielding to the Transports your Charms have rais'd in my Breast ; you are the first that has been able to inspire them. Taking
me

me by the Hand, Good God, says he, how handsome you are! the only one to whom I ever said so much before, because you alone have appear'd so in my Eyes.

I pretended not to understand this Discourse. But I do assure you, my dear Child, young as I was, I easily comprehended it savoured too much of Flattery; and notwithstanding my Affection for this young Man, I retired. Ah! don't run away, cried *Melicourt*, endeavouring to stop me, the Sun is not set, why will you deprive me of the Pleasure of your Company? Cruel Creature! continued he, seeing me at some Distance, better for me to have been stung by the Wasp! the Smart it would have caused had been soon over; whereas the Wound, the Dart has made that came from your Eyes, will never be healed.

Whilst he was thus talking, I came up with my Flock; *Melicourt* followed me at some Distance, but whilst I saw him coming one Way, I went another, under pretence of keeping my Flock together: he soon discovered my Roguery, and stood still with his Arms across, looking on me with an Air that I believe had a great deal of Meaning in it: I seemed not to mind him, and went on to the Village; and, often looking back, brought home an Impression that still lives in my Mind. You see, what giddy Girls expose themselves to, thro' Curiosity.

I will not entertain you, my dear Friend, continued the Nun, with all the Opportunities we had of meeting and conversing together. Young *Melicourt* had a tender honest Heart, and I prepossessed in his Favour, it was not long before I owned to him the Progress he had made in my Affections; he was overjoyed at it, and in spite of my mean Birth, he vowed to be mine for ever. Oh, what flattering Joys! what happy Days! But alas! the Vacation was expired, and he must go away; bathed in Tears we bid each other farewell, without any other Comfort but the Hopes of seeing each other again; for my part, though he promised a speedy Return, I was inconsolable for three Months. I uttered my mournful Sor-

row to my poor Sheep, I trusted none but them; but their pacifick Silence did not ease my distracted Breast.

Returning home one Evening, more fatigued with the Pangs of my Heart than with my Day's Work, I saw running towards me a Daughter of the Person who passed for my Mother; she seemed in a great Hurry, and by the Signs she made had earnest Business with me; I made haste to meet her. So *Minette*, says she, (for that was the Name I went by, because they thought me fly) what will you give me for my good News? don't be surprized; somebody is come you'll be glad to see. At this I could not help blushing, I immediately thought it was *Mellicourt* she meant, or, as a guilty Conscience needs no Accuser, that our Amour was discovered; I did not dare to ask my Sister any Questions. Sure you have very little Curiosity, says she, and embraced me, which was very unusual for her to do. Methinks of late you have been very indifferent as to every thing. Well, to punish you, I have a great mind not to tell you that there is come a fine great Lady in a Coach to our House, who asked for Mother, and went into a Room all alone with her; nor, that being curious, I contrived slyly to hear all their Conversation. Marry, I know it all. I won't tell you neither, that it seems you are not our Sister, and that the Lady claims you as her own Daughter. How now! cried I, struck with this Discourse (which would not have surprized me so much, if I had read as many Romances then as I have since) what do you mean by all this? By pretending to keep me in Ignorance, you tell me strange Things, and which I can hardly believe; I know very well you want to laugh at me; for what can I think of all this Story? You may be in the right, answered my Sister very maliciously; however, I suppose there is something in it, for I heard them telling Money, and they say People take care how they part with That. The Girl had scarce done talking, when up comes another of my Sisters, with the same Emotion, crying out to me to make haste home, and leave her

her to tend the Sheep, my Mother having ordered it so. I obeyed, and came my ways. I was scarce got in, when my Mother, or rather she I looked upon to be such, took off my Handkerchief, and shewed a Mark that I have on my Neck to a fine Lady there present. 'Tis certainly her, says the Lady; not that I should have doubted it though you had not shewn me this, her Face speaks it. Then directing her Discourse to me, My dear Child, will you come and live with me? says she in a very gracious Manner; I have your Mother's Consent: I'll take care of you, and it will be an Ease to her. Your Ladyship is mighty good, replies the Gardener's Wife; *Minette* will go along with you with all her Heart; she is very tractable and good-natured. Your Goodness will excuse her if she does not answer as she should, she has not been used to fine Folks. The Lady not much minding what she said, got up and whispered something in her Ear: I was ordered to go and put on my Holyday Gown in all haste, not to make People stay for me. I obeyed, quite dejected, and could not reconcile what my Sister had told me with what I had just heard. I burst into Tears, as I was putting on my Clothes. Alas! I shall never see my dear Shepherd (for so I called *Mellicourt* at our endearing Interviews) he will forget me, and I shall be undone. And what will become of you, my poor dear little Sheep, shall not I make much of you once more before I go? All these little Reflections increased my Fears: they recommended me to the Lady and to my Mother, being construed as the Effects of a tender Heart. I embraced, with the utmost Affection, the Parents I was going to leave; it was a moving Sight, and I believe our Grief was mutual.

I was no sooner on the Road, and alone with this strange Lady, but I began to revolve in my Mind all my Sister had said to me: the Manner in which I was treated did not agree with what she had flattered me withal. The Lady seemed very thoughtful and abstracted; she did not so much as speak to me, but seemed taken up with
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some very serious Matter; as simple as I was, I could not help saying to myself, Sure if she were my Mother, what should hinder her, now we are alone, from embracing me as a Daughter? I was tempted twenty times at all hazards to throw myself about her Neck. We had not gone two Leagues, before a very genteel Man on horse-back rode up to the Coach-door, and in a familiar Manner saluted the Lady; he looked very stedfastly on me all the rest of the Journey, asked me several Questions, often saying I was very pretty.

This brought us to the Castle, where we alighted. I went with the Gentleman and the Lady into an Apartment, where they seemed to be expected to Supper; the Cloth was ready laid, and they sat down to Table. My Supper was brought me to the Fire-side where the Lady had placed me; their Eyes were continually upon me. Notwithstanding the Perplexity I was in, there was a *je ne sçai quoi* that encouraged me, and made me find a Pleasure in looking at them in my turn, the Lady often crying, Let me tell you this will be no slovenly Girl when once she comes to have some good Clothes on; the Gentleman was entirely of her Opinion: he made me stand up to consider my Shape, and had the Curiosity even to look at the Mark on my Neck. I was ashamed, and would not let him: There is no Harm, *Minette*, you need not be so reserved to that Gentleman, says the Lady, whatever you are to others. As soon as ever he saw the Mark, he seemed extremely satisfied, and embraced me with all the Goodness imaginable. All this put me so much out of Countenance, that I could not swallow one Morsel, altho' Intreaties were not wanting. When they thought I had supped, a Waiting-woman, whom I heard 'em call Mrs. *Bretigny*, was ordered to conduct me into a little Closet that joined to the Room. She bid me go to Bed; and offered to help me to undress, caressing me very much: I did whatever she bid me; as soon as I was got into a little Bed that was prepared for me, she went out of the Room and shut a Glass Door after me.

I was

I was too much disturbed with all I had seen that Day, to fall asleep immediately? I could not help thinking of what my Sister had told me, and had not forgot the very Stratagem she made use of to satisfy her Curiosity. One is more inclined to follow bad Example than good; accordingly I got up as softly as possible in order to hearken: I just lifted up the Corner of the Silk Curtain that was over the Glass Door; the Gentleman and Lady were still at the Table, they spoke so low, I could not hear what they said, but could easily see by their Motions they were on some earnest Business. The Waiting Woman had got into my Place, and seemed to be of the Consultation.

I began to despair of satisfying my Curiosity, and was going to Bed, when the Lady unexpectedly raised her Voice. After all, my Friend, says she, what Risk do we run, and where's the great Harm for People to know, that instead of being in the Islands, where you were supposed to be, you lay hid all the while somewhere near my House? My Reputation won't suffer by that; the concealing my Pregnancy and this Child, the World will know, was to favour your suppos'd Absence; but since your Affair, thank God, is made up, I see no Reason why we should not own this Child. Bless me, Madam, replied my Father, (for I could not doubt but it was him;) besides giving the Publick a Handle to talk, you fall into another Difficulty you don't think of; your eldest Daughter is married to one of the most selfish Men in *France*; what will he say when you declare the Birth of *Minette*, though you let him, as you certainly must, into the whole Secret of this Adventure? He will not believe a Word on't, and will look on the Child as supposititious, on purpose to be a Joint-heiress with his Wife; he'll prosecute you; the World is malicious, and the Court will be apprised of my Non-compliance: You know very well when I had the Misfortune to kill the Count of *D—* in a Duel, his Family was prevail'd upon to have the Proceedings against me stopped, on condition that I departed the Kingdom, the contrary of which

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we must prove, and consequently will make me liable to a fresh Indictment: the repealing my Banishment (which is now brought about by the Death of him that was my greatest Enemy in the Affair) depends, as to its Validity, upon my having perform'd the Conditions impos'd on me. Only reflect that this will spoil all, and, in order to prove the Birth of this Child, which your Son-in law will assuredly oppose, for the Reasons I have just now assign'd, you must make it appear, I repeat it again, that I staid in the Kingdom, and did not comply with the precise Orders of the Court. These are my Motives, adds my Father; can you, on your side, assign better? My Mother would not give it up. The Meaning of all this is, says she in a great Passion, that this poor Infant, who is your lawful Daughter, must be depriv'd of her Birth-right, to which she will one Day be so justly intitled, and throughout her whole Life will remain unacquainted with the Condition to which she was born. I allow, says my Father, her Situation is very unhappy: Times may alter; but, at present, how can we reconcile these Matters? There is no great Difficulty in that, cried the Waiting-Woman interrupting them. who not being sensible of the Force of maternal Affection, could not be expected so naturally to consult my Interests; Miss is young; she takes herself to be far different from what she really is; clap her into a Convent, and make a Nun of her; truly she may think herself well off so? when she is profess'd, let her know that she is your Daughter, nay, you may publish it if you please. Pray what can your Son-in law object to that? The Advice is not amiss, answer'd my Mother, I'll think of it. My Father said not a Word, but it was easy to know by the Manner in which he sat musing, he did not much like the Scheme. Silence ensued, and thinking all was over I returned to my Bed, where I dropt asleep in the midst of a thousand perplexing Thoughts.

Early next Morning Mademoiselle *Bretigny* came to call me; she tried on several Gowns that had been my Sister's, some of them fitted me very well.

I was

I was dress'd in an Instant suitable to my Birth; and from thence I went into my Mother's Chamber. *Minette*, says she, calling me to her Bedside, hearken well to what I am going to say. Your Mother was formerly my Servant. I love her, and for that Reason I promised to take one of her Daughters; I have pitched upon you, because I liked you; my Intention is to place you in a Monastery for Education; you are old enough, and have Sense to know what is for your Good; if they knew you was but a Country Girl, they might not shew you all that Regard I desire, in the House where I am going to place you: if it should happen you have a mind to be a Nun, they would not admit you on account of your Birth; therefore it is now come into my Head to make you pass for my Niece just come from *Provence*; I have bid *Bretigny* instruct you to this Purpose, she shall go with you this very Day to M——, where you shall have Clothes made; then you shall come to me again, where you shall stay till you have got rid of your Fashions, that you may enter the Convent without disgracing the Name you bear.

Whilst my Mother was thus talking to me, I look'd at her very earnestly; I could not help being mov'd: My Father was gone, and left me alone with her; I burst into a Flood of Tears; there is no getting the better of Nature, it will recur on all Occasions; my Mother was an Instance of it, she could not contain herself, but caress'd me with the utmost Affection; unless *Bretigny* had come in, she would have betrayed all. What are you about, Madam? says the Waiting-Woman as she entered the Room; there wants nothing here but my Master. Prithee take her away, says my Mother, I cannot bear it any longer. At these Words my Tears redoubled; and now I began to act the Part of a Daughter by shewing my Obedience; *Bretigny* taking me by the Hand, put me into a Chaise, and we went away.

In vain did she try to make me speak, my Heart was too full; I scarce could get down one Mouthful at Dinner. That Night we got to M—— The first Thing she did at the Inn, was to send for the Tradesmen,

men, to bespeak what was necessary for me, which they promised should be ready in two Days.

The next Morning *Bretigny* having a great deal of Business, went out in the Town, but took care to lock me into my Room; I went to the Window quite taken up with all that had happened; *Mellicourt* was not forgot. I was just then musing on the Beginning of our Amour, when I cast my Eyes on a young Man, who pass'd under the Window; methought I should know him, I look'd again; guess my Astonishment, when I saw it was my Shepherd himself! Clapping my Hands for Joy, I called out to him: he look'd up, and, for all the Alteration of my fine Clothes, knew me again. Bless me! cries he, 'tis *Minette*. He staid only to say that, and came running to the Chamber Door. *Minette*, *Minette*, says he through the Key-hole, let in your unfortunate Shepherd: What Transports! what Joy! who could have dreamt of you here! Is it on my Account? how comes it you are no longer a Shepherdess? open the Door quickly. The poor Boy asked me a hundred Questions at a time. I let him know I was lock'd in, that I had a thousand things to say, but that it was impossible for me to speak to him through the Door, when every Moment we were liable to be surpris'd. He ask'd me how I came to be lock'd up: I satisfied him as well as I could. We agreed in a Hurry, that he should lie hid in some part of the House, and that as soon as *Bretigny* came in, I was to endeavour to get loose and come and talk with him. He went away, but promised me that notwithstanding his School Hours, to which he was still unfortunately confin'd, he would not quit the House, till he had assured me of the Sincerity of his Passion: We agreed upon a Signal, and as it was a Publick-House, he took the Opportunity of calling for a Breakfast.

If he had stay'd a Moment longer *Bretigny* had caught him. The Pleasure I had conceived at the Sight of my Lover, was easily seen in my Countenance; she immediately took notice of it. There's my good Girl, cried she and embraced me: I love
to

to see you so pleasant and gay, it makes you as pretty again: with a great deal more of the same Kind. I answer'd her very chearfully, as there is nothing like a contented Mind. *Bretigny* was soon call'd away about Business, of which she had a great deal upon her Hands. Love is very instructive; in order to compass my Design, I saunter'd from one Room to another, backwards and forwards, as if I did not know what to do with myself.

The Deceit pass'd, and *Bretigny* did not observe me: as soon as I saw the Coast clear; I gave the Signal to *Melicourt*, who watch'd me; he came instantly to the Foot of the Stairs; I pointed with my Finger to a Room, he step'd into it, and it was not long before I join'd him.

I am apprehensive, fair Lady, says the Nun fixing her Eyes upon me, lest I should give you a bad Opinion of me. Don't you think it a little too bold in me, to have taken these Steps at the Age I then was? but Love and my want of Education may serve to excuse me; I thought there could be no Harm in this Meeting. As soon as *Melicourt* saw me, he threw himself at my Feet. I will not repeat our Conversation, it was very affectionate; an Account of all that had happened to me, my Birth, the private Project of my Parents, nothing was forgot; I loved too much to hide any thing from my Shepherd. The Alteration, says he, that has happen'd in your Affairs, charming *Minette*, does not in the least augment the Respect I have for you. Your Elevation is so far from pleasing me, that it clashes with the Purity of my Intentions; I delighted myself with the Thoughts of one Day making my Shepherdess's Fortune, and may I depend upon her loving her Shepherd as well as she did before? I encouraged him as well as I could; 'twas Love that spoke, always eloquent: But when *Melicourt* heard where I was going, and the Designs they had against me, he burst into sorrowful Complaints. Alas! how wretched am I, says he, not to be my own Master, I would frustrate all these Proceedings: Must you go then, dear *Minette*? shall I never see you again? must I lose for you ever? In pronouncing

cing these Words he cried most bitterly. Alas! answer'd I, pierc'd to the Soul, I cannot cease loving you. Young, and obliged to Silence, dependent of all the World, Tears and Sorrow is all I have to defend myself with. This mournful Entertainment was interrupted by *Bretigny's* calling me. I had forgot myself; leaving him in haste, I had but just Time to squeeze poor *Melicourt's* Hand, and came in with great Precipitation wiping my Eyes: You have been crying, says the Waiting-Woman; that is not well done; you shall not be left alone again in haste; come near the Fire, and let us see no more on't. I'll hear how you can read; that will pass away the Time agreeably. She gave me the Lives of the Saints, to prepare me, betimes, for the Life I lead at present (it happen'd to be the Life of Saint *Agnes*) I read it aloud; but (from my Heart's being taken up another Way) all this Martyr said, with a tender Devotion, I appropriated to the present Disposition of my Soul. The Reading had such an Effect upon my Mind, that I began again to shed Tears in such Abundance, I could not go on.

Bretigny took things quite in another Light; she said she was glad to see I had so much Religion, and took occasion of making me a fine Exhortation on the Subject; as soon as this Sermon was over we went to Supper, and I waited impatiently for Bed-time: as soon as I found myself at liberty I call'd to mind all *Melicourt* had said to me; the more I thought of him, the greater Aversion I had to a Monastery. I could not but wish things would take such a turn as to make me happy with my Shepherd. I dwelt with such Pleasure on these Ideas, 'twas all my Comfort; nothing flatters young People more than the Thoughts of Matrimony; how comes it they are so much indulged in it? A Child can scarce speak, when they ask Miss, if she is almost married yet. Little Master is call'd her little Husband; Parents are apt to idolize their own Offspring, they make these Matters the Subject of their Diversions, and are always talking of them. Would they not do much better to be more reserved, especially before young People, who in proportion

as they grow up, grow more knowing as to all the Objects around them? future Prospects, the more they please us, the deeper Impressions they make. How wretched are they from whose Breasts such deep-rooted Ideas must be torn away! But to return to our History.

The next Morning my Clothes were brought home: I found so great an Alteration in myself when I was dress'd, I seem'd another Creature: even my Way of thinking was alter'd. Why should different Situations elevate or depress our Sentiments? a great deal of my past Life recurr'd to me, that appeared very contemptible. *Bretigny* interrupted this Discussion; as soon as she had finished all her Affairs, the Chaise was at the Door, and we went away. I look'd round for *Melicourt*, I thought he ought not to omit this Occasion of seeing me, and I was truly mortified not to discover him.

We had scarce got four Leagues on our Journey, when coming into a narrow Road, I saw a Pilgrim walking by the side of the Chaise, who often fix'd his Eyes on me; I was so taken up with Sorrow for having been depriv'd of the Sight of my Lover, that I took no Notice of this Man. *Bretigny* bid me mind him. Look, Miss *Minette*, says she, at this poor young Man, how he is forced to walk in these bad Ways; he has something very agreeable in his Face, perhaps the Perfections of his Mind may answer those of his Body! How unjust is Fortune! is it not frightful that at his Age he should suffer so much Hardship, whilst there are People, without half his Merit, who wallow in Riches. I was looking at this Pilgrim, whilst she was thus talking to me: imagine my Surprise, it was *Melicourt*; I knew him notwithstanding his Disguise. It was very lucky for me that *Bretigny*, who had taken a great liking to my Lover, put her Head out to bid him take care of the Wheel, otherwise she would have discovered the Confusion I was in: my Eyes had met those of *Melicourt*, which made me blush and look down, but I smiled in my Heart. I was sorry however to see him walking thus in the Mire: he seem'd very chearful, and taking this

this Opportunity of *Bretigny's* Civility, fell into Discourse with her; he said, he had been performing a Pilgrimage, and that he was two hundred Leagues from Home. The Waiting-Woman blest'd herself at this, and told him he ought to rest himself. *Melicourt*, who perceiv'd he had gain'd the Good-will of this Woman, endeavour'd to please her. He had learnt from the Postillion, with whom he had been talking, that she managed every thing in the Family, he thought he could more easily attain his Ends, and secure her in his Interest by amusing her: to this Purpose he told her extraordinary Stories, just as they came into his Head, I believe, with which she seem'd enchanted: we were now come to the Place where we dined. *Bretigny* made the Pilgrim sit down to Table with us; telling me I should never be haughty to the Poor, and that one was oblig'd to assist 'em especially on the Road: you may imagine I did not contradict her.

If ever you have been in love, my pretty Miss, judge of the Pleasure I felt in the Enjoyment of my Lover's Company, who gave me such evident Marks of his Tenderness. I will own to you frankly, all my Cares ceas'd; how great soever my Shepherd's Joy might be, he possessed himself very well, and with great Address, made me sensible that tho' he made his Court to Mademoiselle *Bretigny*, it was for my sake. It was comical enough to observe him hesitating every Minute, and to see the good Waiting-Woman helping him out in his Story; she carried her Affection so far for the Pilgrim, as to propose to him to ride behind our Chaise, lest he should fatigue himself with walking; and I believe if there had been room in our Vehicle, she would have incommoded herself to receive him. Love, Love, no Age nor Condition is secure from thy Darts!

Whilst *Bretigny* was gone to pay the Reckoning, *Melicourt* took that Opportunity to speak to me; he said a hundred endearing things. I am sensible, said I, of the Marks you give me of your Passion; it griev'd me to see you on foot whilst I am at my Ease; but, dear Shepherd, tell me what all this

signifies?

signifies? we must part, had we not better do it now? Ah! charming *Mimette*, says *Melicourt* in a very sorrowful Tone! must I then die? do you know that my Life depends on the Happiness of seeing you; and that I value nothing so much in the whole World? To bid me go, and leave you! O Heavens, what a cool Indifference this is! what can I think! you no longer love me! In uttering these Words, Tears came into his Eyes. Mov'd as I was, Reason came to my Assistance: Hide your Tears, says I, stifling my own; alas! I love you, it is but too true; but if I am dear to you, and that you will not leave me, take care Mademoiselle *Bretigny*, who is coming in, perceive nothing of it, if she does we are lost, she would suspect something; endeavour to please her, her Interest is considerable; she seems prejudiced in your Favour, and if I am not mistaken, you are not indifferent to her, that will facilitate our seeing one another; I do assure you, my dear Shepherd, continued I, giving him my Hand, that Thought is not at all disagreeable. As he was going to answer me, *Bretigny* came in, to tell me we must go: she had contriv'd it with the Postillion that the Pilgrim should be seated behind the Chaise at his Ease, each of us took our Place, and in this Manner reach'd our Journey's End.

The Castle which we enter'd, did not seem to be the same, which we went from; this was much larger and better furnish'd, whereas the other, belonging likewise to my Father, had been inhabited only since he was oblig'd to be conceal'd. My Mother received me very affectionately, and as *Bretigny* had instructed me, I called her Aunt, to which I had much a-do to bring myself, knowing how false it was.

Melicourt was not neglected: *Bretigny* had been talking with him, as we came out of the Chaise, and finding that he was qualified to serve in the Capacity of a Steward, she promis'd him she would procure him that Place; in the mean time he must be content to be under him who was then in that Office, which could not last long, being extremely old and infirm. *Melicourt* received joyfully these Marks of the Waiting-

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ing-Woman's Regard. The Part she has in my Story, is too considerable to neglect giving you her Portraiture.

She was five and forty, and look'd well for her Age: I cannot tell if she had been handsome in her Youth, at least she had no Remains of her having been so: her Complexion, much upon the Wainscot; blue Eyes, round and a little spotted; her Eye-brows, but thinly sown, and were scarce perceptible, they withdrew themselves with such an Antipathy from her Eyes, that she appear'd always in a Fright; her Mouth was well enough, had it not been for a Wart upon her upper-Lip: one could not say that a Down cover'd her Chin, but she had a strong bristly Beard, she could never destroy. She had a picked Chin, which naturally presented itself as a Handle; the rest was as usual, and like other People, flat Cheeks raised up by two strutting Bones near the Eyes: had a hoarse Voice, the last Syllables generally terminating in a false Treble; her Fore head was so little that her Head-clothes, always ruffled, hung over her Eye-brows; she would have been pretty well shaped, only she was larger in the Waist than about her Shoulders, which made an exact Shape the wrong way.

Her Humour was agreeable enough, remarkable from her Childhood for a tender Heart, but the Infidelity of several Lovers had given her a Disgust to the conjugal State. The Youth, or rather the engaging Behaviour of *Melicourt*, remov'd these Disgusts, and rekindled her dying Flames. She took his Compliments to be sincere; and her Heart going now as fast, as it had been slow in determining before, took the Resolution, as she was rich, of making *Melicourt's* Fortune; and things were so disposed, that without an unforeseen Incident, this would have produced a most extraordinary Mistake. All this while I received daily Lessons for the regulating my Conduct. Three Weeks were now passed, since I had been at the Castle. The time grew near when I was to go to the Monastery; *Melicourt* and I often bewail'd the hard Fate that was going to part us.

Love

Love that extended his Dominion in our Hearts, had so enlightened our Minds, we carried ourselves in such a manner that nobody in the Family suspected us; but of what use were all these Precautions? We were going to be separated. However, *Bretigny's* Passion for *Melicourt* put the most ridiculous Stratagem that ever was employed into my Lover's Head, for securing our Happiness. Dear *Minette*, says he to me one Day in the Garden where we often met one another, I adore you, you cannot doubt it; though they conceal your Birth, it is not the less certain; you cannot judge me capable of imposing on you in regard to mine: so that things are pretty equal, and can be no Obstacle to our Union; in the mean time they are sacrificing you, and you cannot be ignorant they design to oblige you to take the Vows! Reflect only how miserable you would be, if that should happen; you would infallibly languish all your Life: take Courage, the Time presses, let us take this Interval to ascertain our Felicity? what can happen from it, though we should be discovered? Says I quite struck, What do you mean? Let us beware that nobody suspects our Correspondence, you would ruin me. I have told you the Reasons that obliged——I know that, replies *Melicourt* hastily; but if once you go into the Convent, I shall never see you again, you will be compelled to become a Nun, and there will be an End of all my Hopes. Alas! cried I, how shall I prevent it! Dare but do what I tell you, continues *Melicourt*; *Bretigny* has been pressing me this Fortnight to marry her; at first I opposed it, but I have since thought I could take that Opportunity to unite us. What's that? ungrateful Man, cried I, misunderstanding what he said; can you forget your Oaths, who you are, and betray me to that Degree! Ah! why do you reproach me, says my Lover, is it to forget you to seek the means of uniting us for ever? Adieu, here comes somebody, continues he; I will give you an Account of my Project as soon as I can, and if you love me as sincerely as you have given me Room to flatter myself, we shall easily surmount all Obstacles.

We

We were obliged to part, he slipped into one of the Alleys, and seeing my Mother come, I went to meet her: although she had armed herself against her natural Tenderness for me, she gave me continual Marks of it under the Name of Neice.

In the mean while my Father returned from Court: His Arrival decided my Lot; they declared to me that in eight Days I should go into a Convent, I had no reason to expect otherwise. I was not prepared for this Stroke: from that Time my Aversion to the Cloister grew very manifest. I had not seen *Melicourt* for three Days, I thought I had a thousand things to say to him: I went into the Garden to walk away my Uneasiness, with Grief painted on my Face.

I was just going in again, when I saw at a Distance *Melicourt* coming up to me singing; I took it heinously ill of him. You are very happy for your part, says I, when he was come near me, to rejoice whilst I cry; I believe you intend it me as a Favour, that I may leave the World with less Regret. Fie! charming *Minette*, says he, putting on a sorrowful Countenance, how cruel is your Reproach, and how little do you know me! if I have appeared easy, 'tis because it now depends on you to unite us with indissoluble Bonds; the Day is fixed, the Priest is ready; *Bretigny*, that Woman in other Things so discreet, has engaged him; he is her Cousin, a *Preceptor*, about two Leagues off; this Man owes every thing to her: she has explained the whole Matter to him, and he will do every thing she desires; she will have the Ceremony performed in the Night, and will keep it secret till she be gone from hence. I have pretended to agree to all this, intending thereby to engage us two more than ever. The *Preceptor* is to be here to-night, he knows me; I have seen him several times on this Affair. There is no distinguishing Objects in the Night Time. Instead of performing the Ceremony at Two o'Clock, I will advance the Time, and you and I will be in the Chapel at Twelve; the bad Light, and the Head-dress you'll have on covering your Face, will befriend the Project. In fine, when we are joined we shall do very well for

the rest. I could not help laughing at this pleasant Contrivance ; but it gave way to serious and pressing Thoughts, that occurred to me. The Stratagem is practicable, replied I, but where would be the use of it, if it did succeed ? By the little Knowledge I have of the World, I plainly see such a Marriage is not according to Form ; but suppose it should be, since I shall be forced to hide it, shall I go the less to the Convent ? for my Departure is unalterably fixed since my Father's Return ; perhaps they have fresh Reasons for burying me alive in a Cloyster. 'Tis for this Reason, replies *Melicourt*, that we must lay hold of this Opportunity. We will fly, the wide World lies before us. Are you not sensible of the Cruelty they shew in your Regard, continued *Melicourt* to influence me, seeing me fluctuating ; the shameful Sacrifice they are going to make of your Liberty, your Birth-right and Fortune, of which they will frustrate you under the most frivolous Pretences ? is not all this sufficient to alarm you ? Ah ! dear *Minette*, young as I am, these things strike me with Horror ; I know the Respect and Obedience we owe our Parents, but it is not forbid in such a Case to seek for the Means of putting them in mind, that they that gave us Birth—but no more of this. I agree with you that we shall be removed from one another : If you once enter the Cloyster, who can rescue you from thence ? In what manner, says I, will this Marriage prevent it ? to run away is what I can never bring myself to : if you declare this Match, I am undone ; if you conceal it, it will be the same thing to me ? pray how do you propose to come off with Mrs. *Bretigny* ? I suppose you intend to marry her. I could not help laughing at these Words ; my Lover did so too, notwithstanding his serious Face. Youth will assert its Privileges. Good God ! my dear *Minette*, says he, putting on his Air of Importance again, you are mighty prudent ! you overwhelm me with Difficulties that I did not foresee. It is what we must think of for all that, says I : at present all I can say to you is, that I will suffer the last Extremity before I will become a Nun : I have an invincible Repugnance

to it, and I will lay any thing in the World you are the Cause of it. O very well, continued *Mellicourt*, I stand then to my first Proposal, I may possibly improve it; but be sure you hold yourself in readiness, I will come and fetch you when it is Time. My Lover quitted me in pronouncing these Words, and I returned to my Mother's Apartment in a terrible Agitation. However, I behaved myself so as not to let her perceive it. I was taking up my Work, but she called me. Draw near the Fire, Neice, says she, I want to speak to you; I did so, not suspecting what she had to say to me. In this Discourse, all the Objections vanished I had formed from my low Education, against the Project of the Night, and to which I had before this, a most insurmountable Repugnance.

You know very well, *Minette*, says my Mother, who you are; from the time I first saw you, I had Compassion of your Condition, it is on that Account I have preferred you. You kept Sheep, you was at all times exposed to the Extremity of Heats and Colds; own to me how many hundred times you lamented this your Life, and see what I have done; in order that you might be the more considered, I take you to my House, where you pass for my Neice: You seem to deserve my Regard, I must try to complete your Happiness. I am sending you to a Nunnery, pray to the Lord to keep you there, the World is full of Trouble; those that are born to be the happiest in it, groan under its Disappointments; every Step we make chagrins us; if you had more Experience, I would convince you by a hundred Examples before your own Eyes. Marriage for People of your Sort, is a Source of Troubles, not to mention the Risk of falling into bad Hands; besides the Danger and Misfortune that attends it, the Detail of which is shocking. Look therefore on the Cloyster whither you are going, as a safe Port against all the Storms of this Life, where you'll be securely sheltered from all these Rocks. If the Grate has a frightful Aspect, Custom will render it pleasant and easy; it is in Retirement we truly enjoy ourselves; Pleasure is resigned with great Difficulty, by those who have

have had an early Acquaintance with it; (luckily for you, 'tis not your Case) but a very little Reflection gets the better of the Dislikes of the Children of this World. When the Occasions are removed, they disappear of course: You will not resemble those religious Persons, detached from the World indeed, yet who not only carry the Remembrance of it in their Heart, but even look on it in their Parlour, as thro' a Window, from whence they never retire but with constant Regret for having embraced that State of Life. For your part, dear *Minette*, it will not be your Case, the Simplicity of your Heart will make you find a thousand Charms: taken up with the Thoughts of your Salvation, with a tranquil Life and a thousand innocent Amusements, you will pass away your Days in Serenity and Peace of Mind: I will come sometimes to partake and envy your Happiness.

These last Words seemed to soften my Mother: her Eyes were full, she strove to hide her Tears by turning away and covering her Face; I was too much moved, to dispute any Part of Nature's Right over me. Ah dear Mother, cried I, throwing myself at her Feet, what have I done, that you should make me a Sacrifice? She embraced me; these Words escaped me, and my Passion got the better of the Rule I had imposed on myself, never to betray my Secret.

My Mother however understood but half the import of these Words. The Time was favourable. Ah! why did I not take hold of it? Quite possessed with my Ignorance on this Subject, and sustained by the aforesaid Reasons, she began again. You are in the right, continued she, my dear *Minette* to call me a Mother; yes, you are in the right, I repeat it, you will know one Day, when you are a Nun, that I am really so. This Word Nun pierced my Heart; and such Cruelty towards me, suspended the Sentiments I had for my Mother. I thought no more but how I should snatch myself from the State they designed for me. Policy took the Place of filial Tenderness, I constrained myself, and kept up the Conversation with so much Calmness, that 'twas impossible to know by my Countenance what passed in my Heart.

People coming in upon Business, I took the Opportunity to go and find *Melicourt*. I went backwards and forwards, my Enquiry was in vain. Into the Garden, into the back Court, I asked for him every where, nobody had seen him: My Heart trembled, it presaged something. Fatal Prognostick! I went out of the Castle and came into a Lane that led to the Village; I thought at the End of this Lane I should find my Lover. Alas! do we carry in our Hearts the Tokens of what is to come? Ah, Madam, what do I see (forgive my Tears) a Chaise and four Men who seize *Melicourt*; he sees me, he cries out, he resists: vain Efforts! he is now at a great Distance.

This Sight had so startled me I stood immoveable; as long as the Chaise fixed my Eyes I remained in that Posture, as soon as it was gone I wept bitterly; happily for me that I was alone, nobody heard my Lamentations. I came in, like one distracted, Supper was ready, the Bell had rung, they were looking for me. The first I met was *Bretigny*, she had a Joy in her Face that soon vanished, when I told her what had just happened. Oh! Heaven, she cried, quite furious, what is it you say? I am in Despair. You shall know the Reason another Time; go and sit down to Supper, I'll run to the Village and know what's the Matter; no stay, you are all in Tears, poor Child, good-natured Thing! Come along with me, they will be asking what ails you. On this, away she runs; we came to the Inn where this Scene was transacted. The Respect they had for *Bretigny*, whom they looked upon as the Mistress, made them answer immediately to her Questions, and they gave us this Account.

Four Days ago, says the Landlord, a Gentleman came here in the Evening, with three more Men; he passed for a Recruiting-officer; his first Questions were, who lived at the Castle, and what Living there was there. You know, Madam, continued the Landlord, it is my Business to please all the World; I satisfied him, the Captain spent his Money very freely; but what surprized me was that he eat with his Men, and instead of running about like those that recruit,

and

and are upon the Watch for young Fellows, he kept close. One of his Comrades went out from time to time, and as soon as he came in spoke to him privately. This Humour was carried on till this Day, without my troubling myself about it, because he paid me very well.

About an Hour ago, Madam, this pretended Captain warming himself at the Kitchen Fire, said aloud to one of his Servants: Go and tell that young Man whom you see coming out of that House, there is one here would speak a Word with him. Mr. Brunet (for 'tis by that Name *Melicourt* went at the Castle) came in a Minute. The poor Lad little thought of what was preparing for him. Before he entered the Inn, the Officer whispered in my Ear: You are going to see a little Bustle, Landlord, says he, can you guess who that young Man is that I've sent for! No truly, answered I, surprised, I know him, he does Business for our Lord, and every Body gives him a good Word. What! is there any thing bad against him? we all love him. I believe you, says the Officer, and 'tis because he is beloved elsewhere we are going to take him away. I give you warning in case he should pretend to resist, to be quiet: he is Son to M. de—— Counsellor in the Parliament of M——, he is a loose one, and went away without saying a Word; we have been in search of him ever since; only for M. de R. Lord of *Bise*, who knew this young Man carrying a Letter to a *Preceptor*, and had often seen him at his Father's, we should not have known where he was.

The *Valet de Chambre*, for such he was, had scarce pronounced these Words, but the young Man came; he instantly knew his Father's Servant, and turned as pale as Death. Come, Sir, says the *Valet de Chambre*, take Courage, there is no harm; I'm glad we have found you; you must along with us, your Father expects you. During this Discourse the poor Boy would have escaped; but seeing himself collared, fought like a Dragon, though the Number over-powered him, and in spite of his Efforts, they

put him into a Chaise ready for that Purpose. They have scarce been gone a Moment.

Bretigny was so astonished at this News, that she went away without answering one single Word. As soon as we were got by ourselves, she squeezed me by the Hand, and began to cry bitterly. I joined in the Chorus very sincerely: this poor Woman embraced me with Affection, imagining my Tears to be the Effect of my Compassion. She gave me my Lesson, as we went along, what I was to say when we came to the Castle, lest when they should know this Adventure, it should appear that we had any sort of Concern in it.

Three Days after this cruel Accident, spent, as you may well believe, in Tears, my Mother brought me hither: I was received with a great deal of Kindness and Friendship. No Artifice was left untried to induce me to take the Veil. The sorrowful Air I had not yet laid aside, into the Cause of which they did not penetrate, gave room without doubt to think I had no Relish for the Cloyster: this was too contrary to the Interests of the House, by reason of the Portion they expected with me, not to use their utmost Efforts to make me change my Mind. Liberty is a charming Thing, I was intirely left to myself; not being suspected of any Intrigue. I went, when I would, into the Parlour, they never followed me, nor hearkened after what I said. *Bretigny* would often come to cry with me; she told me she intended to go to *M——* to get some Tidings of her beloved Pilgrim. Alas! little did she know with what Impatience I sighed to hear from the dear Man.

One Day as I was walking by myself in the Garden with a Book, that precious Book I mentioned in the Beginning of my Story, and which I so much valued because it belonged to my Lover, the Nun who waited at the Turn, came and told me, there was an Officer, who called himself my Relation, waited for me in the Parlour: This News startled me; I did not know who this could be, unless it were somebody who came from my Lover. I flew to the Parlour; scarce was I entered, when the Sound of a well-known

known and much-loved Voice, swift as Lightning reached my Heart. Is it you then, said I to him, is it you?—I had not Power to say any more. Drawing near, I gave him my Hand through the Grate, he took it, he moistened it with his Tears, he hurt me, he knelt down, he cried, he talked, and all this without my being at all sensible of the Matter.

The Nun was at this Part of the Story, when somebody came and interrupted her, to tell us they were in the Refectory; we got up and agreed to return to my Chamber after Dinner was over.

I will not describe to you the modest, quiet Manner, in which thirty of these holy Women devoutly made their Meal. I was taken up with weighty Cares, and if I had been obliged to give you an Account of a pious Lecture, that was then made, it would have very much puzzled me. The Superior rang a Bell that was over her Head: every Body rose from Table, Grace was said: *Saint Agnes* and I returned to my Chamber, where she resumed her Story.

As soon as I was recovered from the Disorder, into which the Sight of my Lover had thrown me, I wanted to know, to what lucky Accident I owed so charming a Pleasure, and after what Manner he had made his Escape from his Father's House. Could you one Moment doubt, cried he, so much in Love as I am, that I should not find an Opportunity of returning to you, supposing even things had not taken the fortunate Turn they now have? Nothing can ever shake my Constancy, if you continue in the same Sentiments — Can you doubt it, ungrateful Man? says I; the Tears I have shed in your Absence, and the Alteration you may easily perceive in me, are but too sure Proofs. *Mellicourt*, transported with this Acknowledgement, at which however he ought not to have been much surprised, expressed his Sentiments for me in the tenderest Manner; I inquired into the most minute Circumstances of what had befallen him, ever since the Moment he was forced from me. I began by imparting to him the present Situation of my Affairs; We shall put an

end to them, replied he, if you will enter into the lawful Measures I shall propose to you; but in order to prepare you for it, I must give you an exact Detail of all that has happened to me since I saw you.

You have no room to doubt, lovely *Minette*, continued *Melicourt*, of the Anguish that seized my Soul, when I saw myself taken; I wearied all those that had a Hand in carrying me off. The *Valet de Chambre* cursed a thousand times the Commission he had undertaken: In reality, he had enough to do; and if it had not been for the Precaution they took, and the constant Watch they kept over me, I should have abandoned myself to all the Excess of my Passion. In this Condition I arrived at my Father's House; they gave him an Account of all my Extravagances, of my refusing to take any Sustenance; on this Consideration, he changed the Conduct he had proposed to himself in my regard, and, instead of the Chastisement he intended for me, treated me with great Lenity; nothing would appease me; is there any Consolation for a Person truly in love? All this Complaisance was to no Purpose, I was determined not to eat till I was at Liberty, all possible Endeavours were thought of to compel me to it. I persevered in this Frenzy, and after laying four Days in continual Transports of Passion, on the seventh I was seized with a Fever.

Here I interrupted *Melicourt*, to let him know how sensible I was of these Proofs of his Love; he was touched with the Marks of my Tendernefs, and thus resumed his Discourse.

When my Father found the thing to be serious (for he always imagined that underhand they brought me Victuals) he came to me, the better to clear up his Doubts; the Condition in which he found me, startled him extremely; nothing less than my Life was at Stake; this was evident, and he was very sensibly affected; taking me by the Hand, he awakened me from the Dosing into which the Violence of my Illness had thrown me, gave me his Word of Honour, if I would admit of some Assistance for the

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Re-establishment of my Health, he would leave me quite at Liberty to go where I pleased. I could depend upon his Word; his favourable Promises induced me, in my Turn, to be governed, and become all Obedience. In order to give him the first Proofs of it, I took some Broth before him; the House rung with Joy at this Change in me: my Mother ceased to cry, whose continual Tears could never induce my Father to what I desired: she came to my Bed-side and embraced me with the most lively Transports, confirming to me what my Father had said, and added on her Side all that could contribute to my entire Satisfaction. But all her Tendernefs had like to have been to no Purpose: the many Days I had been without taking any thing had so inflamed my Habit of Body, and ruined my Stomach, it would retain nothing, and I lay two Days at Death's Door.

The Extremity to which I was reduced, soon put an end to the Joy they had conceived of my Recovery: Tears and Apprehensions succeeded in its Place; my Mother never went from my Bed-side; however thro' their Care and Affiduity I recovered by degrees, and a Fortnight after they judged me out of danger.

When I found myself in a Condition to talk, my Mother behaved herself in such a Manner as to gain my Confidence, by tenderly complying with me on all Occasions; I made her acquainted with the Situation my Heart was in; and you are sensible, dear *Minette*, that could not be without betraying your Secret, for which I ask you a Million of Pardons; but I thought it a lawful Indiscretion in order to forward the Point I had proposed to myself. My Mother heard your History with Astonishment, she went directly and told it my Father, whose Surprise was still greater; he would be satisfied of all these Particulars from my own Mouth, I made him Master of the whole Affair you had imparted to me, as well as I could: he promised to take it into his serious Consideration; he said you had Equity on your Side, and if there could be the least Proof of your Birth, he gave his

Consent to our Union, and that he would afford me his Assistance for the accomplishing all my Designs.

Imagine my Joy, adorable *Minette*, upon this Promise coming from such a worthy Father, whose Weight and Authority were sure Warrants of its Success; I would have thrown myself at his Feet, he with-held me and prevented it; the ardent Desire I had of seeing you again, and bringing you these good Tidings, soon restored me to a perfect State of Health.

In the mean time, my Father, who had not forgot his Promise, did not permit me to languish: he told me the Law was on our Side, O charming *Minette*, and that the Proofs which I alledged were sufficient for you to be loudly proclaimed the Daughter of *Monsieur de* — that all we had to fear, was that being in the Power of your Parents, nobody would care to espouse your Interest. I asked him his Advice thereon, and his Answer was, that it was not proper for him to advise on the like Occasion, but were he in my Place, he would pursue it with the utmost Vigour and Resolution. These Words were as so many Oracles to me, and I knew how to expound them. I gained a Chaplain to my Interest, who had been formerly my Tutor; I communicated to him my Designs, hinting at the same time to him the tacit Consent my Father had expressed to me; acquainting him likewise of how much Consequence it was to expedite this Affair; this Man, who had the Care of my Education, and who knows, perhaps, better than I the Views of him who gave me Life, has promised me his Assistance, and has all the kind Dispositions in my regard I can desire: having taken these Measures, I came away immediately: judge of my Despair, upon missing you at the Place where I had left you; I spent three Days in pursuit of you, till I found you here.

At present it is your turn, my dear *Minette*, to give me a Proof of the Affection with which you have so often flattered me; if you love me sincerely, you'll not hesitate one Moment to make your Escape, and

go along with me; you shall plight your Faith to me, and I will do the same to you on my Side; from thence I will conduct you to my Father's, who will instruct us in taking the proper Measures our present Circumstances require: you'll find a second Mother more affectionate, and more indulgent than her who has abandoned you to your ill Stars; in a Word, O *Minette*, you will complete my Happiness?

At this Place *Melicourt* stopped, and fixed his Eyes tenderly upon me, expecting my Answer: I remained thoughtful for a long while, an extreme Perplexity agitated my Mind; what Torments one suffers on such Occasions! I was doubtful, and could not determine with myself: my Lover easily perceived my Incertitude; he continued to lay before me the most moving and most powerful Reasons: the better to persuade me, he recalled to my Remembrance the Situation in which I was placed, by my Parents slender Regard, so different from what my Birth, and the Ties of Blood required: he did not forget to make me sensible that I was a Victim they were sacrificing to a sordid Interest they had then in View; in one Word, that I was lost if I did not take a vigorous Resolution; that I should be obliged very shortly to take the Veil, that my Profession would ensue, and that once done there was no longer any Hopes. He said a great deal more equally convincing, making me clearly see the Barbarity there was, in rendering me unhappy, for the Sake of a Sister, who ought to be no dearer than myself; this determined me. Retire, my Shepherd, said I to him, I fear they will mistrust so long a Conversation; be here again to-morrow at this Time, I promise you an Answer, and I fancy you will not be dissatisfied with it.

I returned to the House in an Agitation easily to be conceived: The Aversion I had to the Cloyster inclined me joyfully to embrace the honourable Means proposed to me for quitting it; but on the other side, I judged the Step so dangerous, I could not come to a Resolution. Notwithstanding my low Education, Blood supplied its Deficiency, and my Birth asserted its

its Rights. I thought it was offending in point of Honour and Decency, to quit a Convent, where I was placed, to follow a young Man blinded perhaps by his Passion: the Remainder of that Day, and the Night following, I passed in cruel Incertitude. At last Love and the Hatred of a Convent carried the Day; I believed myself excuseable as to those who had given me Life, since they not only disclaimed me as their Daughter, but treated me with unparalleled Severity. After weighing these Considerations, I inclined to the Side that called me to Happiness, the Advantages that were proposed appeared to me to be solid: I had a Father and Mother, who refused to let me call 'em by that Name; I found others who embraced that Title, without any Merits on my side; I took no notice to myself that it was the Husband alone prevailed; be it as it will, I entirely delivered myself up to these pleasing Ideas, and thought of nothing but by what Means I could get out of the fatal Convent with the greatest Privacy.

What cannot Love effect? Difficult as it was to make my Escape without being discovered, this did not perplex me; an Expedient occurred presently, and seemed to promise Success. I had taken a Fancy to the Portress, she was merry and good-natured, and her Employment engaged her in various Affairs; I seldom quitted her, and enjoyed the Company of all those who went backwards and forwards to the Turn, as well as the News that was stirring; I often took an Opportunity of answering for the Portress, and to be with her when she opened the Gates, as often as the Affairs of the House required it.

The Keys of the Inclosure were hung up in the Parlour, the Grate opened upon the outward Portress's Room, it often happened that I was alone at the Door, I was perfectly well acquainted with all the Ways about the House, and it was upon this Idea I formed my Measures.

Melicourt was punctual to his Appointment, I communicated my Thoughts to him; he hesitated upon the Apprehension he had, of my being surpris'd in the Execution of my Design, in which Case we should
never

never have had the like Opportunity again, or else I should run a Risk of being once more removed by my Parents; in his Opinion 'twas better to wait till Night Time; I convinced him how difficult that would be, for as soon as Night came, according to the Rule of the House, the Portress brought the Keys of the Inclosure into the Superior's Chamber. I bid him to be of good Courage, and shewed him that provided he had his Chaise in readiness at some Distance from the Convent Gate, and he could depend upon his Horses, it would be easy for me to jump into the Vehicle; and being once got into a Village, there would be no Danger of our being stop'd, altho' they were to see me in the very Instant of my Flight; that the only critical Moment was the opening the Gate; but since I was once determined, I should take my Measures so justly and in so favourable a time, as not to be surpris'd in the Fact. *Melicourt* agreed with me on the Feasibleness of this Enterprize; he was charmed with it; having settled what was to be done we parted, and from that Instant he held himself in readiness: I never could get a favourable Minute, and according to our Agreement, the Affair was put off till the next Day.

I pass'd that Night in the most racking Anxiety of Mind, nor ever went to Bed: what seem'd to me so easy in Speculation, appear'd much more difficult in Practice: What comforted me was, that I was not in the least suspected, and as I generally rose late, I was resolv'd to execute my Design whilst they were at *Matins*. Mother Portress was accustomed never to miss being present, and it was her Practice, before she went, to put the Key of the first Door into the Turn that belonged to the outward Portress, that they might be able to do the Business of the House; I left the Door of my Cell on Jarr, by which Mother Portress was oblig'd to pass; I heard her by the jingling of her Keys and knew her Step; I staid till she had done her Business and was gone to Choir; as soon as I thought she was there I ran to the Parlour. You may judge of the Joy when I spied the Keys, I seized 'em and opened the Door of the Inclosure: I had the presence of Mind to shut it after me, and carry away the Keys, that I might have time

time to join my Lover, having all the Reason in the World to apprehend being discovered by an old Portress, who happened to be up, and who had asked twice *who's there*, and rang the Bell, uneasy without doubt not to hear any body answer.

My Prudence in locking the Door was what saved me. Otherwise I should infallibly have been brought back again, on account of my being so long before I could get open the Street-Door, which had a very difficult Lock: The Nuns were run up to a Window, saw my Design and cried out for Assistance: happily for me 'twas early in the Morning, and nobody passing by at that time. *Melicourt* upon the Watch, as you may imagine, ran up with a Footman to the Door, and used all his Efforts to force it open: seeing him so near I recovered my Spirits, and having bethought myself of making use of another Key in order to have the greater Force in turning that which was in the Lock, it opened all at once; I screamed for Joy, and threw myself into *Melicourt's* Arms, not without trembling however from Head to Foot. The Nuns, desperately enraged at my Flight, continued their Cries, and we could hear them at a Distance from the Village. We went Post that whole Day, without stopping, and lay in a French Village where we were out of Danger of being taken. The Chaplain whom *Melicourt* mentioned to me, waited for us in this Place; and suitable to the Design, he had given Notice to the Curate, that he intended to say Mass the next Morning at break of Day. Under this Pretext he married us, in presence of four Peasants who were Witnesses, and signed a Marriage-Certificate (ready for that Purpose) not suspecting the least Contrivance. After this, we set out with mutual Satisfaction; for my part, I was extremely pleased to follow a Husband I loved, and glad to reconcile my Inclination with my Duty.

The *Valet de Chambre* who was on Horse-back went before to *M*—where he apprised *Monsieur* and *Madame de Melicourt* with what had happened; the kind Reception I found, made me easily forget the small Regard my real Parents shewed me; it was nothing but Daughter and dear Daughter at every Word; the whole House adored me, and I had all the reason imaginable to bless my Lot: but

alas!

alas! how cruel are the Turns of Fortune! this prov'd but a short Calm that was soon to be followed by a dreadful Storm. Ah! I cannot reflect on it without being seized with Horror. *Monsieur de Melicourt*, who wished nevertheless it might be made appear who I was, finding considerable Advantages in my Alliance, by reason of the large Estate that devolved to me, in case it came to be confirm'd, he having but a small one, regulated my Affairs, and from the Instructions I had given him, drew up his Remonstrance corroborated with undeniable Testimonies. He had been with the Gardener and his Wife, at whose House I had been brought up as their Daughter: in order not to alarm these poor People, he pretended he came from *Madame de*—and the more easily to impose upon them gave them some Money as an extraordinary Reward for the Care they had taken of me: During the Conversation he had with them on this Subject, two indifferent Witnesses, very creditable Persons, were prepared and placed for that Purpose. My pretended Parents, who mistrusted nothing, and looked on *Monsieur de Melicourt* as a Steward to *Monsieur* and *Madame de*—made no Mystery of an Affair, with which he seemed so well acquainted; in fine, he was perfectly satisfied with his Journey; his Nicety in doing every thing according to form, ruined us; he threw off the Mask, as soon as he had got what he desired out of these People, he forgot his Character of Steward, and assumed the Commissioner, obliged 'em to sign an Acknowledgment, purporting that I was none of their Daughter, but the Daughter of *Madame de*—. The Gardener, upon this, as well as his Wife, guess'd they had been pumping the Secret out of them; and fearing lest my Mother should express her Resentment against them for it, they were no sooner at Liberty, but they ran to acquaint her: The Uncertainty my Father was in on account of my Flight, and who was underhand making strict Enquiry after me, cleared up on the Gardener's Relation; he soon learned the Sequel of the Adventure, and the Name of my Protectors. The Business appeared to him of too much Moment to admit of any Delay; he immediately

mediately took Post and went to Court, to prevent any ill Consequences that might arise from it.

In the mean time my Husband's Father, having settled my Affairs, sent me with his Son to an Estate at two Leagues distance from him; as he thought proper to conceal our Marriage, and not declare it till he was obliged, he apprehended the Town was too publick. Since he espous'd my Interest, 'tis not for me to determine, whether he pitched upon wrong Methods, but if I may judge of it from the Consequences, he could not have acted more cruelly; perhaps a different Conduct in him might have rescued both *Melicourt* and myself from so hard a Fate! But what do I say, where is the Place that is out of Reach of Sovereign Power!

One Night as we lay quietly asleep, we were awakened by our Servants, who came rushing into our Chamber all in Tears: Ah! said they, with what Misfortunes are we all threatened? the Castle is filled with Martial-Men, and he that heads them, says he is come in the King's Name. Whilst they were saying this, in came two *Exempts*; both of them signified their Orders to us; my dear Husband would have defended himself, but alas! what could he do against twenty Men! for my part, I did nothing but scream most dreadfully, bemoan myself and cry, but nothing could mollify these Barbarians; they forced us asunder. I don't know what they did with my Husband: they brought me hither, where the first Thing I saw was my Father and Mother; Rage in his Countenance, and her Eyes drowned in Tears: Well Hussey, says my Father sternly to me, does it become you to conspire against those who have raised you from nothing? to have recourse to Calumny for setting yourself at Liberty, and getting a Husband? You have but two things to resolve on, sorry Wretch, either to take the Habit to-morrow, or perish. Saying this he held up his Hand at me: mind what I say to you; if in two Days you don't ask to be received a Nun; or if, as you have already done, you pretend to prate, expect no longer to find in me a Protector, but an Executioner.

cutioner. With these Words, he led me to the Door of the Inclosure, whispered the Abbess, and retired.

I won't repeat to you all the Vexations and Reproaches I had to suffer from the Superior; enraged at me for the Trick I had played her, in running away from her House, she was incessantly tormenting me, and for ever telling me, the best thing for me was blind Obedience; that *Monsieur de——* had no Mercy, and that as soon as I had taken the Veil, it behoved me to behave in such a manner as to forget my former Life. I passed that Night and the Day following in Affliction, and on the third I entered into my Noviceship.

I cannot tell, my dear Miss, continued *Saint Agnes*, (for that was the Name of this amiable Person) what has happened since that Time, nor what is become of *Melicourt*; all I know for certain, to my Sorrow, is, that at the Expiration of the Year; my Father (whom I ought not to call by that Name, on account of his Barbarity, came here that very Day, and sending for me shut himself up with me alone, and told me in such a Tone, that I still shudder at the Remembrance of it, if I did not make my Profession the next Day or the Day after, he would come and fetch me away, having taken most assured Means of severely revenging himself for my Disobedience.

In fine, what shall I say to you more? this cruel Sacrifice has bound me for ever, I languish and I sigh: they use me with more Kindness, 'tis true, because they think all is over; but what Satisfaction can be made me? who can give me an Equivalent for the Torments I endure? Though I hide it from them, I bear in my Heart my first Engagement. Shocking State! my Profession condemns these Regrets, I am miserable for the rest of my Days, and live in the horrible Doubt of my eternal Salvation. On uttering these Words, the sorrowful *St. Agnes* wept most bitterly. Spouse of my Heart, she cried! still let me pronounce that Name so solemnly acquired at the Foot of the Altar. Ah! nothing shall ever efface thy dear Image from my Soul. Sighs intercepted her Speech. I was most sensibly struck with this Sight,
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the Circumstances I was then in, made it affect me the more, and partake of her Trouble; I did my utmost to comfort her, and gave her such Marks of my Friendship, as, to prevail with her so far as to mitigate her Sorrow.

I was too much convinced of the Sincerity of the tender Confidence *St. Agnes* placed in me, not to manifest it to her, which I did by disclosing my Heart, hiding from her no Part of my History. She was pleased with these Marks of my sincere Attachment, and pitied my Sufferings; But these may change, lovely *Jenny*, continued she; you have the Pleasure of Hopes left you still: that is not my Case: in my present Situation, all is lost in this World for me: Death, that puts an end to other People's Troubles, opens to me the Door to everlasting Punishments; which Duty must I comply with? am I a Wife, or a religious Woman? what do I say? I am both at the same Time! Why did not you, says I, plead your Marriage to *Monsieur de—* when he would oblige you to become a Nun? Did I not? replied *St. Agnes*; he knew it very well. What Name do you think he gave our Marriage? No better than Folly and Madness: But you ought at least, replied I, to have protested against your Profession as invalid, by reason of the Constraint you were under. Ah! how could I? answered this poor Girl; all the Time of my Noviceship I never was trusted out of Sight: Of what use would it have proved to me, after my Profession, to rebel, but to have excited their greater Severity against me?

The Severity of *St. Agnes's* Lot appeared very plain to me: her Misfortunes so united me to her, and we became so intimate, as scarce ever to leave each other: our mutual Confidence proved of great Consolation to me; but I was soon deprived of this Relief, and I shortly experienced that Fortune was not weary of persecuting me.

Notwithstanding one ought not to have any Faith in a thousand little Superstitions, that are apt to creep into young People's Minds, yet I could not help being struck, with a Dream I had at that Time,

Time, and which has proved the Prefage of what since befel me

One of the Boarders, called *Renneville*, the youngest of seven Sisters, whose Mother had married a young Man of no Fortune in second Marriage, could not bring herself to the Way of living in those religious Houses: on this Consideration, from her mortal Averſion to the Monastery, ſhe had taken it into her Head that ſhe was not to ſtay there. Her Inclination for Marriage carried her Imagination into the wide World, and being of a very lively Temper, ſhe had recourſe to Practices, which an ignorant Pride has deſiſt from prying into Futurity.

St. Agnes and I were mightily diverted with the Girl's Company; ſhe generally making one in our little Parties of Pleaſure: without reſoſing an entire Confidence in her, we were very intimate, particularly as to our Averſion to the Cloyſter; our Diſcourſe frequently ran upon the Means, though very chimerical ones, of obtaining our Liberty, and ſcarce a Day paſſed but *Renneville* amused us with ſome new Diſcovery relating to it. Though Cards were expreſſly forbid, ſhe was Miſtreſs of a Pack which ſhe conſulted daily, and would ſain perſuade us, informed her of what was to happen. Beſides this, ſhe imagined herſelf Miſtreſs of ſome Secrets with regard to Dreams, by which ſhe could draw ſure Concluſions concerning Futurity. Though *St. Agnes* and I were above ſuch nonſenſical Follies, nevertheless we often amused ourſelves at her Expence; every Morning ſhe was ſure to tell us what Dream ſhe had the preceding Night; then ſhe obliged us to tell ours, all which ſhe immediately explained according to her Rules: but when we had a mind to vex her, which was as often as we were tired of her Company, it was ſufficient to declare, we did not believe a Word ſhe ſaid: nothing to her could be more mortifying.

One Evening as *St. Agnes* and I were muſing by my Fire-ſide, *de Renneville* entered the Room with an Air that would have ſuited the moſt joyful Tidings; Now at leaſt, cried ſhe embracing us,
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you'll no longer say I am mad; here is an infallible Secret to know our several Fortunes by Dreams: how glad am I? continued she clapping her Hands for Joy. Her Transport set us a laughing. Nay, it's no jesting Matter, added she; when you know the Method, you'll be overjoyed, I'll lay a Wager. Here, says she, pulling a Book out of her Pocket, here it is; ay and in print too; I'll leave you to judge now if there can be any doubt of it. I opened the Book, and found it to be a *Treatise of Dreams and their Significations, with the Art of procuring them.* There were several Methods laid down; I shall relate one, which to oblige her, we were forced to employ.

It was required to be twice twenty-four Hours without any Supper, and the third Day not to eat any Dinner, taking no other Nourishment at Night than a Cake made with half a Pound of Flour without any Salt, and instead of Butter, worked up with the Grease of a black Hen and Rain Water.

The black Hen made a deep Impression on *de Renneville*, insomuch that she warranted the Secret infallible: a Trial we were to make, and we three on different Days, feigned some Indisposition or other, to be excused from appearing in the Refectory. *St. Agnes* was first initiated in the Mystery, and had, as she assured us the next Morning, a very extraordinary Dream? There's for you! cried *de Renneville*, addressing herself to me. Very well, answered I, but let's hear the rest. *De Renneville* looked very simply, when *St. Agnes* added, that indeed she had dreamt very strangely all Night long; but when she waked, she could not recollect a single Circumstance. This would have cured me of any Curiosity, but there was no quiet till I consented to try the Experiment: *St. Agnes* was blamed for having drank twice after the Cake, whereas according to what was expressly specified, it ought to have been but once: Care was taken that I complied to a Tittle with the Directions.

I did not usually dream; nevertheless, whether

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my Imagination was more than commonly agitated, as I am apt to believe, or that the Secret really had it's Effect, that very Night I had a Dream which I shall never forget as long as I live. It was so uniform and so very particular, that I can't forbear relating it: Reason convinces me, that it was entirely accidental; nevertheless, it tallied very exactly with what has since happened.

Methought I had left the Monastery, and was got into a troublesome Road full of Thorns and Briars; the Difficulty I found in advancing, made me look eagerly about for a better Way. A Path, which appeared at some Distance thro' the Openings of a Hedge, made me very desirous to reach it, tho' all my Endeavours were in vain, for the farther I advanced, the more I found myself entangled; but still I was not discouraged; the Hopes of arriving at the Path, making me slight all Obstacles; nevertheless, I could not have surmounted them, had not a Stranger pointed out a Passage which brought me directly to him. I had no sooner arrived, but he began to lead the way, looking back from time to time and smiling upon me: he was dressed in black, with a Countenance so pleasing, that I followed him with great Confidence.

We had walked thus about a Mile, when we came to a large Stream dividing the Path in two; there was no coming to the other Side, without passing the Water, from which my natural Apprehension of that Element prevented me.

But this was no Hindrance to the Stranger, who seemed to walk on the Water's Surface, and, reaching the farther Side, invited me to follow his Example; but the Fear of being drowned still prevailed. I went up the Bank in order to find it passable above, but to my great Surprise found it wider and wider. Upon this I returned, and began to think of venturing over, to which the Stranger invited me with the most alluring Gestures; when I heard a Voice in the Air crying out, *Jane, Jane, take care; if*

you pass the Torrent, you'll be devoured by a Monster. Looking up, I saw in a Cloud which was flying away, a Woman with a majestick Countenance, seated as it were on the Stern of a Ship, adorned with several Streamers waving in the Wind, on which appeared the following Words: *Without Virtue no one can arrive at their Port.* But in a Moment the whole Pageant was lost in the Clouds.

I cast a melancholy Look on the Stream; the Stranger redoubled his Importunities for me to follow him; but, reflecting on what I had seen and heard, I returned very hastily the way I came; I was curious, through Apprehension of being pursued, to look behind me: but, what a Surprise! what a Change! the Stranger was become a hideous Monster, in full pursuit to devour me! Fear gave me unusual Speed.

Being now at a considerable Distance, and as I imagined, out of Danger, I once more looked back towards the fatal Place; instead of the Stream, there appeared a black thick Mist, sending forth a pestiferous Vapour; through the Clouds, every Moment darted out sudden Flashes of Lightning, followed by incessant Bursts of Thunder, infomuch that I fled with the utmost Precipitancy from so terrifying a Scene.

As I advanced, I found the Path gradually enlarged itself; it brought me to a delightful Meadow, enamelled with a thousand beautiful Flowers, the Point of View terminated in a magnificent Palace, whose Structure appeared to be in the grand Taste. Heaven be praised, said I to myself, here at least my Troubles will end; this Palace is certainly inhabited, and I may possibly gain Admittance; with this Hope I advanced towards the Building, but was infinitely surprised in arriving at it, to find no Gate, though I looked earnestly on all Sides. Night came on, the furious Monster, I had so lately seen, alarmed me cruelly: I shall certainly be devoured, said I to myself: upon this Reflection I burst into Tears.

Whilst

Whilst I was sinking under this Perplexity, there came and fawn'd upon me a Lamb, whose Fleece surpassed the new-fallen Snow; little Garlands of Flowers were tied about him with curious Ribbons. He played round me so prettily that I could not forbear returning him his Caresses, which seemed very pleasing to him; but I was not a little surpris'd to hear him speak to me in the following Manner: *Follow me, Jenny; I'll conduct you to a Palace where Happiness attends you.* Alas! answered I, my pretty Lamb; how can that be (thinking he meant that which was before us) I sought a long time in vain to find the Door: *Follow me,* continued the Lamb, *I'll show you one presently.* I complied, but was uneasy to find we pass'd by the Palace I had admir'd so much.

A Pile of Building, which I had not observed, was at a small Distance, but as frightful as the other was charming; its Walls were black and hideous; the Entrance enormously wide, through which Crouds of People were continually hurrying in, but few or none, at least that I could discern, ever returned. Struck at what I saw, I stopped short. The Lamb renewed his Caresses to engage me to advance; I answered to what he alledged to prevail on me, that we had pass'd by the Palace where I desired to be introduced.

Finding he could not succeed, he rose up an-end, saying, *Since fair Means will not prevail, thou shalt know what I am.* In an Instant his Fleece was changed into a rough sad-coloured Hair, his Eyes rolling with Fury. Let any one imagine the Terror which seized me, when I beheld the same Monster which had pursued me before! He flew at me, and my Outcries echoed on all Sides.

I was on the Point of falling a Prey to him, when a shrill distinct Voice put a Stop to his Fury: *Hold, fatal Enemy,* it said, *Jane refused of her own accord to enter thy Palace, thou hast no farther Power: Begone, O Vice; this Trial suffices, for the future my Palace shall be her Refuge.* These Words pronounced, the same Deity I had seen before in the Air, appeared again, covering her Face that she might not behold
so

so horrid a Monster. Giving me her Hand, she led me to the so much wished-for Palace: we entered by a steep and narrow Stair-case, which I had not discovered, and which brought us to a spacious Temple, inspiring Joy and Content in all that entered. In it was placed the Throne of Virtue, surrounded by a small, though select and noble Attendance. Notwithstanding the solid Pleasures which reigned in this happy Abode, something, methought, was wanting to complete my Happiness. But, pleasing Delusion! all my Vows were soon accomplished. Wisdom, who it seemed directed the Ceremonies, conducted me to the Altar: Heavens! what do I see there? the Marquess! our Hands are united; my Soul, unable to bear such an Extasy, dies away—I started out of my Sleep.

This Dream made such an Impression on my Mind, that I spent two Hours in reflecting on it. *Saint Agnes* and *de Renneville* surprized me in my Meditation; I'll lay a Wager, cried the latter, you have dreamt of something, and have not forgot it. As I was unwilling to make her acquainted with what had passed, I pretended the same Excuse which *Saint Agnes* had made, that I could remember nothing of it. You are a Couple of Dissemblers, says *de Renneville*, I see plainly; the Secret is a good one, and you have found the Benefit of it; but you are for keeping it to yourselves. Well, says she with an Air of Scorn, I'll try it myself, and to be even with you, will be as reserved as yourselves. Saying this, she left us, and, as she was oftentimes insupportable, her Company was not at all desired.

As soon as we were alone, I acquainted *Saint Agnes* with my Dream; she was surprized, and told me it portended something: You will be involved in Difficulties, continued she, but Happiness attends you at last. Alas! how far different is my unhappy Fate! no Hope left, nothing but continual Afflictions to be expected! I endeavoured to divert the dear Creature seeing her Eyes full of Tears, and in order to it made her write down my Dream: We both of us frequently employed

employed ourselves in writing our Adventures, which served at least to amuse us.

One Morning whilst *St. Agnes* and I were reasoning on the unhappy Condition of a young Woman who falls a Sacrifice to the Interest or Caprice of her Parents, *de Renneville* put a stop to our reflections, by coming to tell us that a young Lady, who seemed to be overwhelmed with Sorrow, was just arrived: You'll find she is some unfortunate Victim, continued *de Renneville*, one may read as much in her very Countenance. *St. Agnes*, as well as I, was too much affected with what we had been talking of, to mind the News *de Renneville* brought us: for my part, I little imagined how deeply I was like to be concerned.

De Renneville, who never staid long in a Place, finding we were not disposed to chat with her, presently left us: We resumed our Subject, and *St. Agnes*, more dispirited than usual, own'd very frankly she could bear up no longer against her Misfortunes. I took this Opportunity to advise her, that if that was the Case, it was high Time to take some Measures for putting an end to them; that something should be ready drawn up, which, when an Opportunity offer'd should be sent to *Monsieur de Melicourt*, who had already exerted himself in her behalf. This Advice gave her new Life. She desir'd me to write a Memorial of what had passed: To this she subjoined a Protestation against her Vows; a fortunate Precaution, as it afterwards proved, though I then little thought of being employed in the Affair, or that we were on the Point of being separated from each other.

Just as *St. Agnes* had made up the Packet, the Bell rung to go to the Refectory: We made all the haste possible, having been frequently reprimanded for coming too late. I went as usual to the Pensioner's Table; the young Lady, *de Renneville* had mentioned, was sitting there: She rose out of Civility when I came; but, Heavens! who should I see? let any one judge of my Surprize and Astonishment. My Heart fell a beating the Moment I discover'd one I had no reason to be very fond of; in a word, Mademoiselle d'Elbieux.

170 *The Fortunate Country Maid.*

I turn'd pale at the Rencounter, a general Trembling seized me, and I fell back into a Chair, every one running to my Assistance, Nuns and Pensioners without Exception, as I was much beloved, *Mademoiselle d'Elbieux* herself, among the rest, not having discovered who I was. The Moment she looked me in the Face, she recollected herself: Good God! cried she, what do I see; 'tis *Jenny!* who would have thought it! Ah! 'tis no wonder my Brother breathes his last. Saying this she run from me as if she was distracted, crying all the Way, that I was a wicked Creature, and the Occasion of her Brother's being assassinated; in fine, she filled the whole House with her Tears and Lamentations.

But before I proceed, it will not be improper to touch upon the Occasion which brought *Mademoiselle d'Elbieux* to the Monastery where I was placed.

A Servant belonging to the Chevalier *d'Elbieux*, who was present at the Rencounter, took Post and acquainted the Countess with what had happened. Struck with the desperate Condition her Son was in, she resolved to set out with her Daughter in a Chaise to come and tend him: But as Misfortune generally follows Misfortune, she had no sooner left her own House, but a Messenger arrived from *Paris*, sent express by her Husband, who was under Confinement on account of a Quarrel with a Person of Quality, directing her to repair instantly to *Paris*, in order to solicit his Discharge. The Countess was overwhelm'd with this second Disaster, divided as she was between her Duty to the Count, and tender Regard for her Son: In her own Inclinations the Son would have had the Preference; but the Imputation of not being upon very good Terms with her Husband (and which would have been confirmed on such an urgent Occasion) determined her to take the Road for *Paris*. *Mademoiselle d'Elbieux* was of the same Opinion; but her Tenderness for the Chevalier made her tell the Countess, that he ought not to be abandoned whilst his Life was in such imminent Danger, and therefore obtained her Consent to go to *Madame de G——*, whither the Countess could not possibly carry

carry her (though she would very gladly have done it) without losing an intire Day by going so far out of the Road; whereas by her Husband's Orders she was obliged to reach *Paris* that Night. Whilst these Things were settling in such a Manner that they might not interfere one with another, the Countess bethought herself of having been a Pensioner in the Monastery where I actually was, and which lying in her Road to *Paris*, was a convenient Place to set down her Daughter, who from thence might go in another Chaise to Madame de G——'s Castle, which she knew was but a few Miles distant.

The Train of Misfortunes which pursued me ordered it so, that when the Countess arrived, there was no Chaise to be had for her Daughter; the Abbess thought of an Expedient, which was to send a Messenger to Madame de G—— for one, and in the mean time Mademoiselle d'Elbieux was to stay at the Monastery: in such Cases, the Strangers usually dined in a Parlour, but my ill-fated Destiny inclined her to dine in the Refectory, where we met. There are in Life, often effected by mere Chance, Occurrences so very singular, that one is apt to attribute them to premeditated Designs: In reality, nothing could be more extraordinary than what happened to me at this Juncture. Though there was nothing surprising in the Count's being confined, every Day producing Adventures of that Nature, yet I could never satisfy myself as to this Incident, especially when it so nearly concern'd me not to be discover'd. But to return to our History.

Mademoiselle d'Elbieux's Outcries drew some of the Nuns after her to know the Occasion. Her Resentment against me exerted itself very severely; she gave them my History (not forgetting what I came from) setting off every Circumstance in the strongest Colours Malice could possibly invent; and all this before the Abbess and several of the Nuns. The Abbess, piqued at her being imposed on, assured Mademoiselle d'Elbieux, that since it was so, she would send me away very shortly.

A Chaise being brought the next Morning, Mademoiselle d'Elbieux went away ; for my part, that Day and the following Night were spent in the cruellest Agitations. The amiable *St. Agnes*, terrified at the continual Faintings which seized me, employ'd all the Care the tenderest Friendship could devise in my behalf : Take courage, my Dear, said she, you will one day surmount these Difficulties, I undertake to foretel ; in the mean time, Patience and Policy must not be wanting ; if you suffer yourself to be thus cast down, the whole Monastery will believe all the wicked Creature has advanced ; she exceeds by far the Character you gave of her : nevertheless, you have this Comfort, you are generally belov'd, and consequently she will find very little Credit. Ah ! my dear Friend, replied I, Calumny bears a great Sway, and easily leaves a Mark : but that is not the worst I dread ; sooner or later, what she has alledged, will be remember'd ; and when I reflect on the Consequences that may naturally follow, I give myself over for lost. When Mademoiselle d'Elbieux arrives at Madame de G——'s, her Tears and just Resentment will intirely destroy the little Interest I have left with my Patroness, as every thing makes against me ; the Letters she formerly wrote, which I have mentioned to you, left too deep an Impression in Madame de G——'s Mind, to say nothing of what has happen'd since ; her abrupt Manner of leaving me, the little Notice she takes of me at present, are they not fatal Indications that I am not mistaken ? Yes, continued I bursting into Tears, and to compleat my Misery, I shall perhaps be torn from you : This very Monastery, once so hateful, through the Friendship with which you are pleased to honour me, is become the dearest Object of my Wishes. *St. Agnes* plainly shewed by her Tears and Caresses, how much she was affected with what I said, when a Person came to acquaint me that the Abbess call'd for me. Ah ! cried I, here begins my new Train of Misfortunes. I followed the Nun who came for me, *St. Agnes* making a Sign that she would wait for me in her Cell.

Cell. I came to the Abbess's Chamber under terrible Apprehensions ; she was surrounded by several Nuns, who talked to her with great Vehemency. I no sooner appeared but a general Silence followed : Come hither, Miss, cried the Abbess, pray inform me, as to, besure you can, what Reason Madame *de G* — could have for deceiving me, and passing you upon me for her Neice. Had she thought fit to have trusted me with the Secret, it might have been of Service to you, especially as I am sensible of the Obligations I have to that Lady, which I am not ashamed to acknowledge, as all here present can witness. In all appearance you are much in favour with her ; her adopting a Country Girl for a Niece, is certainly a convincing Proof. You seem a little confounded ; but take Courage, you come too well recommended, to have the least Reason to apprehend any ill Usage from me : Nevertheless, tell the Truth ; for that alone can intitle you to an Abode here. Consider whether you had best interest me in your behalf, or provide for yourself.

This Harangue, from a reverend Person, went so far as to draw Tears, but gave me no Encouragement to speak my Mind : as it lasted a considerable while, through her want of Breath, I had sufficient Time to reflect how I should behave ; I concluded not to explain myself till I heard from Madame *de G* —, who, it was natural to imagine, upon Mademoiselle *d'Elbieux's* Arrival, would come to a Resolution, and either send a Messenger, or write to me. Upon this, I answered ; that I knew Mademoiselle *d'Elbieux*, and the little Favour I could expect at her Hands ; but as to the Airs she had been pleased to give herself, and the Character she had bestowed on me, it was a Mystery I could not pretend to unravel ; that I had nothing more to say, but was ready to return, if it should be required. The Abbess, surprised to see me so resolute, whisper'd one of the Nuns, and then made a Sign for me to retire, which I did, making a low Curtesy, and repair'd to my Cell, where I found *St. Agnes* waiting for me in great Anxiety.

She was all in Tears, and it was my Turn to comfort her; the Apprehension that I should be sent away, and the Fear of losing so intimate a Friend, alarm'd her cruelly. And indeed, what can be a greater Consolation, than to share our Grievs with those who affectionately interest themselves in our behalf! The remaining Part of the Day was spent in melancholy Reflections, and we did not part till very late at Night.

Notwithstanding the Trouble of Mind I lay under, I was on the Point of falling asleep, when I heard my Door open; I trembled every Joint, not being able to divine who cou'd come to me at that Hour. Are you awake, dear *Jenny*? said *St. Agnes* coming up to me. Good God! replied I, how you frighten'd me! I'll lay a Wager, said she smiling, you expected somebody else. A Lover, for Example, at this critical Juncture, would have been natural enough; but in our History it would have been a difficult Matter, especially as the Men of these Days are less enterprising than in the Ages of Knight Errantry. Saying this she sat down upon the Bed, dress'd in her Night Cloaths; and, as white became her particularly well, she looked charmingly handsome; I could not forbear complimenting her upon it. Alas! says she, how can you mind such Things! A convincing Proof that we Women, though engaged in the most serious Affairs, are ever prone to Trifles. Would it not have been more natural for you to have asked the Reason of my disturbing you at such an unseasonable Hour? Good God! I replied, as if I could be disturbed by one that is so dear! — But you seem to have Letters in your Hand, have you received any lately? Alas! from whom? answer'd *St. Agnes*, these are what we wrote together: for I was no longer in Bed, but I reflected on all that had passed to-day, and from thence concluded, that in all Probability your Stay may be short; imagine the Trouble this must necessarily give me: however, a little Self-interest interfered; I immediately resolved, lest I should be prevented by your sudden Departure, to come and beg, that if I am

so unfortunate as to lose you, these Letters may be taken care of, as soon as your own Affairs will admit. I shall not wait for that, I replied; if, my dear Friend, we must part, your Business shall have the Preference; I know too well by fatal Experience, the Torture of Incertitude, to abandon you to it. It was my Duty to have prevented you on this Occasion; let the Vexation I have undergone, plead my Excuse; I'll make amends hereafter. *Saint Agnes* took me in her Arms, fully satisfied with what I had promised. We passed great Part of the Night in talking of our Affairs, and taking proper Measures that the Letters might be safely deliver'd, and the Answers return'd. I set down in writing the Names of the Persons and Places; after which, being much fatigued with watching, *Saint Agnes* retir'd, and I fell asleep.

I was two Days under the greatest Uneasiness without having any News; on the third Day *Madame de G——* wrote to my Superior to put me into the Hands of the Bearer of her Letter; she took no farther Notice of any thing, but that she would shortly see her; I happen'd to be with the Superior when the Express arriv'd; she shook her Head at this Letter, saying, this is very mysterious indeed! go your ways, Miss, said she to me, and pack up your Things, whilst I return an Answer to *Madame de G——* *Saint Agnes* being then present would have follow'd me; but she was order'd to stay where she was; it was apprehended undoubtedly, lest this Nun should take occasion of my Departure to give me some Commission; but it proved too late: so true it is, that we should not defer Business to the last Day.

I went to my Cell disturb'd, as may be imagined, and had soon taken order about my Departure; from thence I return'd to the Lady Abbess, to take my Leave, which she receiv'd with great Indifference; it was not so with the rest of the Community and Pensioners, they each of them embraced me, and gave me Marks of their Friendship; when it came to *Saint Agnes's* Turn she fell a crying bitterly; my Separation from this dear Friend drew Tears from me, as I squeez'd her Hand. Till then, I had not seen the

Person who came to fetch me away; at last she appear'd, and to my Comfort it was *Christina*, Woman to *Madame de G——*, who, as I mentioned before, lov'd me so well; in spite of my Trouble I was pleas'd to see her. Ah! dear *Christina*, said I to her, getting into the Chaise, what am I to hear next? has your Lady any Regard left for me? I have a great deal to tell you, replied the Maid, mightily taken with the Caresses I bestow'd on her; you shall hear it as soon as we can get out of the Village: God bless me! cried she, how you are changed! Truly, replied I, no great Wonder; I have not had a quiet Moment since I came to this Convent, and Distress is no Friend to Beauty; but what is most extraordinary, if a small Matter casts me down, the slightest Satisfaction sets me up again.

As soon as we were got into the open Country, I remind'd *Christina* of her Promise: Alas! reply'd she, I wish I had nothing to tell you; but I love you too well, dear *Jenny*, to hide any thing from you. I'll lay a wager you can't guess on whose Account you are taken from this Monastery. *Madame de G——*'s? replied I: Miss *d'Elbucux*'s? No, says she; the *Chevalier* himself, who now lies at the Point of Death, touch'd with a Sense of all the Misfortunes he has brought on you, desires to see you with Tears in his Eyes, and knowing the Aversion his Sister has for you, he made her promise to receive you kindly. This young Lady at first was outrageous against you; *Madame de G——* was afraid to speak in your behalf, so much was she transport'd with Passion: however, she seems something appeas'd ever since her Brother has declared his Intentions to her, tho' 'tis easily perceiv'd, she only hides the Rancour of her Mind. I know her, replied I, and will take care of her: but what do they say besides, what will they do with me? why am I sent for? what has happened in my Absence? You may easily imagine the *Marquess* has not forgot you, said *Christina* looking stedfastly on me, and you will be glad to hear something of him; however that is what I am forbid positively; but that would

would be too cruel ; as I know your Discretion, I'll proceed to give you the Satisfaction you desire.

That very Day that *Madame de G* — came back from the Monastery you have just now quitted, she receiv'd a Letter from the *Marquess*, who desired in the most tender and respectful Manner to hear how you did ; adding, that he hoped in time to make her his Acknowledgements for the Protection she was pleased to grant you : The *Valet de Chambre*, who had Orders from his Master to see you, and perhaps to deliver you some Letters, had but just time to receive his Answer from my Lady before he return'd, because of her Apprehensions lest the *Marquess* should not be made sensible enough, that the Affair was much talk'd of, having all the Reason in the World to dread the *Valet's* being seized every Moment.

These Fears of *Madame de G* — were but too true ; that very Night at twelve there came an *Exempt*, bearing *Lettres de Cachet*, to arrest the *Marquess*, the *Chevalier d'Elbieux*, you my dear Child, and all those that had any Concern in this unlucky Affair : The Castle and the Village underwent the strictest Scrutiny imaginable ; they rumaged the most private Places, so confident was the *Exempt* of finding what he sought for : he would have taken away the *Chevalier d'Elbieux* ; but, on the Attestations of the Physicians and Surgeons, that removing him might cost his Life, he drew up a verbal Process, left him in Custody of proper Officers, and returned to give an Account of his Proceedings : *Monsieur de G* — set out at the same time, and having made Interest by his Friends, and giving satisfaction to the Families concern'd, the Affair took a favourable Turn, and the Officers were remanded. But tho' the *Marquess* be conniv'd at by a particular Favour as well as the *Chevalier*, notwithstanding the first of these is commanded not to appear again till farther Orders, yet, all this won't screen you ; the Court being inform'd that you are the Cause of this Duel, has ordered you to be arrested and confin'd. Ah my God, cried I ! I am lost ! 'tis to secure me then that I am brought from the Monastery ! No, continued *Christina*, fear nothing, the Search is

over, and they imagine you are at a greater Distance. While you are with my Lady, you may be easy; I won't tell you her Design; you shall know it from her own Mouth.

All that I can tell you for certain is, that I have heard my Lady say, but for your Lover's Father, your Name would not have been brought in question in all this Affair; he even insisted you should be arrested: Alarm'd at your Escape, and suspecting *Madame de G* — of being your Friend, he wrote her a thundering Letter about you, wherein he complains bitterly that she was the Cause, by protecting you, of the *Rencontre* which endanger'd his Son's Life: he peremptorily demands that you be admitted a Nun. And Madam, cried I hastily interrupting her, what says she? I don't know, continued *Christina*, she has not communicated her Thoughts to me on that Subject; but there is no danger of her leaving you, she loves you too well. If you did but know how earnestly she recommended to me to draw up the Glasses of the Chaise, and to hide you when any one came by, you would be quite easy; her great Regard should satisfy and convince you, that without a tender Concern, she could never be so solicitous about such Trifles.

Christina said a great deal more to encourage me, but in vain. I gave myself up to Grief, and regretted a thousand times my native Village: Where's my Father, Mother, Sister and Relations! Alas! how happy were my Days when I dwelt in the peaceful Cottage; tho' my Pleasures were but simple, my Cares were inconsiderable: Shall I never live to see that blessed Time again!

At last we arrived at the Village; *Christina* sat on my Lap as we came in, and took all possible Precautions to hide me: The Postillion, who had his Orders, set us down in the inner Court of the Castle, from thence they conducted me into the Lady's Closet; word was sent her of my Arrival; whilst I waited for her, such a Palpitation of the Heart, and Oppression of Spirits seiz'd me, as is not to be expressed.

You are come then, my poor *Jenny*, said this Lady to me as she enter'd, raising me up; in truth your
 Lot

Lot is very unfortunate ; I wish with all my Heart I had never known you. You are a Good Girl, and have not deserv'd, nor brought upon yourself these unhappy Adventures ; but you are not less miserable ; I am extremely perplex'd to know what to do with you : *Christina* has told you without doubt all that has pass'd, and how pressing *Monsieur le Marquis de L. V.* is with me to have you deliver'd into his Hands : I don't know which way to determine. *Monsieur de G* — on the other hand wishes I would surrender you to that Nobleman, who engages his Word, as he writes to me, that not only no harm shall come to you, but that he will give positive Orders to treat you gently : Notwithstanding his Promises, my Friendship for you withholds me, What is best to be done ? Ah Madam, cried I, falling at her Feet, pity your poor *Jenny* ; if you abandon me, I must die in despair : Admit I were to depend on the Word of the Marquis, notwithstanding the Reasons he has to be dissatisfied with me, have no : I great Room to dread fresh Adventures ? You know his Son, and what he is capable of doing. No sooner will he know the Place where his Father has confin'd me, but he will move Heaven and Earth to see me or steal me away : Ah, Madam, save me from these new Disasters ! I do conjure you, abandon me first to my evil Fate, and permit to retire ; even this very Night, I'll hide myself from the World ; happy should I be, could I but forget myself ! We will think of it, says *Madame de G* — musing in the mean time ; stay here, I will step to the *Chevalier d'Elbieux*, and know if he is dispos'd to see you ; he has done nothing these 24 Hours but call for you ; his Sister, of whom *Christina* has undoubtedly spoke to you, did her utmost to restrain him from that Eagerness ; her Opposition had like to have prov'd fatal to him, he was taken with a fainting Fit, and *Mademoiselle d'Elbieux*, who loves him tenderly, griev'd to have been the Cause of it, asked his Pardon with Tears in her Byes, and promised him that for his Sake she would be your Friend, and that she would receive you kindly. The unfortunate *Chevalier* seeing this Alteration, embraced her, saying that all the World should be satisfied, as soon as he had spoke to you.

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He sent for a Notary, who as they say, has drawn up his Will: the poor young Man is very ill; the Surgeon affirms he can never get the better of it without a Miracle, his Fever having no Intermission. Adieu, *Jenny*, says *Madame de G* — as she was going away, you shall hear from me presently, be easy; who knows but God may have Pity on you.

Madame de G was scarce gone out of the Closet, when *Mifs d'Elbieux* appear'd with a Candle in her Hand; she grew pale at the Sight of me; I believe I did not yield to her in that Respect; however she was more courageous than I, and advanc'd first: My Legs failed under me thro' a general Tremor which seiz'd me: Can you forgive, my dear *Jenny*, says this young Lady embracing me, all the Trouble I have caus'd you; you have too much Sense to wish me any Harm for it; the Fears I was always under for what has now come to pass, occasion'd my Dislike, but the Condition my Brother is now in, together with his Intreaties, has extinguish'd it; Come then, your Presence may perhaps contribute to his Recovery: Alas! I much fear they dissemble the Danger he is really in of losing his Life. I answer'd only with my Tears, *Mademoiselle d'Elbieux's* Behaviour moving me to Compassion: Candour is always liable to be impos'd on by Appearances. I followed her to her Brother's Apartment, where she was no sooner arriv'd, but she cried out, Here is my Friend *Jenny*! pray God, the Sight of her may restore you to me! A faint Voice replied, Where is she? let me see her, continued the *Chevalier*, and I die content. Drawing near him, not without some Apprehension, he stretched out his Hand to mine; the agonizing Voice, and Death in his Countenance, affected me very much.

I no longer regret any thing in this Life, cried he, since I see you once more, *Jenny*; can you forgive me all the Vexations I have caus'd you? will my Death be sufficient to atone for them? O Heaven convince this Girl of my Remorse for my criminal Passion towards her! If I could but live to make you a Witness of God's Grace in my Regard, by shewing the Horror I have for presum-
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ing to assault your Innocence ! Instead of that frantick Love, receive now the Assurance of a most sincere and tender Friendship : Whether I live or die, I shall never alter : Present my Service to the Marquess, whenever you see him, and assure him that I repent of having given him so much Uneasiness ; I will make amends for it, by what I shall do for you ; do you rightly understand me, *Jenny* ? cried he, which he repeated twice over ; do you promise, continued he, to pray to God to pardon me ? your Innocence will obtain Mercy for me. Pronouncing these Words, he lifted up his Eyes, and prayed most devoutly ; then turning to his *Valet de Chambre*, called for what he had bid him lock up : The *Chevalier* receiving a small Pacquet seal'd, presented me with it : This, says he, is the least I could do for you, 'tis a Bond for twenty thousand Livres, left by an Uncle, and consequently cannot injure my Family ; Miss *d' Elbieux* has been acquainted with it, and not only thinks it proper, but has even promised to love you and make an Addition to it ; is not that true, dear Sister, cried he, stretching forth his Hand : Your Love for me is too great to be indifferent to my Memory.

The poor *Chevalier*, who forced Tears from all about him, seem'd to shew a Glimpse of Joy at the Kiss his Sister gave me, in compliance with what he said : He concluded by saying, I am satisfied, this is all I desired of Heaven : in order to shew my Gratitude, I now turn all my Thoughts to the Meditation of God's Mercy. Saying this, he took my Hand, and squeez'd it, weak as he was ; then he embraced his Sister who was bath'd in Tears, and his Confessor was brought in, after he had first returned thanks to *Madame de G* — for all her Kindness, and made an obliging Sign of Respect to all that were present.

We were eight Days in suspense for the *Chevalier d' Elbieux's* Life ; sometimes there were Hopes, sometimes he was given over ; on the ninth Day, the Surgeon declared, that if the Fever left him, he was out of Danger ; and at Night it did so : this News was received with Joy, in which I shared with every body else on the Occasion. Miss *d' Elbieux*, changed as much

much as possible in my Regard, profess'd a great Friendship for me, and declared publicly, that if her Brother recovered this time, she should be obliged to me alone, after God, for it. I answered these Civilities with all the Affection possible; who would have thought she deceived me, and that she was forming Designs against me, the blackest you can imagine between the most mortal Enemies?

The *Chevalier d'Elbieux*, who had obtained new Life and Health, resumed also the Sentiments of Honour and Probity; he shew'd himself entirely free from the Passion he had conceiv'd for me; but there hung on him a deep Melancholy, and he seem'd full of some important Design: I could not help being secretly struck at this serious Air of his, and began again to fear lest he was meditating some new Enterprize. Where by Experience we have reason to mistrust, we are apt to misconstrue every thing: however, I was mistaken; far different and important Cares took up the *Chevalier d'Elbieux's* Thoughts. Who would have imagined it! Great God! how ought we to revere thy Decrees! One Morning *Madame de G*— sent for me to her Room; she had a Letter in her Hand, and Tears in her Eyes: The Sight struck me; More ill News! cried I. No, my dear Child, answer'd this amiable Lady; read, and you'll know whether I have reason to be mov'd, and whether you could have foreseen any more than I, such an Event. I took the Letter, and read as follows.

*A Letter from the Chevalier d'Elbieux to
Madame de G—*

“ Pardon me, Madam, if I went away without
 “ most humbly taking my Leave of you, and ac-
 “ knowledging the Favours with which you honoured
 “ me during my Stay at your House. I write to my
 “ Sister to perform these Obligations for me, my Sense
 “ of which no Words can express: If ever I obtain
 “ Mercy in the Sight of God, you shall not be for-
 “ got in my Prayers.

“ Knowing thro’ fatal Experience, this Life to be
“ subject to nothing but Passions and Disappoint-
“ ments; and fully convinced that the Things of most
“ Importance, to which we sacrifice all that is dear
“ to us, are in the Sight of God, but Trifles often
“ hurtful to Salvation; that we must all die, and
“ one Day render an Account of all our Actions;
“ frightened at my disorderly Life, and fearing, that
“ if I entered again into the World, I might relapse
“ into my former dangerous Habits, I have taken a
“ Resolution of quitting it, and retiring amongst the
“ *Capuchins*, where I shall be out of the Occasions of
“ Sin. I have long resisted the inward Impulses of
“ a celestial Vocation to quit the World; God has
“ at length been so gracious to determine me, by
“ shewing to me the gaping Jaws of Death, and only
“ preserving me from it, that I might have Time to
“ recollect myself, and to atone for my Sins. Ex-
“ cited by this Mercy, I fly where he calls, and avoid
“ every thing that may shake my Resolution. I re-
“ commend to my Sister the innocent Object of my
“ past Follies, that she may prevail on Jenny to for-
“ get all the Vexations I have occasion’d. I take
“ you to be that good and generous Person, who will,
“ I flatter myself, assist her in it, I am, Madam, with
“ Respect, Your, &c.

The Chevalier d’Elbieux.

This Letter made as great an Impression on me as
on *Madame de G*——, forcing Tears from me. That
Instant enter’d Miss *d’Elbieux* like a mad Woman, and
seeing me, said the most disagreeable Things on the
Subject of her Brother’s Retiring, crying out I was
the Cause of all the Misfortunes of her Family. but
that she would be reveng’d. *Madame de G*——check’d
her, by recalling to her Mind her Brother’s Intentions:
these moving Remonstrances softened this young Lady,
she reflected a while, then came and embraced me,
and ask’d my Pardon, excusing her Violence by the
Loss of a Brother whom she adored: I received these
Excuses with Respect, and answered in the civilest
Manner. Candour takes all the World to be like itself,
estranged

estranged as it is from the Arts of Dissimulation. Not long after I learnt by Experience, that when a Woman has once taken an Aversion to a Person, she rarely changes her Mind.

Miss *d'Elbieux* was the first to desire *Madame de G* — to keep me at her House, till I should determine how to dispose of myself: That Lady as well as myself, not suspecting her black Designs, plac'd an entire Confidence in the Friendship with which this Lady seem'd to honour us: She left us two Days after to join her Mother, who wrote to acquaint her with the Enlargement of the *Count d'Elbieux*, and to rejoice with her on the *Chevalier's* Recovery, of whose Retreat they had not yet heard. Miss *d'Elbieux* gave the tenderest Marks of her Esteem, as she got into her Chaise, embraced me most affectionately; this was the last Kiss I received from her, 'twas the Forerunner of the Blow she was going to strike.

Two Days after her Departure *Madame de G* — receiv'd a Letter from her, in which I was not forgot, but earnestly recommended: this new Kindness effac'd all Remembrance of her former Proceedings.

I receiv'd the next Morning much more acceptable Letters; *Dubois* was the Bearer: 'twas one continued Series of the warmest Sentiments: that faithful Lover, the Marquess, acquaint'd me that he was then in *Lorraine*; that he miss'd being taken only by two Days; that they gave him Hopes of returning shortly to *Paris*, but this News was no otherwise agreeable to him, than as he expected to see me there; after this he communicated to me a Letter of his Father's, wherein he engages him to take a Tour into *Germany*, in order to forget, as he term'd it, his late Adventures; there was not any sort of mention made of me, which disturb'd my Lover, as he observ'd to me, considering his Father's Character, of whom he had a great Mistrust; he entreated me to give him a full Detail of my present Situation, desiring me at the same time not to afflict myself, and that not only my Interest but my Tranquillity should be the constant Object of all his Care and Attention.

These

These were joyful Tidings to me, and a Cessation of my Troubles ensued. It is natural for those who are accustomed to Affliction to seize the first Interval, and-smallest Glimpse of Hope, to solace themselves ; moved by the Repugnance the Weakness of human Nature has to suffering. I wrote the Marquis a long Letter, and told him every thing that had happen'd to me ; *Dubois* assured me he would have my Letter in two Days, and that he expected it with the utmost Impatience ; tired to Death, altho' they used their Endeavours in the Town where he was, to amuse him agreeably. A secret Inquietude which got the better of me, made me question the *Valet de Chambre* upon what he had let drop ; he told me the Town where the Marquess resided was full of beautiful Women, a great Number of whom thought the Marquess a pretty Gentleman. I cannot rightly say if it was Jealousy, or too much Niceness ; I certainly had a mind *Dubois* should describe these handsome *Lorrainers* whose Beauty he had extoll'd : I made him sit down while I was at my Toilette, and he gave me the following Account.

They call the Town, said he, where we are at present, *Pont-a-Mousson*, situated in a delightful Country, and where, as is usual in most other Towns, there is no Regret for the Pleasures of *Paris* ; the Quality are extremely polite, and the Town's People mighty affable. The easy Behaviour of the Women and their Appearance is as genteel as at *Paris*. Amongst those who distinguish themselves by their Beauty and Carriage, I will name you *Madame de Gombervault* ; she has light-colour'd Hair, and is extremely fair, with a Sweetness of Temper exceedingly captivating. Her Husband is Captain of his R. Highness's Guards, and acquits himself well in doing the Honours of his House. The Marquess has din'd there as well as at *Madame la Barone d'Atel*, a brown Beauty, of lively and elevated Parts. Her Husband is *Chamberlain* to the Prince, who unites a great Share of Probity with an Inclination he has of obliging all Foreigners of Distinction who arrive in that Town. He is extremely curious in his Books, and the Marquess

ques has all the Reason in the World to be satisfied with this Gentleman's Behaviour. The third Family, where he is also perfectly well receiv'd, is that of *Madame la Presidente de Landres*; this is a very amiable Lady, and spends her estate very elegantly and chearfully; she is always one of the first to promote Pleasure and Mirth. Her Husband, *President of Vitry-le-Francoise*, is one of the most accomplish'd Gentlemen I know.

They are very agreeable People at the Provost's of the Town; his Wife is fond of Dancing, for which Reason there are frequent Balls at her House. She has two very handsome Daughters; the Eldest is married to an *Exempt* of the Guards, whose name is *Saint Val*, a great Musician, and a perfect Master of the Viol; there is but one thing laid to his Charge, that is, he is jealous; but he is to be forgiven for it, because his Wife is of a Turn to inspire Love: as the Marquess is frequently at his House, on account of the Musick, of which he is passionately fond, People take it into their Heads he has a fancy for the young Wife.

Dubois was going on when I interrupted him: a sudden Uneasiness seiz'd me, and I thought he conceal'd something; You pass very slightly, said I, over *Madame de Saint Val*; tell me sincerely if your Master, to pass away the Time, never makes love to her: Ah! ah! cried *Dubois* smiling, I believe Miss, God forgive me, you are jealous? Who I? not at all, said I blushing, it would very ill become me, nor do I presume to controul the Marquess. I pronounced these Words with Tears in my Eyes, quickly turning myself away. *Dubois*, who perceiv'd it, and was very much devoted to me, knowing the secret Intentions of his Master, and how much it would displease him should he give me the least Disquiet, eased me of my Alarms, which I had not Power to hide from him, by giving me an exact Detail of the Life his Master led: as he saw this appeas'd me, he resum'd his Discourse, and told me a Number of pretty Adventures that had happen'd at *Pont-a-Mousson*, which

may

may find a Place perhaps in the Course of these Memoirs.

We were in one of the most pleasant of them caus'd by Jealousy, at which I was laughing very heartily, when *Madame de G*——came and interrupted us: she gave *Dubois* a Letter for his Master, who waited for nothing but his Dispatch; he took leave of us, and went away Post.

I felt a vast Consolation in having wrote to the Marquess; it was the first Letter he receiv'd from me wherein the Sentiments of my Heart were clearly expressed. Nothing gives greater Relief than the unbosoming one's self, especially when one is not so much confin'd to the Forms of Decorum and Modesty; I never should have been able to have said so much by Word of Mouth, as I ventured to do by my Pen; he has since own'd to me, my Letter overwhelmed him with Joy: I imagine, from my own Experience, when Love is built on Esteem and Virtue, that the Sweets it affords surpass a hundred times those that arise from a Hurry of the Passions; at least I have heard so from those who have known both; but to return. Every body has his Taste, and I think that ought not to be disputed.

In the mean time, as I grew up, my Reason augmented with my Years; this furnish'd me with a steadiness which supported me against the dreadful Apprehensions of what was to come. *Madame de G*——who had a great deal of Wit, and Knowledge of the World, gave a polite Turn to my Education; the sincere Attachment she perceiv'd I had to her, so prepossess'd her in my Favour, that she would pass whole Days in my Company; these frequent Conversations had clear'd up my Understanding; without living in the World, I had learnt all its Ways from the various Histories she had plac'd before my Eyes, and the daily Transactions that pass'd: when I was alone, I examin'd with Care all that had been said, and had Penetration enough to draw this Conclusion in general, that each Season of our Lives draws after it its necessary Dependencies; from hence I was persuaded that in a Succession of Things, Life passes away,

away, and that present Evils are to be supported by the Consideration that they either give way to, or are reliev'd by, fresh Events that make us forget the pass'd; in fine, upon these Principles I drove on the time, if I may be allow'd the Expression, in hopes that sooner or later I should accomplish what I desired; and this End, this Point, I will own it without a Blush, was to see myself one Day united to my Lover.

I will not venture to say, that People have a Prescience of, what is to happen to them: as a Woman, 'tis not allow'd me to discuss the Point, nor would my Sentiment be of any Weight; all I know for certain is, that having staid pretty late one Night with *Madame de G* — I went to my Chamber extremely uneasy, which was not usual: I had all the Difficulty imaginable in going to Bed, tho' this was scarce ever the Case: not knowing how to account for my want of sleep, I began to read the Marquess's Letters, hoping that might sooth me: but whether that they brought my Afflictions fresh to my Memory, or that the Stile of a Lover is no Promoter to sleep in young People, I was not able to close my Eyes! however I put out my Candle, and went to Bed: the crowing of the Cocks, who proclaim'd the Approach of Day, made me wish for some Rest; but, vain Attempt! 'twas to no purpose to shut my Eyes, or change my Posture, I was no sooner settled on one side, but I tossed to the other: these perpetual Agitations tormented me to that degree, that I resolved to rise and light my Candle; in short, I was just getting up when I heard a Knock at my Door: I started up thro' fright; 'twas then but Dawn of Day, and they were never used to disturb me at that Hour; my Door was strongly bolted; for ever since the Design of taking me away, I was very exact in these Precautions: however they redoubled their Blows; I ask'd in a fearful Voice what they wanted; it was *Madame de G* — that answer'd, and bid me open the Door, but in such a Tone, that chill'd my Blood; I thought she was not alone, and that a Man was talking with her; I snatch'd up my Gown in my Arms, and the

Door

Door being open'd I saw a Gentleman enter accompanied by *Madame de G* — ; his Mouth was open'd to speak, but after having fixed his Eyes on me, he turn'd 'em towards my Protectress : Truly, Madam, cried he, I did not think to disturb so pretty a Lady ; I am no longer surprized at the Apprehensions *Monsieur le Marquis de L. V.* is under : the Cunning and Intrigue of this lovely Girl, may chance to cost his Son many a Jaunt ; during this Discourse, *Madame de G* — had flung herself upon my Bed, where I lay in a terrible Fright. Ah ! *Jenny*, how unhappy am I, said she to me, to have known you now, and to lose you so soon ! This Discourse overwhelm'd my agonizing Soul. Just Heaven ! cried I in Tears, what is it you say to me, Madam ? Ah ! I will never leave you, I'll sooner die ; and threw myself into her Arms. The Stranger drawing near in a polite Manner, I am mortified, my charming young Lady, said he, to give you this Trouble ; and much more for the Orders I have for an Arrest. You will find nevertheless, with the help of that Understanding this Lady says you possess, and of which I make no doubt, some Reason not to be dejected. *Monsieur le Marquis* on obtaining a *Lettre de Cachet* to put you into a Monastery, ought to have made use of those Persons who are appointed for that purpose ; but he intrusted me with his Design and his Motives ; a secret Inclination made me desire this Commission, more out of Curiosity, I own to you, than any Design of displeasing you : I will add a third Motive, and I will not dissemble before this Lady, being thoroughly convinced from the Friendship she professes for you, that she may be trusted ; I am a Friend and humble Servant of my Cousin, your Lover : notwithstanding his Reserve and his want of Confidence in me, I knew the whole Affair ; as soon as it broke out, and as I understood the Intentions of the Marquis his Father, pretended to approve them to be able the better to manage his Resentment ; so that, Miss, you have nothing to fear ; all the Hurt you'll have is to be separated from *Madame de G* — , and much happier Days will obliterate the Remembrance of the present ;

sent ; I must confess your Tears and Condition greatly move me, and I would not for the World have enter'd so far into this Affair.

Monsieur de St. Fal. (that was the Stranger's Name) sigh'd when he spoke these Words. *Madame de G—* endeavoured, from the Concern he shew'd, to engage him to return without me ; and to [say for his Excuse, that I had made my Escape two Days before his Arrival : It is not practicable, Madam, replied he, my Uncle knows perfectly well that Miss is here at your House ; a Person you know, whom I must not name, has a Spy in pay here at this Time, who, in case *Mademoiselle* had gone from your House, was to have followed her, and informed where she went ; you see, Ladies, I speak sincerely, you cannot be long in judging from whence the Blow comes. Ah the wicked Creature ! cried I, 'tis the false Miss *d'Elbieux* who carefs'd me at the Time she was contriving my Ruin. *Madame de G—* who was not so nearly concerned as I, had no Suspicion of her. Upon what I said she turn'd her Eyes towards *M. de St. Fal* ; one Glance of his convinc'd her of the Mischievousness of this Wretch : Shrugging up her Shoulders she took me in her Arms, protesting she never would abandon me. I cannot oppose the King's Orders, said she ; nothing less should tear you from my Arms. The Letter your Lover's Father writes is filled with Apologies, for the Violence which he is obliged to use, to prevent, he says, fatal Consequences ; 'tis in consideration to me, continued she, that he has sent his Nephew, instead of an Exempt, knowing, says he, how much I esteem you : On this account, he assures me you shall be treated with the utmost Tendernefs : wherefore, my dear Girl, take courage, submit to Necessity, and behave yourself always with Prudence ; God will bless you, and will make you triumph over Fortune and all these unlucky Accidents. She made a Sign to *Monsieur de St. Fal* to retire for a Moment ; and this charming Lady, to animate me, took the most effectual Way by telling me that it was on the like Occasions I ought to manifest myself worthy of the Sentiments the Marquess had

for

for me, and shew an Elevation of Mind above my Birth, which would reflect a Confusion on Nature and Fortune for having been mistaken in bringing me into the World ; besides, *Jenny*, consider the more you suffer the more you will endear yourself to your Lover. I say no more, you understand me ; we must wait God's Pleasure to accomplish the rest.

This Exhortation made an Impression ; I found it conformable to what passed in my own Breast: Yes, says I, getting up and preparing to depart ; the *Marquess* shall acknowledge this Sacrifice I make him. I stifled my Tears, and immediately resumed a serene Countenance : I appear'd quite another Person to *Monsieur de St. Fal*, who enter'd a Moment after ; he was surpris'd and charm'd to see it. I behaved with all the Civilities his Age and Rank requir'd, acquainting him I was ready to obey the Orders he bore, beseeching him to assure *M. le Marquess* at his Return, that I had a Respect for every thing that came from him, his Severity not excepted. *M. de St. Fal* several times applauded my good Sense and Resolution. When all was ready, I embrac'd my much lov'd Protectress with the greatest Fondness ; it was in vain to pretend to refrain ; this Farewel was attended with my Tears, and I had the same Proofs of her Sincerity : in giving me the last Adieu, she slid her Purse into my Hand, without the Count's perceiving it. As I was getting into the Chaise, poor *Christina* broke out into loud Lamentations.

While we were on the Road, which was two Days longer than necessary, for a Reason I shall mention hereafter, *M. De St. Fal* behav'd with as much Respect and Complaisance as if I had been a Person of the greatest Quality : I must except indeed the first Day, which seem'd no very favourable Omen of what was to come. They had represented me to him in such a malicious Light, that he concluded, as I had no Education, he should have an easy Conquest, and from thence assumed a very familiar Air ; but was much surpris'd to find himself taken up with a Resolution and Politeness he little expected ; in order to intimidate me, he set out with making me sensible
of

of the Power with which he was vested, and the great Distance Fortune had put between us. Under a Pretence of giving Advice to prevent my being miserable the rest of my Days, he counsell'd me, as a Friend, to abate something of my Haughtiness, and suit my Behaviour to my Rank, the most natural Method, as he frankly own'd, I could possibly take. To make this notable Harangue the more pathetick, my Charms, and the Effect they had on him, were not forgot ; to say nothing of those familiar Appellations of Dear Child, Pretty Girl, &c. He added, how great a Pity it would be, for one, so handsome and genteel, to be buried alive ; hinting from time to time that no Favour was to be expected from the old Marquess, who, as *St. Fal* confess'd, was much incens'd against me, and consequently, if I was once secured in the Place his Orders directed, I must bid an eternal Adieu to the Pleasures of Life ; for that either by fair or other Means I should be compell'd to become a Nun : from Threats he made an artful Transition to Motives of a more alluring Nature, inviting me to accept of, and comply with his Passion ; and as he suppos'd I could not refuse him, he assured me that not only he would secure me from falling into the Hands of the old Marquess, but even make me perfectly happy.

Without vouchsafing any Answer to such Proposals, I only desir'd, with an Air which put him out of Countenance, that he would not trouble me with any more Discourse of such a Nature, but content himself with executing the Commission he had undertaken : for that he might be assured, neither the Misfortunes with which I was threaten'd, nor the deluding Baits set before me, should ever prevail upon me to deviate from the Plan I had laid down, of a steady Adherence to the Principles of Virtue and Honour. The Count rallied me upon the Oddness of my Behaviour, as he was pleas'd to term it ; display'd, tho' to no purpose, a more modish System of Morality, and several times seem'd inclin'd to be very free with me. I had the Address, in a polite manner, to defeat his Attacks, and make him sensible

how unworthy a Part he acted for a well bred Man, in endeavouring, by the Power and Authority Chance had put into his Hands, to seduce a young Creature, left without any Defence but what her Tears and Weakness could afford; I made it a Point wherein Worth and Honour were highly interested, and touched him nicely concerning the Rank and Behaviour of a Man of Quality; in fine, Virtue supplied me with so much Eloquence on the Occasion, that this young Nobleman, dangerous as he was, and who that very Evening could not prevail on himself to leave my Bed chamber, at last retired covered with Confusion, for having drawn upon himself so many Remonstrances, the Solidity of which he could not but acknowledge, begging of me to forget the Vexation he had occasioned, for which he promised to make an ample Satisfaction by a far different Conduct for the Future. I accepted of his Excuses in a proper manner, and went to Bed cruelly disturbed, as well with what had happened, as what was still to come.

The next Day *St. Fal* changed his Battery: quite another Man, behaving with all the Politeness imaginable, in which I thought proper not to be behind-hand. He took up several amusing Subjects, to divert me, as he said on my Journey. His Conversation was easy, and plainly shewed he had seen a great deal of the World, and did not want Wit; he was surprised to find I had some share of it myself, looking upon me in the main as a mere Country Girl; but he ought to have known, that nothing is more apt to take a right Turn, than a young Person, who has the Happiness to fall into proper Hands. Besides, my Misfortunes had enlightened my Understanding, and taught me to make proper Reflections; to say nothing of the Friendship with which *Madame de G* ——— had honoured me, a Lady of noble Sentiments, and exceedingly well-bred, and who had taken a Pleasure in forming me; so that I entirely possessed myself, whatever was the Subject of the Conversation. A thorough Knowledge of the World, 'tis true, can only be acquired by Experience; but

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where there is a tolerable Capacity, and a Desire of being instructed, in a little time a considerable Progress may be made.

Part of the third Day passed without a Word from the Count: he viewed me frequently with a kind of Satisfaction, which often ended with a Sigh; this Behaviour very much alarmed me, lest he should fall in love, and prove another *Chevalier d'Elbieux*; I turned pale at the very Thought, alone as I was, no Friend near, and abandoned by the whole World. Sometimes I had thoughts of endeavouring to make my Escape, but whither should I go? What Part of the Country was I in? A powerful Family, in whose Hands I was, violently incensed against me; besides, with shame I own it, I no longer had the Courage I was formerly possessed of; I was grown weak and tender, by being bred a fine Lady, and had lost that Roughness which boldly faces any Danger; a thousand Apprehensions concurred to alarm me, and made such an Impression, that the Count plainly perceived it. Have you a mind to stop, *Jenny*? said the Count; by your Countenance I am afraid you are ill. Does the Journey fatigue you too much? You seem buried in Thought, and under some Uneasiness: I hope you don't remember what passed when I had the Misfortune to incur your Displeasure: Let me intreat it as a Favour, that you deal sincerely with one who is ready to do every thing that can possibly contribute to make you easy, and will seek all Occasions of making amends for the Affronts he offered, led into a Mistake by an unjust Prejudice, which the Knowledge of your distinguished Merit has entirely banished.

This Apology, the cruel Reflections which then perplexed me, the Apprehension of what was to come, the new Convent, indeed, with which I was threatened, all put together, melted me into Tears. This is too much, cried the *Count de St. Fal*, moved at my Condition, your Grief overwhelms me, I cannot bear it any longer! Notwithstanding a thousand Reasons for the contrary, a prevailing Motive attaches me, Miss, to your Interest; so far even as

not

not to comply with the Injunctions which first brought us acquainted ; I cannot be so void of Compassion as to execute my Commission, which, from what I said the other Day, I easily guess has given you this Disturbance ; but, make yourself easy ; whatever may be expected from me, I cannot bear to do any thing which forces Tears from the finest Eyes I e'er beheld ; you shall be convinced how great an Effect your Charms have on all those who approach you ; don't blush at the Acknowledgement I make, it pleads an Excuse for my Cousin's Passion, whose Happiness I envy, and profess myself his Rival ; but be assured, I will not in the least employ the Opportunity Fortune has put into my Hands, either to diminish your Inclinations for the *Marquess*, much less to constrain you to make any Return for the Vivacity of those Sentiments, with which you have inspired me. You sigh, continued the *Count*, taking me by the Hand, do you doubt of my Sincerity ? Put it immediately to a Trial, and you will know how far I am to be depended upon. *St. Fal* stopped here, and seemed to expect my Answer. Whatever Reason he gave me to believe he had an Inclination for me, I was equally alarmed, and the more Discretion it seemed accompanied with, I looked upon it the more dangerous ; I knew not what to say, and my Eyes, fixed on the Ground, discovered my Perplexity. What means this Silence, Miss ? continued *St. Fal* ; is it a Mark of your Distrust ? do you think me capable of imposing upon you ? If these are your Sentiments, I plainly see I must now pay for the Indifference, in which I have hitherto lived, and shall severely repent the Rashness I have been guilty of, in thus exposing my Liberty ; ought I not to have foreseen this, and have concluded from my Cousin's Passion, to whose Delicacy in Affairs of this Nature I am no Stranger, that you were certainly a very accomplished Person ? Nevertheless, whatever Injustice you may shew in my regard, or Treatment I may receive at your Hands, I must not regret my having undertaken this Commission, since it furnishes me with an Opportunity of serving you. You shall

know very shortly, continued he, pretty *Jenny*, that to say and to do, is the same thing with me. Saying this, the Count put his Head out of the Chaise, and ordered one of the Servants who rode by, to direct the Postillion to take the first Road that led to *Versailles*. The Servant, surprised at this, replied, that *Monsieur le Marquess's* Orders were directly contrary, and that—— Do as you are bid, cried the Count, interrupting him, and leave the rest to me. Accordingly the Servant retired, and we soon struck out of the great Road.

This Counter-Order surprised me, but, to speak the Truth, gave me no manner of Uneasiness; the Place he mentioned, I knew to be the King's Residence, which naturally recalled the dear Remembrance, so interesting and so remarkable, of my meeting his Majesty at *Fontainebleau*, the Accident which afforded me the first Knowledge of my Lover. Affected with these Ideas, my Imagination dispatched a great deal in a little time, uniting several things with much Vivacity: The Place where I was going, was to be the Abode of the *Marquess*, and thither he might very possibly soon return. These endearing Reflections quickly dispelled the lowering Clouds my present Situation had gathered. How easily do Lovers revive! The Heart catches eagerly at the most remote Hopes that have any Connection with the Object beloved. The Count was too quick-sighted not to discover this Alteration, but was far from attributing it to the true Cause; he imagined it was only owing to his Promise of not confining me in a Monastery; upon this he repeated it, and added, I should be entirely my own Mistress, and be convinced by Experience, that though he should not be so happy as to gain my Esteem, he would at least merit it by his Services and Complaisance.

I was on the point of returning a polite Answer to these fresh Assurances of his favourable Disposition in my Regard, when entering the Village where we were to dine, we saw a Crowd of People gathered about a young Female *Pilgrim*, carrying, or rather dragging an enormous Cross; Good God! cried I,

how

how I pity that young Creature, and commiserate her unhappy Condition! Cannot you inform one, said I to the Landlady, as I was getting out of the Chaise, what can be the strict Obligation this *Pilgrim* must be under to travel thus? 'Tis what nobody can account for, replied the Person I spoke to, all I know of the Matter is, that several of the Inhabitants having given her Charity, she immediately distributed it to the Poor about her, which occasioned the Acclamations you still hear, and shows she is no ordinary Person: My Husband had the same Curiosity, Miss, as you have, and endeavoured to discover the Mystery; but all the Account he brought was, that she said she was doing Penance, and performing a Vow; that if she should suffer a great deal more, it would not be a sufficient Attonement for her Sins; and that before she left the Village, we should be acquainted with her History.

All this only served to increase my Curiosity, as I told the *Count de St. Fal*, and I went in much dissatisfied, at not being able to learn any thing farther.

Being left alone in the Room where the Cloth was laid, I imagined the *Count* was gone to the Stable, according to his Custom; drawing near the Fire, I found my Vexation (which now could be no Novelty) redoubling upon me: If dear *St. Agnes* were but with me, said I to myself, I could talk over all my Misfortunes! Certainly, nothing can be more insupportable, than on some Occasions to be abandoned to one's self.

Nevertheless, the calling of *St. Agnes* to mind, occasioned a Reproach to myself, for being so slow in serving her; 'tis true, from the time I parted from her, I had been so narrowly watched on all Occasions by *Mademoiselle d'Elbieux*, (as *Christina* informed me) that I had not the least Opportunity of acquitting myself of the Service I owed my Friend: I might indeed have left her Letters and Directions with *Christina* at my coming away; but, as it was of the greatest Consequence not to hazard their being lost, and that the whole Affair should be vigorously pursued, I made a Scruple of intrusting the

Commission into the Hands of one, who, if Occasion required, could not act but in Subordination to another. Such were the Motives which hitherto tied up my Hands; but as we are never so sensible of other People's Misfortunes, as when we sink under the Weight of our own, so these few Reflections placed in such a strong Light *Saint Agnes's* Grief for my Absence, and what tedious Hours Expectation necessarily counts, that I resolved, cost what it would, to perform my Promise, and send by the first Opportunity which offered, an Express to deliver her Letters into her Lover's own Hand, or, in his Absence, to his Father; the thing seemed the more feasible, by reason of the Money *Madame de G——* had given me, and which I had quite forgot, till this Design of serving *Saint Agnes* reminded me of it. I had a Curiosity to see what my generous Protectress had done for me, and found it amounted to twenty-five *Louis d'Ors*; but how was I transported in opening a little Box, to find *Madame de G——*'s Picture! I hugged it to me, and at this Moment, whilst I am writing these Memoirs, my Heart is moved at the Remembrance of what then passed. Yes, generous Lady! I'll be ever mindful of your Goodness, and the Friendship with which you honoured me; the Loss I have of you is always fresh in my Memory, and if any thing is wanting to complete my Happiness, it is the being for ever deprived of you! 'Tis generally said, that Women seldom bear an intire Friendship to one another; but I am an Exception from this Rule, and though I should live to be extremely old, the Memory of *Madame de G——* will be ever dear.

The Picture I mentioned, was still in my Hand, with my Eyes and Heart fixed on it, when I was surprised by the *Count* leading in the Pilgrim. Here, Miss, said he, is the lovely Person whose Condition excited your Compassion and Curiosity; I have engaged her to take up her Quarters here, and she has promised me to relate her Story to you; it happens very luckily, that this young Gentlewoman knows my Name, being related to an intimate Acquaintance o
my

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my Mother's: I am no Stranger to the Adventures of this pretty Creature, they have been much talked of in my Country, though in a Manner, as she informs me very different from the Truth.

I had rose from my Seat when the beautiful *Pilgrim* entered the Room, and had embraced her very tenderly; but what the *Count* related, redoubled my Civilities to her, which she returned in a polite Manner, becoming a well-bred Person: When Dinner-time came, she was about to retire, but I pressed her so earnestly to dine with us, that she consented to it, on condition of being left intirely to her own Management in Point of eating. At the same time, she begged leave to step to the Kitchen, and I took that Opportunity to thank the *Count de Saint Fal*, for obliging me with the Company of the *Pilgrim*. It will be time enough, Miss, replied he, to make your Acknowledgements, when I have been so happy as to be really serviceable to you; the least Hint will always suffice to make me immediately execute your Commands. The *Pilgrim* coming into the Room, hindered me from making a proper Reply. While *St. Fal* was speaking to her, I examined with great Attention her whole Person; she was a smart, brown Woman, with large lively black Eyes; about twenty-two; an engaging Aspect, though with a particular melancholy Cast: she had on a Waistcoat of very fine Cotton, with other Apparel suitable, excepting a coarse red Mantelet over her Shoulders, adorned with Shells; a Rush Hat, cocked Boat-ways, and lined with yellow Taffety, seemed more designed to set her off, than for Use; tall and well-made, with an easy Carriage; the Tan on her Face shewed she had been some time exposed to the Inclemencies of the Weather; but when her Gloves were off, the Fineness of her Complexion was very conspicuous.

Whilst I made this Scrutiny, a few Sighs forced their Way; as often as we compassionate the Sufferings of others, if we have any Reason to complain ourselves, we greedily appropriate the greatest Part of our Pity. I was much affected with this young Person's Conversation, frequently interrupted by her

Sighs and Complaints against the Severity of her Fate, which was seldom mention'd without Tears ; this was abundantly sufficient to make me follow her Example : I comforted her, and took her in my Arms with as much Familiarity as if we had been long acquainted : These Tokens of my Tenderness mitigated her Sorrow, and were requited with equal Proofs of her Affection to me.

Dinner being brought in, put an end to our Conversation : which was melancholy enough, and after some little Ceremony, we sat down to Table, when *St. Fal* and I saw, to our great Surprise, some coarse Bread and Water placed before the *Pilgrim* ; this made us very pressing to engage her to eat some Soup with us, but in vain, she desiring to be excused, on account that if she complied with our Request, her Penance, by a Law she had imposed on herself, must last eight Days longer ; otherwise, the current Day was the last, being on the Morrow to change her Way of Life to something more conformable to the rest of the World. These Reasons prevailed, and we left her to follow her own Method. When Dinner was done, which notwithstanding *Saint Fal's* Endeavours to divert and make me eat heartily, was not long, the pretty *Pilgrim* prevented us on the Subject of her History, saying, nevertheless, that if we were straitened for Time, she would cut off the circumstantial Part, and give us what was most material in few Words. *Saint Fal*, who seemed more attentive than ever to find out what was agreeable to me, discovered that such a mangling of the Story would deprive me of a great deal of Pleasure ; upon which he immediately replied, that my Journey was of no such Consequence, as to deprive me so soon of such an amiable Companion ; adding, with a Smile, that he believed it would not be very disagreeable, if he should intreat me to stay till next Day, which he thought necessary to prevent a too great Fatigue : I bowed to him, as an Acknowledgement of his Complaisance.

The *Pilgrim* seeing us disposed to hear her, said, before she entered upon her Story, that she was overjoyed at what was concluded on, as well as at the

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Pleasure of my Acquaintance; not being to go herself till the Day following, for that she expected a Chaise to meet her over-night, in which she intended to reach her Journey's End.

When the Cloth was taken away, and we left to ourselves, the young *Pilgrim* began her History in the following Manner:

I am the Daughter of a very rich Physician of *Montpelier*, whose Repute was so great, that he was often sent for a hundred Leagues off; 'tis true, in the Cures he performed, an unusual Success seemed to attend him, scarce one Patient in thirty miscarrying under his Hands, which contributed very much to the great Vogue he was in to his last Breath.

At the proper Age I received an Education suitable to the Fortune designed for me: the best Masters were employed: the Facility with which I took my Learning, occasioned a favourable Opinion of my Parts, and the Charms People fancied they saw in me, or rather my great Fortune, soon drew a Crowd of very considerable Admirers.

The Desire my Father had, being already advanced in Years, to see me married, an Earnestness of which he often expressed when we were amongst ourselves, occasioned my being continually importuned to make a Choice; but the Antipathy I had to Matrimony was so great, that I could not bear to hear it mentioned: every Day furnished so many Instances of faithless Men, and their Brutality to their Wives when become their Masters, by the most submissive Addresses, that I could not prevail with myself to increase the Number of such unfortunate Wretches. These Prejudices were so strongly fixed in my Mind, that one Day I openly declared to my Father, who was using all his Authority with me to accept of one whose Pretensions he favoured, that if he persisted in constraining my Inclinations, either a Monastery or Death itself should free me from such Importunities: This Protestation was followed by a Torrent of Tears; and, as he perfectly doated on me, it prevailed with him to promise that I should be left intirely at my own Disposal.

I was now turned of Sixteen; I had not only made a considerable Progress in those Arts which are usually learnt, but even in Physick, which my Father taught me, and found a Pleasure in making me a considerable Proficient; charmed with the Disposition I shewed for it, and the Ease with which I surmounted all the Difficulties of that Science, he set no bounds to his Lectures; my Memory, like a fruitful Field, yielded a plentiful Harvest of whatever was sown in it; *Anatomy, Botany, Osteology*, all were displayed and understood; in fine, at Eighteen I was so far advanced in the Mysteries of *Esculapius*, that I wrote a Treatise on Physic in Latin concerning ——— and dedicated it to my Father: The Reputation I acquired by this Work reached the most distant Countries, convincing Proofs whereof my Father received in a short time.

There came a Letter from a Physician at *Lisbon*, acquainting him that there had fallen into his Hands a Book wrote by his Daughter, that he had read it very attentively, and formed a Judgment of her Capacity, from this learned Production; that as he attributed this Prodigy to the great Skill of the Father, he thought him the properest Person in the World to form an only Son of his; that he begged, in consideration of the Science they mutually professed, he would take the Care of him, there being nothing he would not do to merit a Favour he had so much at heart.

My Father, who still persisted in his Design of marrying me, though he would not break the Promise he had made, resolved to take in this Boarder, hoping that, under a Pretext of leaving the Care of his Studies to me, on account of his own Age and Infirmities, he might give the young Man an Opportunity of gaining my Affections, and weaning me from the Relish I had for a single Life; expecting that being continually in my Company, if his Person was any thing tolerable, he might at last compass what was so much desired.

In pursuance to this, the *Lisbon* Physician had a very civil Answer which accepted of his Proposal, acquainting him that he might send his Son as soon as he pleased,

pleased, and that no Endeavours should be wanting to convince him he was not deceived in the Choice he had made.

It's true, my Father took an extraordinary Sort of Precaution before he sent his Answer. As he had no other View in receiving this Boarder, but what has been already mentioned, he privately informed himself from *Lisbon* whether the Physician's Son was of a Turn likely to please the Ladies : He was overjoyed to hear that his Person was exceedingly amiable, and his Conduct and Manners without Reproach ; upon this he immediately wrote as I said before, and waited an Answer with great Impatience.

In eight Day's time he had the Pleasure of a Letter from the Physician, with an Account of the Son's being on his Journey. My Father acquainted my Mother and me of his coming, but in an artful Manner ; in order to surprize me and work the desired Effect in my Heart, he told my Mother, pretending not to observe I over-heard him, that what he disliked in the Affair was the young Man's being very deformed and ugly ; he enlarged upon the Disgust which must necessarily arise from living with such People, and that he would gladly have excused himself, but the Person in question was so earnestly recommended by those for whom he had the greatest Respect and Consideration, that he chose rather to undergo the Mortification, than disoblige so many of his best Friends.

The Aversion I always had to Men, made me very little attentive to what my Father said ; it only served to form in my Mind an exceeding disagreeable Idea of our future Boarder : But, how was I surprized, when one Night at Supper, there entered the Room a young Man, beautiful beyond Expression, who, as we were previously informed, was the Boarder expected from *Lisbon*. My Father received him with open Arms, overjoyed to find he was not imposed on, and persuaded by the Astonishment I betrayed, he had hit upon the right Method of compassing his Designs.

It's true the graceful Appearance and polite Behaviour of this Stranger both disturbed and surprized me ;

to expect to see a deformed Person, and find him exceeding handsome, must make a deep Impression on a young Heart. I could not refrain from viewing him, in hopes of discovering some Defects, but found it was in vain: His Hair, which was of an ashen Colour, fell carelessly in large Ringlets on his Shoulders, and notwithstanding the Disorder his Voyage had occasioned in his Dress, his Air had something so grand in it, that after a long Scrutiny I could not possibly dislike him. I rose from Table, nettled to find nothing in him that suited the Aversion I fancied I had to the whole Sex, and notwithstanding my Father and Mother's Commands for me to stay, I retired to my Chamber crying like a Child.

Is it not with Justice, that Capriciousness is looked upon to be the distinguishing Characteristick of our whole Sex? Was not my Behaviour on this Occasion a singular Instance of it? My Heart and Eyes were no sooner freed from the Impression I have already mentioned, but I found myself more averse to Matrimony than ever; in vain did my Affections struggle against so unreasonable a Conduct; my Obstinacy prevailed over the Importunities of my Parents and my own Inclinations, for in a few Days the young Man's Presence disarmed the Haughtiness of my Heart, as my Father plainly perceived. In order to succeed in their Designs, it was resolved that I should read a Course of Physick to the Boarder; I piqued myself on complying on this Occasion, and hiding from *Belizai* (for so the Boarder was called) the Pleasure his Company afforded: but, how weak are we when in love! and how difficult it is to gain such Victories without hazarding the most dangerous Revolutions! The perpetual Constraint I was under to disguise my Sentiments, and the constant Guard I was obliged to keep over myself, was too great a Shock to my Inclinations for a tender Constitution to support; I sunk under the Weight, and fell dangerously ill.

Belizai never left my Bed-side; if my Resolution gave way at the Sight of him, he was not less captivated on his Side; he secretly admired me from the first, but having discovered my Humour, and regulat-

ing his Behaviour upon the Antipathy I expressed to the softer Passions, his Conduct, either through Timidity or Discretion, was so circumspect and restrained, that, led by my capricious Temper, I blamed him for it in my Heart. But when I fell sick, he left me no farther Room to find fault with him. He threw off all Restraint when he saw the Danger I was in, and gave very convincing Proofs both of his Passion and Grief: the Transports he indulged himself in, were so acceptable to my Father, that he promised *Belizai*, if it should please God to restore my Health, he would join our Hands in case no Obstacle arose from any Dislike of mine. Transported with this Promise, and looking upon me, as he told me, in the Quality of his dear Wife, he would scarce suffer any one else to do the least Thing for me. The Condition to which I was reduced, and his known Discretion, pleaded an Indulgence for his Tenderness; but the Small Pox soon appearing, and my Father being apprehensive of his Boarder's Health, he was debarr'd from coming into my Chamber. The timorous *Belizai* obeyed, but with so much Regret and Vexation that he lost his Appetite; my Father perceiving this, and fearing lest his Over-Precaution might bring on what he endeavoured to prevent, left him to his Liberty: this, which he called a Favour, was no sooner granted, but he presently recovered his usual Cheerfulness. During the first Days of *Belizai's* being removed for the Reasons above mentioned, when the Intervals of my Illness permitted, I was sensible of his Absence, and suffered cruelly by it, breathing out abundance of Sighs, without discovering the real Cause. Ah! without doubt, said I to myself, *Belizai* is gone, discouraged, as he well may, by my Indifference; he is gone! and offers elsewhere those Vows which here found so cold a Reception: or rather, has not my Illness disfigur'd me to that Degree, that the little Beauty which once could secure his Affections, is now no more! Either Reflection pierced my very Soul; these Agitations increased my Illness to that Degree, that had not *Belizai* returned as he did by my Father's Permission, Life was fleeting fast away: his

his Presence called it back; the Despair he expressed at my extreme Danger, being an undeniable Proof of his Constancy and Love, was a precious Balm reanimating my benumb'd Senses: I began to recover, but what chiefly contributed to it, and sed my Vanity besides, was, that being fond of my few Charms, especially from the Time my Heart was entangled in Love, I found I should not in the least be marked with the Small Pox.

My Father, who during the Course of my Illness had been cruelly alarmed, was transported at my Recovery; he shewed it by the large Alms and other Works of Piety he employed as an Acknowledgement for so great a Blessing, and to obtain its Continuance till my Health was fully re-established; being uneasy that all his Experience and Remedies could not prevail against a languishing Weakness under which I laboured. But in three Months after the Small Pox was over, he had greater Reason than ever to be afflicted, for I was seized with a continual Vomiting; this was attributed to a Disorder of my Stomach, and proper Remedies were tried, but without Success, till in the fourth Month it ceased, when I began to mend, though I still was troubled with a kind of Loathing, and odd Fancies that were not usual.

Belizai still continued his Assiduity about me, but notwithstanding my secret Inclinations I behaved outwardly as usual: Though I really loved him more than myself, yet I could not conquer an Aversion I had to declare my Mind, as he well deserved for his Tenderness, Love, and Complaisance; a Declaration which at once would have compleated the Joy of both him and the Family, being what he so earnestly desired. My Father attributed this Indifference of *Belizai* to my old Aversion in regard of Men in general, but was still in hopes that in time my Mind might change.

My Health was now entirely re-established, except some Twitches I felt, which from time to time were almost insupportable. The Account I gave my Father of it, and my comparing it to a living Creature, made him conclude that I had something within me, bred by a Conflux of Humours, that prey'd upon me and supported

ported its Life at the Expence of mine, which it wore away by degrees; Examples, though not very frequent, are not wanting of such Phænomena, and thence he concluded to his great Amazement, that it was my Case; he called a Consultation of Physicians, unwilling to rely on himself in so nice a Point, and wherein he was so nearly concerned. I was examined, and it appearing that I felt the Motions beforementioned, when fasting, or beginning to eat, it was concluded that my Father's Opinion was preferable to any thing that had been alledged on the Subject, and that as the Case was exceeding dangerous as well as extraordinary, an Incision was the only means of freeing me from what sooner or later would certainly prove my Destruction.

This Prescription threw the whole Family into the utmost Consternation; my Father after drying his Tears, came and acquainted me with it, having prepared me with all that Religion or Reason could suggest; I must own that the Conclusion of his Harangue struck a Terror into me, since I found that in performing the Operation the least Accident might be fatal. I took that Night to consider of it, and any one will easily imagine, that in such a Situation I got but little Rest. It was near Day before I shut my Eyes; nevertheless oppressed as I was, I began to doze, when on a sudden I started up at a Voice which said distinctly, *Lindamine, besure you don't consent to the Operation, in two Months you will be certainly cured.* Terrified at the Voice, and covered with a cold Sweat, I called aloud for Help to my Father, whose Chamber was near mine; he immediately rose and came to know the Occasion of my Outcries: when I told him what had happened, he endeavoured to bring me to myself by persuading me, that considering the Anxiety I went to Bed in, it was easy to comprehend that the Vapours of a Sleep so reasonably disturbed, might occasion a Dream, which would make the greater Impression, as it arose from the Apprehensions the Soul is continually under, with regard to a Separation from the Body: for a Confirmation of what he asserted, he reminded me of what I read a hundred times in our Treatises of Physick, that in a violent Fever, the sub-

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the Vapours which mount to the Brain, cause so great a Disturbance and Confusion in the several Parts about the *Pineal Gland*, that it conceives Objects very far different from what they really are in themselves; that they not only represent them thus to the disturbed Imagination, but even to the Eyes themselves: it sometimes happens that the very Ears seem to hear, even when we are awake, whole Sentences which are nothing but the Produce of a distemper'd Brain.

These Remarks, however well founded, made no Impression; I was too well satisfied of what had happened, neither had I any Fever, and consequently not in the Situation my Father supposed; besides, my Studies had not entirely conquered the Prejudices of Childhood; and our Sex, whatever Progress it may make in Learning, always retains some little Share of its natural Weakness: I dreaded Apparitions, and imagined the Voice to come from something of that Nature; I was positive I had been acquainted with the Voice; from whence I concluded that some Friend of the Family just departed had given me that Admonition; my Father made light of all this, and set it aside by philosophical Arguments, which at last convinced me; the great Confidence I reposed in his Learning and Experience obliged me to yield the Point, but at the same time I declared to him that finding myself much better, and free from the Pains I had complained of (which was only a Feint to avoid the Operation) I could not think of coming to an Extremity; he would have replied, but I fell into such a Fit of crying, that out of Compassion he gave me his Word, he would not insist upon it.

Notwithstanding the Danger with which the Physicians threatened me, in case I did not comply with what they ordered, my Health improved daily, excepting those interior Motions I felt, but did not dare mention for fear of the fatal Operation; nevertheless, the Uneasiness this new Habit of Body occasioned, was far inferior to what I laboured under on account of my Sleep: naturally I slept but little, and was so alert that a Mouse would wake me; but
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after the Small Pox it was quite otherwise; I was so alter'd as to this particular, that I not only slept many Hours, but it was often morally impossible to wake me; my Maid assuring me that she frequently pulled me about for half an hour before I opened my Eyes, and sometimes could not effect it; that one Day particularly she was very much frightened, imagining I was in a Fit, and would have called my Father, but that I had strictly charged her never to acquaint him with my Ailments, for fear of bringing on the terrible Operation with which I was threatened. This Detail made me renew the Prohibition for the same Reason, and from my own Knowledge in Physick I took such Remedies as are proper to thin the Blood, and of course to prevent the ill Consequence of a continual Sleepiness.

One Morning being awake sooner than ordinary, *Belizai* sent in my Maid to desire leave to speak a Word with me: I was then in Bed, as I generally had been of late by reason of a heavy Weariness, I could no ways account for, and which made my Father and Mother very uneasy, lest what the Physicians had foretold should come to pass: Decency obliged me at first to refuse *Belizai's* Request, but he insisting on coming in, and declaring he should not stay a minute, I ordered the Maid to remain in the Room. He held a Letter in his Hand, with a dejected Air, and Melancholy painted on his Countenance; the very Sight of him made me start, without knowing the Reason. He trembled as he drew near the Bed side. I am going, said he, to leave you, *Mademoiselle*, having just now received an Account that my Father lies at the Point of Death; my Grief—It's very natural, (said I interrupting him, pierced to the very Soul, and scarce able to dissemble it) I am much concerned at your Trouble. Would to God, cried *Belizai* not regarding the Maid's Presence, it were really so! What a Comfort should I receive from your sharing in the Affliction I must undergo, when absent from you! We mistake each other, replied I still dissembling, I mean the Danger your Father is in, which has not the least Connection with what you just now mentioned. It's too evident,

evident, replied the charming *Belizai*, that you will not understand me; I blush when I own, that what calls me away does not most alarm me: could I but lay open my Heart, that you might read what passes there! Whence comes this cruel Aversion to Men? Am I too included in it? Ah! lovely *Lindamine*, to what has this Notion prompted me! How happy should I be, if you do not one Day condemn the Rashness of a Passion, which durst not face the Light! I understand you not, replied I, amazed at his dark Expressions, and surpris'd at his looking stedfastly on me, which was not usual. What Fear of the Light is it you hint at? continued I; what Encouragement did I ever give, that you should entertain me with so much Assurance upon the Subject of Love? My Right, replied *Belizai* in Confusion, is of such a Nature—He was going on when my Father came into the Room; I was extremely concerned at the Interruption of a Discourse, which so much affected me, and which hitherto it was impossible for me to comprehend.

My Father, who by the same Post had likewise received the News, came to inform *Belizai* of the Particulars; his Voyage was immediately concluded on, the resolving upon which overpowered me: In love, as I was, so awful a Presence as my Father oblig'd me to stifle my Tears: The Moment was now come, in which my Weakness must have discovered itself to open View. *Belizai* retired with my Father, after taking his Leave in the most respectful Manner: overwhelmed with Anguish I sent the Maid away, and being alone I abandoned myself to Affliction.

It was near ten at Night before I thought of eating, or would suffer any one to be in my Chamber; but finding myself seized with a violent Colick which increased every Moment, I rung my Bell for help; my Maid was scarce entered the Room when I cried out bitterly, and thought myself on the Point of expiring: The Servant, terrified at the Condition I was in, ran to acquaint my Father, who immediately entered the Room with my Mother; their Presence afforded me no Relief, nor hindered my Moans; my Father, with all his Skill, was mistaken, and apprehended

hended I should be stifled by the Creature, the Physicians supposed I had within me; he ordered some Blood to be taken away, which gave me a little Relief, but the fatal Colick returning with greater Violence than ever, and throwing me into Convulsions, he burst into Tears, and whispered my Mother that there was no hopes of my Life, and that I could not possibly survive till Morning; this threw the whole Family into the utmost Despair: Physicians and Surgeons were called in, and, whilst I was making my Confession, consulted what to do: They all agreed (except one, who, after feeling my Pulse, went away shrugging up his Shoulders) that in this Extremity, the Operation should be attempted.

My Father was coming into my Room to prepare me for such a horrible Prescription, not doubting but the Presence of Mind and good Sense I retain'd in my Torments, would effect an entire Resignation to the Will of Heaven: But alas! there was no Occasion for any thing of that Kind: How shall I dare to acknowledge my Shame? continued the lovely Pilgrim, casting down her Eyes, and blushing; Nature, pressed to ease me of a common and usual Burthen, made so violent an Effort, that, the whole House ringing with my Cries, I brought forth a little Creature without any one's Assistance; my Mother smote her Breast at the Sight, and my Father quite thunderstruck, left the Room with a broken Heart: The Apprehension lest Reproaches might prove of fatal Consequence, prevailed on my Mother to stifle her Rage; she constrained herself so far as to make much of me, and serve me in place of a Midwife; I suffered myself to be guided, without the least Suspicion of what happened, believing very sincerely that it was only the strange Creature so often mentioned, from which Heaven was pleased at last to free me.

I gave the greater Credit to it as the Child was still-born, which might very well happen from the Difficulty of the Birth, and want of proper Assistance, as the real Cause of my Illness was not surmised. Ten Days past on in this Manner, during which my Father never came near me: I enquired for him every Moment,

ment, as also a Description of the Creature from which I had been freed; I could get no Answer to my Questions; Sighs and Tears generally followed, which was all the Satisfaction I received.

But as I had recovered some Strength, and thought myself out of any immediate Danger of Death, I resolved to rise and see what was become of my Father, who never appeared. The Sorrow under which my Mother and the Servant seemed to sink, disturbed me very much, and their Answers not agreeing exactly together, I threw myself out of Bed, fully resolved to penetrate into this Mystery. Go to your Bed again, cruel Child, said my Mother forcing me to comply, and don't compleat the Number of your Crimes in too soon destroying my Life, by the Loss of yours, which cannot be so far off after the Dishonour you have brought upon yourself; be satisfied with the bitter Anguish with which you have overwhelmed me, by bringing your Father to the Grave thro' your vile Behaviour, and don't add to your farther Reproach.—Good God! what is it I hear? cried I in Transport: What Stroke is this that is aimed at me? My Father dead! I bring him to the Grave! Yes, cruel Creature, replied my Mother interrupting me and shedding a Torrent of Tears, your Father paid the Debt of Nature two Days after that fatal one, which you blackened by spreading Shame and Confusion over the Family. Heavens! replied I weeping bitterly, what Crimes have I committed! what am I accused of! Wretch that I am in the very Jaws of Death, languishing for so many Months, not seeing the Face of any one, what is it I am thus reproached withal? But, Daughter, my dear Daughter, cried my Mother, to what Purpose do you thus plead Ignorance? how can you hope to hide an Infamy, which I was an Eye-witness of, and every body knows? Notwithstanding all the Precautions we employed to screen our Shame from the Eyes of the World, the whole Town is too well informed—Informed of what? cried I interrupting her, and past all Patience at what she said; Explain yourself better, for God is my Witness——Do not, *Lindamine*, continued my Mother, do not prophane that adorable Name, lest im-

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mediate Vengeance should fall upon you : On the contrary, you ought to thank the Lord for the signal Favour of preserving you a Life, which your Indiscretion exposed, and of which you were unworthy, by being the Occasion of your Child's dying without Baptism : That might have been prevented, had you placed a due Confidence in your Mother, and frankly owned what Kind of Assistance you wanted ; a Mother, however afflicted she may be with such a Confession, yet when so dangerous a Moment is at hand, forgets what is past.

I should have suffered her to have gone on much longer, so confounded I was and astonished with this Discourse. Imagining that she made an Impression, and that Grief and Shame restrained me from returning an Answer ; Take courage, continued she embracing me, what is passed cannot be remedied : your first Step at present towards an Amendment, is to implore the Forgiveness of Heaven for your Crimes, and I will join with you in good Works, that we may obtain so great a Mercy : the Death of a Child and a Parent can never be sufficiently attoned for ; nevertheless, we ought not to despair, continued she seeing me almost choked with Excess of Grief. The Gospel assures us, that a contrite Heart opens the Gates of Mercy. Come, Daughter, continued my Mother, fearing lest I should expire in the Agony in which she saw me, we'll say no more, should it throw you into a Fever it may be fatal. Heaven forbid ! what would become of me, if I should lose all that's left me in this World ! No, my dear Child, added this wretched Parent, embracing me, you will not overwhelm me anew ? you always loved your Mother, and you know she doats on you ; dry up your Tears, I forget all, I have said it ; and the cruel Injury we have received shall be attoned for by your marrying the Person, who notwithstanding all the Discretion I know you are possessed of, has found means to delude you ; name him, perhaps he absconds, but let him return, we have an ample Fortune, sufficient to settle him very happily in the World ; it's scarce possible, whoever he is, that he can be so dishonourable as to refuse you this Reparation.

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All this was but so many Riddles, as I assured my Mother; she bewailed my Obstinacy, and fearing lest her Impatience might be of ill Consequence to my Health, went out of my Chamber all in Tears: She was no sooner gone but I renewed my Lamentations, and threw myself a second time out of Bed in order to follow her; the Maid, who was much stronger, put me to Bed again: In the Name of God, *Fanny*, said I, explain what my Mother has been saying: I with Child! I brought to bed! I really believe, if I may use such an Expression, my Mother is gone distracted. Ay, but it's too true for all that, replied the Servant very coarsely, and you would do much better, Miss, to own who has abused you. You are an impertinent Hussy, answered I giving her a Box on the Ear; it becomes you mighty well truly, to talk to me in this Manner, learn the Respect you owe me; my Mother is Mistress, and may say what she pleases, though, God knows, I bear it very impatiently even from her; but, for you, let me hear no more of it. The Servant, provoked at my Behaviour, took so much Liberty in a pert Answer she made me, that, transported beyond all Bounds, I caught up a Candlestick which stood by my Bed-side, and threw it with so much Force, that lighting unhappily on her Temple, she expired in about two Hours time.

Imagine, Mademoiselle, continued the unfortunate Pilgrim with a deep Sigh, the Despair this last sad Accident occasioned; I got out of Bed, bewailing what I had done, and ran in my Shift like a mad Creature to my Mother's Chamber; she was crying, and seemed frightened at the Sight of me; she came and embraced me, and led me back to my Chamber with all the Caresses her Tenderness could inspire; but! how great was her Consternation when she beheld the Maid groveling on the Floor in her Blood; she called for Help, a Surgeon was sent for, but all in vain, his Skill could not save her Life.

A plausible Account, you may imagine, was given of this Accident; as there was no Witness present, and we much known and respected, the

Author

Author of the Murder was never called in question.

In the mean time, this last Adventure, together with what my Mother had alledged, affected me so much, that I fell very ill, and lay at the Point of Death; the convincing Proofs she had given me of my having really lain in, tho' I knew myself entirely innocent, afforded me a gloomy Light in my fatal Destiny, and perplexing my Mind with so many Contradictions, brought me into the Condition I just now mentioned; my Mother was so terrified that she made a Vow of going in Pilgrimage to our Lady's of *Luxembourg*, if God would please to restore my Health.

Her Prayers were heard, doubtless for the greater Punishment of my Sins; on my Recovery she began to think of her Grave, the Way to which our Misfortunes had already paved; but my persisting not to acknowledge who it was she imagined had abused me, (a Refusal she considered as a Proof of an obstinate and wicked Heart) was such a finishing Stroke, that she sunk under it: finding her Dissolution draw near, and seeing me in Tears by her Bed-side, she conjured me by the Condition I saw her in, to give her the Satisfaction she had so long desired: What could I say, ignorant as I was of what had happened, but convinced that if there was any thing in it, some very extraordinary Means had been employed; my Mother could not be persuaded but that I dissembled the Truth, and upon that Account never looked towards me during the few Days she had to live; neither could my Tears nor Entreaties prevail upon her to give me her Blessing; she assured me just before she expired, that sooner or later God would punish my false Heart.

Her Death, attended with so many cruel Circumstances, threw me into such Agonies of Despair, that I made several Attempts on my own Life; my Relations, who never left me after this last Accident, watched me Day and Night, and it's to their Vigilance I owe my Preservation from an untimely End. This Frenzy lasted above a Month; 'tis true, the fre-

quent Exhortations of a worthy Clergyman, whose Learning equalled his great Compassion, brought me by degrees to myself; he prevailed on me, after hearing all my Misfortunes, to have recourse to Almighty God: My Sincerity and Innocence appeared to him indisputable; Religion had gained its Ascendant over me, and I made my Confession with the Dispositions of a sincere Penitent. The good Priest guessed, from all the Circumstances of my Misfortunes, that some unnatural Means had been basely employed on this Occasion, or that a sleeping Potion had been secretly administered, since I was entirely innocent: This seemed the more likely from some Particulars I informed him of; and finding how much I suffered in relating all that had passed, he comforted me, by representing that as I could not foresee what was to happen, I might reasonably hope to find Mercy in the Sight of God; but, if I had persisted in rebelling against his Will, I should have excluded myself from his holy Grace; that Providence ordered every thing for the best, and out of Love to us Creatures, often moved its secret Springs to draw us to itself; that in Misfortunes like mine, the only Resource was to submit to its eternal Decrees.

Such Exhortations, often repeated with great Fervour, had the Effect the good Curate proposed: after a spiritual Retreat of nine Days which he enjoined, methought an Inspiration from Heaven induced me to make a Vow, of fulfilling what my Mother had promised during my Illness; besides, I firmly determined at my Return to become a Nun, bestowing one half of my Estate on the Poor, and dividing the other among my Relations, without regard to Proximity of Blood, but as their several Wants might require.

After this Plan was formed, I communicated it to my worthy Director; he congratulated me on such pious Resolutions, inspired, as he said, by the Divine Grace; but he disapproved of the Pilgrimage, as liable to great Inconveniencies, to which, in so long a Journey, a young Woman must unavoidably be exposed; he offered a Dispensation from the Vow, but

he found me so strongly bent on the Performance, that he was obliged to consent, after giving me the best Advice for regulating my Conduct, and avoiding the Dangers his Prudence foresaw would attend the Execution of my Design. Before I began my Pilgrimage. I settled my Affairs, reserving only what was absolutely necessary for the State of Life I was determin'd to embrace ; my Relations us'd their utmost Endeavours to dissuade me from making over my Fortune, justly apprehending that if I should change my Mind, I must depend upon the Courtesy of others for a Subsistence ; but my Steadiness surmounted all these Obstacles, and as they perceiv'd I was entirely taken up with my Project, they left me at liberty to act as I judg'd proper ; a Design of embracing a religious Life has this particular Privilege, that it supplies the Incapacity of Minors.

The Day before my Departure, I underwent an Assault, little inferior to the rest : I receiv'd on the same Day two Letters from *Belixai* : The first inform'd me how much he suffer'd by being separated from me, and that nothing could effect the least Alteration in his Sentiments : he acquainted me that his Father was dead, and had left him a plentiful Fortune ; that Decency alone had prevented him till now from assuring me that his Happiness was incompatible with my Absence ; he besought me to accept of his Hand and Heart with all he possess'd ; he exhorted me to reflect very seriously on what he propos'd, declaring that in some Sense I was not at liberty to do otherwise, nor so much my own Mistress as to dispose of myself without his Consent.

I was still at a loss to comprehend the Meaning of all this, which I thought a very extraordinary Method of Courtship ; but the second Letter, dated two Days after the first, and wrote lest I should hesitate in coming to a Determination, fully appriz'd me of my fatal Destiny, by his declaring himself very roundly to be my Husband ; he there acquainted me with the base Means he had employ'd to obtain that Title, vainly endeavouring to palliate them by the Excess of his Passion, and a Dread of losing me, too well

grounded on the Antipathy I express'd to any Engagement; that having consider'd all this, he made use of some very extraordinary Means to lay me asleep; that at first he had no farther View than to remedy a want of Sleep, from which I suffered very much during my Illness; but the Opportunity appearing so favourable to his future lawful Designs, as he called them, he could not resist the Temptation; that he had flatter'd himself, in case a Pledge of his Love should appear, Decency would effect what his Passion and Addresses could not compass: how far he was in the right, my Behaviour must determine.

The second Letter justly incens'd me to a very great Degree; notwithstanding the Prejudice of my secret Passion for this unworthy Lover, I firmly resolv'd never to see his Face more, and that nothing should ever prevail on me to change my Mind. I resolv'd to exert myself in endeavouring to forget him: addressing myself to God, I made a Sacrifice to Him of whatever Inclination might remain, and renew'd my Vow of becoming a Nun; a Resolution I have hitherto persisted in, and will never lay aside, trusting in God that his holy Grace will support me against every thing that may tend to shake my Resolution.

It's now a Year and a Day since I came from home in this Equipage: I have had the good Fortune to execute my Design without meeting with any troublesome Adventure, and, as my Vow is fulfill'd this Day, to-morrow I bid adieu to the World.

Thus I have given you *Mademoiselle*, the History of my Misfortunes, which will be ever fresh in my Memory: For my greater Humiliation, I have made it a Law to myself always to give a Detail of them to such as desire it, to the end that this History, being made publick, may teach young Women to dread the vile Artifices which Men are so apt to employ in seducing their Innocence, and to be always on their Guard against such Beasts of Prey, the more to be feared, when embolden'd in the Havock they make, by any alluring Endowments of Body or Mind.

To this Recital of my Misfortunes there is one Condition annex'd, which I do not previously mention, because I am persuaded nobody will refuse to comply with it: It is, *Mademoiselle*, to do some Act of Piety in my Behalf, that God will please to give me Perseverance in the holy Sentiments, with which he has inspir'd me, and Strength to put them in execution.

Thus did *Lindamine* finish her Story, wiping away her Tears which she could not restrain. I thank'd her for the Complaisance she had shewn, and enquired how far off the Convent might be, whither she propos'd to retiré: her Answer was, that she had not as yet pitch'd upon any Place; that it was indifferent to her, and, as she intended to forsake the World entirely, she propos'd, when her Steward arrived, to make him bespeak some Convent where she was not known; that for this Reason she would not fix her Retirement in her own Country, elsewhere she had no Objection, if she were receiv'd.

Upon hearing this, a Thought came into my Head, that might be equally serviceable to her, and give me an Opportunity of sending some Account of myself to dear *St. Agnes*, ever present in my Heart. With this View, I recommended very earnestly to *Lindamine* the Monastery I had lately left, promising to direct her to a Lady who honour'd me with her Friendship, and who would take a singular Pleasure, thro' a sincere Piety and obliging Disposition, to serve her, as far as lay in her Power; that it was the surest Means of completing her Design; as she would be received with open Arms; and being so well recommended, no Enquiry would be made.

Lindamine made her Acknowledgements with great Vivacity, and accepted very kindly of my Proposal. I talk'd a great deal to her concerning *St. Agnes*, praising her sweet Disposition and agreeable Conversation; I spent the Remainder of the Day in entertaining the pretty *Pilgrim* with the Satisfaction she would find in the Company of my Friend, whose Adventures, when acquainted with them, would interest her much, and oblige her to own that *St.*

Agnes, in some Respects, was more to be pitied than herself. *Lindamine* seem'd very much surpris'd at this, and ask'd what Misfortunes were comparable to her own?

The Perplexity, into which this Question threw me, made *St. Fal* rise from his Seat, easily apprehending, that as Matters were, his Presence might be some Restraint upon me: obliging and well-bred as he was, he desir'd leave to go before it was too late, and try the Benefit of the Air for a Head-ach, he had been troubled with since Morning. As he address'd himself to me, I answered with a Bow, upon which he retir'd.

When *Lindamine* and I were alone, I press'd her again to pitch upon the Convent I had mention'd; she assur'd me that she would go next Day to *Madame de G—*, and as soon as that Lady had settled the Terms of her Admission, she would enter. This Point being settled, I resumed the Subject of *St. Agnes*, and related her History in short to *Lindamine*, that she might entertain the better Opinion of her. The *Pilgrim* confess'd that if the fair Nun had the least of her Crimes to reproach herself withal, she, *Lindamine*, would allow herself to be the least unhappy of the two; but that no Misfortune was equal to the Stings of a guilty Conscience.

Lindamine very readily gather'd from my Friend's History, that I was entrusted with some Letters of Consequence, which I had not as yet found means to send; she told me very obligingly, that if I would venture them in her Hands, she would answer for their being deliver'd; that she would send the next Day a trusty Servant Express with them, who should return and give her and Account of the Execution of his Commission: I was so well pleas'd with the Feasibleness and Expedition of the Proposal, that, transported to think how overjoy'd *St. Agnes* would be to have her Business so well follow'd, I threw my Arms about *Lindamine's* Neck for Joy. This lovely Creature, charmed with my friendly Disposition, had a great mind to know, in her turn, my History: and though her Politeness made her readily accept
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of the Excuses I framed, yet she could not forbear renewing the Attack several times; at last, I told her with a Smile, that it would be a very ill Return for all her Civilities, to trouble her with a Detail of my Misfortunes; that *St. Agnes* should satisfy her Curiosity, and by an agreeable Manner of relating the History, would render it less insupportable. *Lindamine* allow'd of this frivolous Apology, but it only serv'd, as I was afterwards inform'd, to increase her Impatience. As the Time left for dispatching our Business grew very short, we set ourselves to writing. I was very glad of this Opportunity to beg of *Madame de G*—— the Continuance of her Friendship, and to give her an Account of my present Situation. My Letter to *St. Agnes* gave me the least Trouble, though by far the longest; after letting her know how happy I was in having such an Opportunity of serving her, I desir'd that if the *Marquess* should chance to come to the Monastery (which I imagin'd might possibly happen) she would please to inform him, that, whatever befel me, I should preserve the most affectionate and faithful Sentiments in his regard.

We spent so much Time in writing, that it was eight o'Clock before we finished our Dispatches. I was surpris'd that *St. Fal* did not return; his polite Behaviour, and the Confidence shewn in leaving me to myself at this present, knowing I had it in my Power to escape, as I had formerly done; this not only effaced all Resentment of his Behaviour on the first Day, but even created an Esteem, and gave me some Uneasiness for his Absence, as it was not a fit Hour to be in Fields in Winter. Enquiring for him, I was answer'd that he was gone to kill some Game, and very likely watching to shoot a Hare. I knew very well, being bred in the Country, that Sportsmen often staid out late; I return'd something satisfied to *Lindamine*, but was much surpris'd to find at her Feet, a very handsome Gentleman, expressing himself with great Emotion, and from whom the pretty *Pilgrim* was endeavouring to free herself with Words fre-

quently interrupted with her Tears. I was upon the point of retiring without examining any farther when *Lindamine* cried out: No, no, dear *Jenny*, come in and lend me your Assistance to guard my Heart against the Attacks of this vile Man, the unworthy Lover you have already heard me mention. Behold the brutal Ravisher, who endeavours to alledge the most outrageous Injury as a Proof of the tenderest Affection. Yes, charming *Lindamine*, cried *Belizai* interrupting her with great Eagerness, may Heaven punish me this Instant, if I had the least Intention of offending you! From the first Moment my Heart, captivated by your Charms, to the Name of Lover, would fain have join'd that of Husband. See here the first Origin of my Crime; your Coldness, the Distaste you express'd on all Occasions against Matrimony, your Father's Consent, which by discovering his Views, I was in hopes of obtaining, if I could bring my Designs to bear, all this put together, compleatly seduced and blinded me; I plead guilty, my charming *Lindamine*: That you really love me is no Secret; why therefore, thro' an unseasonable Punctilio, will you make us both unhappy, my Wife, my dear Wife as you are?—Hold, barbarous man, cried the *Pilgrim* all in Tears, what odious Title do you give me! what base Means, O Heaven! dare you—Yes, you are my Wife, replied *Belizai* eagerly grasping her Knees, nothing but Death shall wrest from me the amiable Name of Husband; let this Lady be Judge, continued the wretched Lover turning to me, she shall decide—I take you at your Word, replied *Lindamine* casting a Look at me; I am satisfied her Sentiments of Honour and Religion are such, that I have no room to doubt her passing Sentence in my Favour.

Belizai finding his Destiny placed in my Hands, rose up and began with exaggerating his Passion, Tenderness and Constancy; he set forth the most specious Pretences, in excuse of his Rashness and its Consequences; he endeavour'd to make me enter into his Opinion, which was, that since what had happen'd could not be recalled, Decency requir'd that Marriage should supply the Defects of his past Conduct; al-

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ledging, that abstracting from his Love, Probity oblig'd him to insist on the Marriage; from thence he pass'd to the Torments he had suffer'd whilst absent from all that was dear to him in this Life; he sought to move my Compassion by giving me an Account of the advantageous Matches he had refused for *Lindamine's* Sake; he affirmed that being press'd by his Relations in that Particular, he left *Lisbon* to avoid their Importunities, and came to *Montpelier* a Year ago, to make a Sacrifice of all those Offers to his Mistress, and present her his Hand; that finding, to his Grief, that she was gone from thence, and not knowing where to find her, he had wander'd about in search of her ever since; that returning to *Montpelier* and luckily discovering by mere Accident that she had sent for a Chaise, he watch'd its setting out, and follow'd it, without being perceiv'd, in order to throw himself at his Mistress's Feet, and either obtain her Pardon, or an End of his Afflictions by the Violence of his Despair.

I gave *Belizai* full scope to utter what he had to say; then turning to *Lindamine*, I ask'd her if she had any thing to add on this Subject to what she had already said; her Answer was that she had not, and that nothing in the World should prevail upon her to alter her Resolutions.

Encouraged by these Words, I address'd myself to *Belizai* in the following Manner. Since you are pleas'd, Sir, to refer yourself to my Decision, said I, give me leave to tell you, my Sentiments from yours on this Affair are very different; you must excuse me if I assert, that in my Opinion, you are not only unworthy of the Favour, to which you pretend, but even of being received into the Rank of those, whose strict Regard for Virtue give them a just Elevation of Thought, since you have so outrageously trampled on those very Dictates of Honour and Probity, upon which you seem, with so little Reason, to value yourself. Is it possible, with your Education and Parts (for it were Injustice to deny you either) that you should act in a Manner so inconsistent with the Duty you owe yourself? The Deluding or even forcing a Woman, black as they are, fall short

of the Crime you have committed ; the two first may be compared to two Men of superior Strength and Activity, attacking two others, who by their known want of Skill and Courage, are no ways able to withstand them ; whereas your Conduct resembles exactly that of a base Assassin, who stabs his Adversary in the Back or asleep. In the first Case, the Aggressors leave room for making a Defence ; a lucky Accident may possibly elude their Strength and Skill : but, in the Case before us, who can possibly be secure ? In truth, I must say it, your Behaviour in this Affair, is properly an Assassination. I'll say more ; you plead, Sir, that your Love prompted you to perpetrate this Outrage : No, Sir, real Love never leads to Villainy ; besides, it is not to be called Love, where the Passion ultimately centers in itself. A Lady, who was pleas'd to have some share in my Education, and who is very justly admir'd for her nice Discernment, always asserted, that true Esteem not only wishes its Object happy, but even exerts all possible Means to render it so, even in the highest Degree that can be desir'd ; but what Obligation do you lay upon your Mistress, whom you admire because she is handsome, bears a good Character, is sweet temper'd, has, if you please, uncommon Talents, in a word, completely qualified to be a Companion for Life ? An hundred others will be in love with her as well as you, but perhaps are unwilling to make a Sacrifice to her of their several Inclinations and Fortunes. Put the Case, that this Mistress at an unguarded Hour, should be susceptible of any Frailty, a Man of Worth, who proposes to marry her, would be the first to support her against any such Weakness, far from taking the Advantage of such an Inclination. If you seek to make yourself agreeable by lasting Recommendations, such as Probity, Virtue, and Honour, the Esteem you create will always subsist ; you must even, when requisite, sacrifice your very Love itself, and if you cannot complete the Happiness of the Person beloved, you ought to contribute all that lies in your Power to effect it in the Arms of another. A Sentiment, truly noble, and of which we see but few Instances ;

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nevertheless I have known those whose Greatness of Soul would not have fail'd them on such an Occasion.

In fine, Sir, continued I, there is no real Happiness, without the strictest Regard to Honour and Probity. The Reason is, because when Passions have no other Support than themselves, they mutually clasp and shake each other; whereas that Love, which has Virtue for its Guide, fixes Happiness, as it is not liable to the Vexations and impetuous Storms, the Sallies of a disorderly Inclination usually create. How slender soever my Experience may be, I think I have given you a feint Sketch of the real Character of a Man of Worth, and an honourable Lover, to both which I think *Mademoiselle Lindamine* justly intitled, and which, had she found them in you, would have made her completely happy, if she really has those favourable Sentiments in your Behalf, as you seem to assert; but, thro' an unhappy Contrast, she is become the most wretched of her Sex. Reflect how many cruel Evils have flow'd from your Rashness; she loses her Father, provok'd by an impertinent Answer embrues her Hands in Blood, brings her Mother to the Grave, and is on the Point of plunging herself headlong into Eternity: To complete the whole, she lies under the strictest Obligations both of Honour and Religion, to make herself a Sacrifice, and retire for the rest of her Life to a Monastery, in order to appease the Remorses of a guilty Conscience. Let so generous an Effort be equall'd on your Side; or, if you cannot obtain so noble a Victory over yourself, at least give this last Proof of your Love, not to disturb her in the Execution of what she proposes.

I had no sooner named a Monastery, but *Belizai* threw himself again at her Feet, with such Marks of a sincere Repentance, uttering the most moving Speeches accompanied with Signs of so real a Despair, that the pretty Creature's Passion began to revive; some Sparks seemed to force their Way. *Belizai*, as cunning as amorous, perceiving the Effect his Presence and Discourse had, pursued his Advan-

tage so warmly, and gave it so many different Turns, that, with a deep Sigh follow'd by a Shower of Tears, she own'd her Happiness inseparable from his, and that her Vow was the only Obstacle left. Transported with this Acknowledgment, *Belizai* told her that such Vows were of very little Consequence; that any Priest had sufficient Power to grant a Dispensation from it, the obtaining of which would be attended with the less Difficulty, as there were such cogent Reasons for their being married. This *Lindamine* easily refuted, and beginning again to mention her Vow and the Monastery, *Belizai* in a violent Transport drew his Sword, and would have thrown himself upon it. Hold, cruel Man, cried *Lindamine*, her Blood running chill in her Veins, will you strike the finishing stroke to all my Misfortunes? put up your Sword; alas! I cannot survive you a Moment. I must yield: no, you shall not die, you are too dear to me: Heavens! what would become of me if I had this Death besides to lament! Do not, *Belizai*, do not thus terrify me any more; I tremble still, and am unable in the Consternation you have occasion'd to come to any Resolution; allow me this Night to implore the Assistance of Heaven, that I may be directed by its Inspirations, in the Morning you shall have my Answer, alas! too conformable perhaps to my Inclinations. The Lover would have replied, but *Lindamine* assur'd him, that she would not hear any thing more, that he had already but too successfully prevail'd, that he ought to be satisfied with the Promise she had made, and entreated him to retire; he complied, but with such a visible Sorrow as moved me very much.

Lindamine return'd to me, drying her Tears, and assured me that nothing should prevail on her to alter the Resolution she had taken. Ought I not to blush, said she, when I look you in the Face, after betraying so much Weakness? But, dearest *Jenny*, deprive me not of your Esteem; I am the more to be pitied; for notwithstanding the Violence of a Passion reviv'd at the Sight of him who first inspir'd it, you shall see me put in execution with the greatest Courage, what I have undertaken to perform.

The

The Steward expected by *Lindamine*, enter'd the Room just as she had done speaking; she let him know the Uneasiness she was under with respect to *Belizai*, after acquainting him with her Design of retiring to a Monastery: We all agreed that in order to elude her Lover's Vigilance, which doubtless would be extraordinary at this Juncture, that she and I should change Bed-chambers; that early in the Morning, *Lindamine* should set out first in *St. Fal's* Chaise, the Postillion being order'd to wait our coming at a Place appointed about six Leagues distant. I flatter'd myself that the Count would make no Difficulty to assist in so warrantable a Design. In the preceding Agitations a considerable Time was spent, and the Clock struck ten, without my hearing any Tidings of *St. Fal*; I grew very uneasy, as I inform'd his *Valet de Chambre*, not dissembling that his Indifference on this Occasion very ill became him: he was ashamed of it, and taking a Guide with him went to seek his Master. What made me the more apprehensive lest any Accident might have befallen the Count, was my having very innocently given occasion to it, being convinced that his Motive of going out was to take off all Appearance of Constraint on my Liberty; not but I was satisfied his only Aim was to please me, and saw plainly he was in love: I did not see any Obligation of taking upon me to resent a Passion, no ways encouraged or approved of on my Side. We cannot controul our Sentiments, but may always regulate our Manner of expressing them; and where a Woman has by her Merit created a Passion in a Man of strict Honour, I really think, even at this Day, when he has declared himself an Admirer, and she, on her part, has in a polite Manner sincerely assured him, that she is otherways engaged, or that her Duty or Affections are incompatible with any such Declaration, she ought not to pride herself in a scrupulous Nicety of avoiding his Company, provided she does not give him Opportunities: an affected Behaviour soon degenerates into mere Preciseness, and daily Experience convinces us, that Coquets and abandoned Women frequently lie hid under the Mask of Hypocrisy.

crisy. But to return before a Subject of this Kind carries us too far out of our Way.

Lindamine, desirous of setting out very early for the Reason above mention'd, after her usual Collation, went to Bed in the Manner we had agreed on. I sent for the Postillion who belong'd to the Count *de St. Fal*, and ordered the Chaise to be ready at Day-break: The great Deference paid me by the Count, of which his Servants were Eye-witnesses, was without doubt the Reason of the Postillion's readily receiving my Orders. *Lindamine* and I bid each other adieu with great Regret; that amiable young Creature was truly deserving of a singular Esteem, and had our Acquaintance been of a longer date, this Farewel would have cost me very dear; I beg'd very earnestly to hear from her as soon as I should be able to send proper Directions; she promis'd to comply so well with my Request, as might perhaps make me repent of allowing her that Liberty.

Ten, Eleven, Twelve o'Clock came, but no Count appear'd; the Landlady with all her Entreaty could not persuade me to go to Bed without knowing the Reasons of this unexpected Absence; all she could compass was to prevail on me to eat a Mouthful. Sitting down to Table, I heard a Horse stop at the Door; immediately the Landlady call'd from the Bottom of the Stairs, that I might sup in Peace for that a Courier brought me News of the Count: in consequence of this, up comes a Servant booted, of whom I hastily enquired for *M. de St. Fal*; his Answer was, that he left him about ten Leagues off, having rid Post with him so far. Astonish'd at what I heard, I question'd the Servant again; he replied, putting a Letter into my Hand, that there I should find a better Information than any he could give me. I open'd the Letter with great Eagerness, and read to my great Surprise as follows,

The Count de Saint Fal's Letter to Jenny.

" I have sent you an Express, *Mademoiselle*, being
" persuaded you must be under the greatest Uneasiness

" at

" at my Departure, as well as my Absence ; I made
" a Secret of it to you, being confident I should re-
" turn before you could perceive either the one or
" the other ; it would be the greatest Mortification to
" me, if you should put any other Construction upon
" my Journey.

" My Design was to prepare a convenient Lodging
" for you, till you were happily settled, as your great
" Merit justly deserves : but when I arrived at S. G.
" which I thought a more proper Place for you than
" any other, judge how I was surpris'd to find there
" the *Marquess de L. V.* whom I then thought to have
" been in *Lorraine* ; my Cousin was not less astonish'd
" to meet me ; his pale Face and confus'd Behaviour
" gave me Room to think, he suspected the Occasion
" of my Journey ; you shall know to-morrow, Ma-
" dam, the Reasons that hinder'd me from deal-
" ing sincerely with him ; I know you have so
" much Sense, I dare lay a Wager you partly guess
" my Motive.

" I did not well know what Conduct to observe
" with the *Marquess* ; I would willingly have avoided
" such an Interview, and the Questions he put to me ;
" but having always been so very intimate, I could
" not excuse myself from supping with him : our Dis-
" course turn'd upon indifferent Matters ; tho' he
" was twenty times upon the Point of speaking of
" his charming *Jenny*, still he contain'd himself,
" which confirm'd me more and more in his Mistrust
" of me : but to what Purpose do I any longer enter-
" tain you concerning the *Marquess*, can one pretend
" to make one's Court at the Expence of the
" Heart ? Forgive this Expression, it 'scaped me, I
" too much fear it may offend you ; I am silent,
" and will be more circumspect for the future : the
" more easily to obtain my Pardon, I will begin
" again to talk to you of my amiable Kinsman.

" Nothing fetters Conversation more than Distrust :
" The *Marquess* and I had no sooner sup'd but we
" parted under different Pretences : my Cousin's was
" that he must ride Post back again to *Pont-a-Mousson*,
" pretending to me that he was only come to Court,
" in

" in hopes that as his Affair lay dormant he might ap-
 " pear again, but that some of his Friends had given
 " him to understand, 'twas proper for him to be ab-
 " sent a little longer, till it was quite forgot. What
 " do you think of me, charming *Jenny*, for not be-
 " lieving him? I was not to be imposed upon with
 " this Pretext: I imagined (and I have now Reason
 " to believe myself not mistaken) it had either taken
 " Air, or that he had been inform'd of his Father's
 " Intentions; that my Cousin was in pursuit of you,
 " and that the Discourse I have just now related to
 " you, was only design'd to prevent my suspecting
 " his real Motives. I dissembled in my Turn, and
 " we took leave with great Coolness: he went away:
 " that I might know the Truth, I had him followed
 " at some Distance by a Man on Horseback: This
 " Emissary is just return'd with Word, that the *Mar-*
 " *quess* was come into the Town by another Gate,
 " which left me no farther Room to doubt of his
 " Designs; such as they are, I thought it was best
 " to act with Prudence; instead of coming back to
 " join you I set out for the Court; if he has me
 " dog'd in his turn, he will know, that I have not
 " deceiv'd him; and if it be true, that he suspects
 " me to act in concert with his Father, the
 " Conduct I pursue will convince him of the con-
 " trary.

" 'Tis your Business, *Mademoiselle*, to determine
 " which way to act; if I may give my Advice, in the
 " Disposition I am in of always serving you, it would
 " be proper for you to meet me to-morrow at *Ver-*
 " *sailles*. I shall take care to have an Apartment
 " ready for you, where you shall be receiv'd under
 " a Name that shall secure you from all Enquiries;
 " you'll find a Man in the long Walk who will watch
 " your coming by, and conduct you where you are
 " to alight; let not this Place give you any Dis-
 " quiet, the *Marquess's* Father is at his Country
 " Seat, and little suspects how ill I comply with his
 " Orders and Designs; when you are at Court I
 " shall see you, and we will consult together how I
 " am to proceed with my Uncle, whether he returns

" or

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" or makes a longer Stay at his Estate : happen what
" will, in me you shall always find a sincere Friend,
" who will secretly ward off all Assaults that may
" be made against you : please to do me the Honour
" to let me know your positive Resolutions ; the
" Person who is the Bearer of this has Orders to
" bring me your Answer, and knows where to find
" me. I am with much more than Esteem,

Mademoiselle,

Your most Humble, &c.

DE SAINT FAL.

" P. S. You'll please to remember, dear Jenny,
" that 'tis of the utmost Consequence to your In-
" terest, in the present Situation of your Affairs, by
" all means to avoid the *Marquess*."

I read this Letter several times over without being able to come to a Resolution ; what pleas'd me most was, the fresh Instances the *Marquess* gave of his Passion for me ; I could not help being sensibly touched with the kind Regard he shewed me, and my Heart was but too well pleas'd to see the Pains he took in seeing me. This natural Consequence I drew from it, that since I was so sincerely beloved by him, I need give myself no Disquiet for what might happen ; or, at least, in case of any Accident, I had a Protector to depend on, who would support me against the Attacks of adverse Fortune.

Notwithstanding the Pleasure I took in these Reflections, I could not but approve of *M. de St. Fal's* Conduct, tho' I made no doubt but Love and Jealousy had the greatest Share in it ; but the polite and engaging Manner in which this new Lover behaved, made me quite easy ; however that might be, I was just giving full scope to an ample Train of Reflections, but calling to mind that the Case required a positive Answer, I restrain'd my Thoughts

to the Point in view, what was to be done? This gave me no small Uneasiness; once I thought of taking advantage of the *Count's* Absence, and throwing myself into the Arms of my Relations; but that Vanity, I have mention'd elsewhere, which disdain'd the Meanness of my Birth; the Notion of what People would say; Love, if you please; the Hopes of a charming and much desired Fortune; all these things too strongly offered themselves to my Imagination, and entirely banished that Design; fearing even this virtuous Disposition might influence me, I wrote instantly to *M. de St. Fal*, and inform'd him that I relied so much on his Honour as to be entirely guided by him; that I would be at *Versailles* as he desir'd, where I depended upon the Continuance of his Goodness to me.

The Express was scarce out of Sight, when I repented of what I had done: Ah my God! said I to myself, why did I not pursue my first Design? what was I thinking of when I chose to come to a Place where my Lover's Father has so much Interest: If my unlucky Stars still prevail so as to discover me, who will protect me from his just Resentment? will he not have Reason to think I come to insult him in his own House? If I should even have the good Fortune to be conceal'd from this provok'd Parent, can I avoid being known by his Son? Love will be his Guide; and were I to suppose otherwise, should I not be weak enough to save him the Trouble? Heavens! what have I done? continued I; if none of these Inconveniencies were to happen, what Motive have I to persuade myself that *St. Fal* will always behave with the Moderation he now prudently puts on? Artful, perhaps dissembling, in his Addresses, does he not disguise himself, the better to bring me to his Purpose? Has he not sufficiently explain'd himself already in his Letter? Without doubt, said I crying, I am myself but too much the Cause of all that has happen'd to me; less Vanity, less Love, had long ago prevented all these Vexations, that have so fatally pursued me ever since I left our humble Cottage; that Shame which has hitherto oppos'd itself to a law-
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ful and proper Conduct, would by this time have been overcome: I should now have been secure in the Arms of my Mother; a Country Girl, 'tis true, but far more charming in my Virtue, than when deck'd in all the gaudy Trappings, with which this Age is so apt to dazzle. Part of the Night was passed in this Disquiet of Mind; a sudden Thought that struck me, made me rise in haste; remembring the Hour drew near when the Pilgrim was to go away, I lighted a Candle, and in spite of my Fears, ventur'd to *Lindamine's* Chamber; the Regard with which *Madame de G* — had honour'd me, encouraged my having recourse to it on the present Occasion; flattering myself that this generous Person, mov'd with the new Hazards to which my Virtue was again expos'd, would receive me into her Arms, and approve my Flight; or at least, if for the same Reasons as before, she durst not keep me, she would use her Credit to have me admitted into the Monastery from whence I came; I shall find, said I, my sincere Friend *St. Agnes* again; and *Lindamine*, whose Misfortunes have engaged my tender Friendship, will be a great Increase of my Comfort; we will join all three of us our Distresses, and there I'll quietly wait the End of my Misfortunes or Life. These new Projects fortified my troubled Mind, I entered the Pilgrim's Chamber to acquaint her with my Resolution; she was just ready to go, but the Force she put upon herself in quitting for ever a belov'd Admirer manifestly appeared in her Face by her Sorrow and Tears; the Condition in which I found her, made me forget my own Afflictions in order to comfort her; she confess'd that my Presence restor'd all her Resolution, which was not a little shaken at the Thoughts of a Convent, and her Lover's being so near; but how great was her Joy to hear I intended to accompany her? This Assurance dry'd up her Tears, a mild Serenity succeeded her Uneasiness, she embraced me in her Transport, and offer'd to divide with me all she had remaining of her Fortune, or at least to pay what would be necessary for my Admission into a religious House, if I were so dispos'd; I made my Acknowledgments for

for this her Goodness, but I could not help saying with a Smile, that I thought the Affair too serious to be determined so suddenly; she approved of my Sincerity, and added with a deep Sigh, that in the Condition she was, I must not regard her Decision.

In the mean while, word was brought that the Chaise was ready, and we were upon the Point of going; my Virtue, satisfied with the Resolution I had taken, gave me such an inward Tranquillity, as to silence the Voice of Love; *Lindamine* was preparing to follow me, muffled up for fear of meeting *Belizai*; but this extraordinary Lover, who had only feign'd to comply with his Mistress's Desires, the better to prevent her Distrust, had been upon the Watch all Night, and found out our Projects (as he soon own'd to us) having overheard all we said: In fine, we were opening the Door to go away, when he appear'd all of a sudden; Pardon my Despair, dear *Lindamine*, cried he, stopping our Passage, I had rather suffer Death than consent to your unjust Designs; will you then leave me, and withdraw yourself from the legitimate Rights I have over you?—Rights! cried the Pilgrim very resolutely: Ah! my God, of what Nature are they? Ought you not to blush? Do you expect to prevail because you have taken such a thing into your Head? Would you resemble those who arrogating a Power to themselves which they have not, think they need but speak and the Matter is done? As for my part, Sir, I am not of that Opinion, continued *Lindamine*; you will be so good if you please—To return to your Apartment, replied *Belizai*, growing calmer, and lowering his Voice; Ah! I ask your Pardon young Lady, for thus opposing your Designs, but I will perish before I let you go without me. During this gentle Expostulation, *Belizai* would have seized the Pilgrim's Hand to oblige her to go in again; but this amiable young Creature returned of her own Accord rather than suffer this Violence; Ah! how wretched am I, cried she, throwing herself into an Arm-Chair, those who ought to behave with Respect become my Tyrants! I submit, O my God, continued

tinued she, shedding Tears, you cannot humble me too much ; in you I place my Hope, founded on the Purity of my Intentions. Having pronounced these Words, she was silent. I leave you, *Mademoiselle*, says *Belizai* in a respectful Voice ; I am going to pray that Heaven which you invoke, to free your Mind from this Agitation : As soon as you give me any Marks of it, you shall find me resign'd ; but without that, I swear solemnly, I had rather suffer Death than you should engage in any rash Enterprize ; if Love has no greater Sway in your Heart, at least, let Honour reign in its Place ; this is saying enough, added *Belizai*, you understand me, and I am persuaded you will make suitable Reflections thereon. Making a profound Bow he retir'd, giving me such a Look as sufficiently explain'd his Resentment, though I pretended not to observe it.

Lindamine, who was pretty warm in her Temper, pour'd out her Soul in the most cruel and bitter Complaints as soon as her Lover had left us : After having given free Passage to her Grief, she declared, that Heaven had given her Grace to lay aside all Affection for her unworthy Lover ; that she was by so much the more comforted, as the State she was upon embracing required a Heart exempted from all Sollicitude ; that this Cure would enable her to comply with her Duty much more chearfully than she could have expected, if it were not for this happy Change Heaven had wrought, to which the ill Behaviour of her Lover certainly contributed. I did all I could to strengthen her in these good Dispositions, representing to her at the same time, the just Grounds there was to fear lest *Belizai* should throw new Obstacles in her Way. This made her thoughtful for a few Moments, then earnestly addressing herself to me, she said she had contrived Means to guard against all *Belizai's* Attacks ; she begg'd of me to get into the Chaise that waited for us, to leave the Inn, pretending to go away alone out of the Village, and to wait for her at a small Distance behind a little Chapel she described, assuring me she would find Means to come and join me, and deliver herself from *Belizai*. We were very
private

private in laying this Design for fear of being overheard; I acquiesced to all she required, and in order to give the thing an Air of Probability, I took leave of her aloud; and *Lindamine*, as she conducted me to her Chamber-Door, order'd one of the Servants in a loud Voice, to bid *Belizai* come up.

I was getting into the Chaise to execute our intended Project, when *St. Fal's* Valet de Chambre drew near me, and ask'd respectfully enough what was my Design; and where I was a going; not being prepared for this Question, I found myself very much at a loss, and did not know what Answer to make; that is to say, *Mademoiselle*, added he, seeing me struck, the Departure of your Pilgrim is only a Pretence of yours, in order to take the Advantage of my Master's Absence, and make your Escape; the Thought was not amiss, and I was very lucky in watching you, or I should have made a fine Figure in this Adventure: I have no Orders, it's true, continued the old Servant, to lay any Restraint on you, but I think myself oblig'd at least to represent, that you ought not to go from hence without my Master's Knowledge; the Civilities he has shewn you require this; as for my part I cannot consent that you should make use of my Master's Chaise, unless I have his positive Orders for it.

The Postillion who was ready to set out, upon hearing this Discourse got down, and took off the Horses; finding myself at such a Nonplus, I thought of making a Confident of the Valet de Chambre, and tell him my Motive, but he had so forbidding an Air, and always shew'd so great a Prejudice against me, that I durst not let him into the Affair; this Consideration carried me in again blushing and full of the greatest Uneasiness.

I knew not what Resolution to take: the Fear of finding *Belizai* and *Lindamine*, and rendering her more suspected by my-unlook'd for Return, led me to my Chamber; in reflecting on what had passed I saw nothing but Obstacles on all sides; 'twas in my Power to go to *Versailles*, I had the Master's Leave,

his

his Letter, and the Journey diminished my Uneasiness ; but the more I thought of it, the more repugnant it was to my Virtue. I had not forgot what *Madame de G* — had told me concerning a Woman who is under her Protector's Roof, nor the Snare I had so narrowly escaped when her Husband hired an Apartment for me ; besides I reflected with what Facility *Monsieur St. Fal* had changed his Sentiments in my Favour, after having shewn himself the first Day so strict an Observer of the Orders given him by my Lover's Father ; nevertheless, instead of conducting me to a Convent pursuant to the cruel Orders he had receiv'd, he became my Friend, betray'd the Trust his Uncle placed in him, offer'd to keep me (for any other Expression would be far fetched) was carrying me into a Country unknown to me, where I had neither Friend or Relation ; I could not but easily foresee I was going again to be overwhelm'd with Adventures.

I allow these Reflections should have been made sooner, but admitting That, what could I do ? Was it in my Power to chuse ? All Things consider'd, ought I not on the contrary, to bless the happy Lot which bestow'd on me a *je ne scai quoy*, that disarmed those who were destin'd to be my Persecutors ? Women of a certain Turn, when they read this Passage, will say very superciliously, you ought, Miss *Jenny*, to have suffer'd yourself to have been conducted to a Convent, instead of affecting so many Airs with the Men, or not to have set forth in such a pompous Stile your Virtue's being so much exposed ; after all, would you not have been very happy when maintain'd in a Monastery ? What could you expect better ?

The Remark is doubtless very just ; but I must ask these severe Ladies, if, when Girls, they committed no Faults ; if they vouchsafe to satisfy me upon this Article, I'll give them a fuller Answer ; in the mean time, I beg they would please to content themselves with the short Reflections which presented themselves in the Exigency I just now described.

My

My Chamber was under that of *Lindamine*, I had left the Door upon the Jar, without knowing why; sitting on my Bed's Foot quite buried in Thought, I heard *Belizai* coming down. I knew him by his Voice; as soon as he was gone by, I went immediately up to the *Pilgrim*; she was greatly surprised to see me again, I gave her an Account of what had happen'd: That signifies nothing, replied she, luckily my Chaise is not yet gone, it will be easy to get over this new Obstacle; would to God 'twere as easy to get rid of *Belizai*; I have just now undergone the most dangerous Attack from him, it not being in my Power to make him hear Reason: I must confess, my dear Friend, nothing but Absence can make my Virtue triumph; it was twenty times upon the Point of yielding, neither would you have been surprised, had you been present at the Assaults I have sustain'd; this wretched Lover threw himself at my Feet, confessed his Guilt, wept, sigh'd, would even have made away with himself. Ah! *Jenny*, how much is a Man who is not disagreeable, to be dreaded on such an Occasion! An Occasion which young Women who are not desirous of throwing themselves away, ought to shun as the most dangerous Rock; but for Heaven, to which I interiorly address'd myself, I could never have sustain'd this Conflict without fresh Wounds; the divine Grace preserv'd me against my natural Frailty; my Mind, elevated by a superior Power, safely conducted me along this thorny Path: I pretended the Tears of *Belizai* had soften'd me, and promis'd not to go away without him; he believ'd it, because one is apt to do so in things we wish for; in the mean while, I imagine the Thoughts of your Absence does not a little contribute to the making him easy, for he is afraid of you, and suspects your having suggested to me the Design of leaving him: Does he know any thing of your Return? continued *Lindamine*: If that were the Case, he would certainly resume his former Inquietudes.

The *Pilgrim* seem'd easy when I assured her, that her Lover was not acquainted with my coming back; nor was there any Reason to think he would be in-

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quisitive about it. Things being thus, replied *Lindamine*, you must return to your Chamber, and avoid all Intercourse with me this Day: you must pretend to be taken ill, and artfully make those believe who wait upon you, that your Indisposition was the Hindrance of your Journey, to the end that if *Belizai* should hear of your being in the House, it may give him no Distrust: The best of it is, that, by what you say, they don't pretend to lay any Restraint upon your Liberty, but only objected against your taking the Chaise; mine, as I told you, removes the Difficulty at once; I acquainted *Belizai*, that before I begin so long a Journey as I have promised to take with him, my Servant must go to a neighbouring Town to provide me several Necessaries; before he sets out, I shall intrust him to order Affairs as follows; he shall go in my Chaise, and return again at Night to wait for us at the End of this Village; the remaining Part of the Day I'll spend with *Belizoi*, the better to amuse him: Let us join in Prayer, and implore the Blessing of Heaven on our Design: It's Interest directs us, and from thence I draw a favourable Omen. This Discourse revived me, as I thought the Project well enough concerted; notwithstanding, I represented to the *Pilgrim* the Difficulty I apprehended of going off in the Night without being observed; but she assured me her Steward would provide against it: after mutual Embraces we parted.

I was no sooner in my Chamber but I feigned myself out of Order: Having sent for *St. Fal's Valet de Chambre*, I endeavour'd to remove any Umbrage he might take at what had passed, and the Confusion I betray'd; fearing, with some Reason, lest from thence he should think proper to acquaint his Master, that I had a mind to make my Escape; besides, I could not help thinking that good Manners required I should inform *M. de St. Fal*, before I left him, what my Motives were for so doing, since he had behaved so handsomely in my regard.

In order to leave the *Valet de Chambre* no Room to suspect any thing, I shewed him the Count's Letter, and asked if he knew the Hand? Being answer'd
in

in the Affirmative, I told him I could plead a very good Excuse for not being that Day at *Versailles*. You know very well, said I slyly, I was going, but you thought fit to stop me.—Who I, Madam, cried he, interrupting me, and confounded at what he heard, I should be very sorry to have done it: My Reason for obstructing your Journey, was the Apprehension I had of your making an Escape: had you mention'd the least Syllable of your Design, you would have been there before this. I did not imagine, replied I very coldly, that your Leave was requisite; besides I was so surpris'd at your Presumption that I could not speak, nor have I as yet recover'd myself. I sent for you, to inform you of this, having no Design to do you a Prejudice; but you must be sensible that I cannot avoid letting your Master know the Reason of my not setting out, or you may do it your self; I leave it to your Choice, as well as my going to-morrow at Day-break to *Versailles*; for since you have given me to understand, that in your Master's Absence I am to obey your Orders, I shall be careful not to take any Resolution for the future, without consulting you.

All this was utter'd with an Air so very natural, as quite stunn'd the poor *Valet de Chambre*; it's likely he knew his Master's Temper, and dreaded his Anger in case I should give him the same Detail of the Affair; besides, he was not ignorant of the Deference *M. de St. Fal* paid to me, and as I seem'd to resent the Usage I had receiv'd, he apprehended his Master might do the same. Upon this, he ask'd a thousand Pardons, in order to appease me, acknowledging his Fault, and begg'd of me to set out that Moment, being ready, as he said, to receive my Commands, and remove all Occasions of Offence. Pleased to find my Artifice had succeeded, I grew more calm, and told him my Indisposition would not allow me to go that Day, but that he should hold himself in readiness for the next Morning: I would then have had him retire, but he refused to leave my Chamber till I had pardoned his ill Manners, as he term'd it; in order to rid myself of him, I did more; I promis'd

to say nothing of what had passed to his Master. The *Valet de Chambre* seemed mighty well satisfy'd with this Assurance; and told me, that as we were not very far from *Versailles*, he would go thither himself to prevent his Master's being uneasy at my not coming; he added, he would have sent another on this Errand, but that he was desirous of shewing the entire Confidence he had in me, and that he was not placed as a Spy over me. I thought proper, to avoid all Suspicion, to insist on his sending the Postillion; but he alledged that the Boy, not having been long in his Master's Service, might possibly make some Blunder, very contrary to the Secrecy his Master had prescribed. I acquiesced to this Obstinacy as I called it, overjoy'd within myself, to be free from this watchful *Argus*, whom I dreaded as much as *Lindamine* could *Belizai*. The *Valet de Chambre* set out, and I congratulated myself on my Dexterity in getting out of this Scrape; it's certain, Evasions cost Women very little, and therefore woe to those Lovers and Husbands who have to deal with such as are not sincerely virtuous; all their Skill and Foresight can never secure them from being imposed on, of which every Day furnishes but too many Instances.

Thus far every thing went well, when about Eight in the Evening, hearing some Horses stop at the Inn, I looked hastily out of the Window, fearing lest any fresh Obstacle might thwart our Designs; my Life hitherto had been so much exposed to Vexations, that I imagined each Day must necessarily produce Instances of my being disappointed in every thing I undertook; a Train of Misfortunes naturally produces a continual Apprehension. As I had heard the *Marquess* was in the Neighbourhood, I began to think he might be arrived; I dare not say I was displeased; is it possible one should after so long an Absence of a Person beloved? Perhaps, said I to myself, the *Count de St. Fal*, uneasy at my not complying with his eager Appointment, is come to fetch me: This Perplexity occasioned my looking out a second time; by the Light of the Torches, carried by two Servants, I discerned a tall Man getting out of the Coach; he

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seemed

seemed something in Years, with a venerable Aspect, and, by his numerous Retinue, to be a Person of great Quality; before he entered the Inn, he cast his Eyes towards me, and even stopped his Attendants that he might have the better View; not accustomed to be thus ogled, I drew in; I fancied he looked something sweet upon me, and it was easy to discover he did not think me disagreeable. A small Share of Beauty suffices to inspire such a Thought into most Women; and let their way of thinking be never so just, if they deal sincerely, they must not deny but Vanity and Self-conceit furnish one half of their Reflections.

The Notion I had that *Lindamine* would not fail of coming to inform me of her setting out, prevailed upon me to leave my Door half open; the Agitations of my Mind, rather than what I eat at Supper, had inclined me to sleep in an armed Chair, tho' I was often disturbed from the continual Expectation of seeing the *Pilgrim*; but how was I surprised at last, to see two Men standing by me, one of whom I knew to be the Person I had seen get out of the Coach! The sudden Emotion, occasioned by their unexpected Presence, no doubt betrayed some Apprehension; I beg, *Mademoiselle*, said the tall Gentleman, whom I took to be the Master, you would not be frightened; I little thought of giving any Occasion to it, or of disturbing your Repose, when, thro' a Mistake, I came into your Apartment instead of my own; perceiving my Error, I was upon the Point of retiring, but must confess I was so surprised to see such a beautiful Creature, that, old as I am, I could not deny myself the Pleasure of gazing awhile; so many Charms cannot be destitute of sufficient Sweetness of Temper, to excuse what has happened, and I hope such an attracting Motive will plead my Pardon: no Age is secure from the Force of Beauty, and yours, in particular, is too irresistible, not to occasion many such Adventures. Any one will easily guess, both the Harangue, and the Visit, afforded me sufficient Subject of Admiration; but it will certainly be thought very extraordinary, that both the one and the other pleased me not a little; something, I knew not what, delighted me; the old Gentleman's

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Presence, as much a Stranger as he was to me, was highly agreeable; whilst he spoke, I could not help considering his Person with a secret Pleasure, and when he had done I returned his Compliments in a polite Manner; I even sought, I remember, to make myself as agreeable as possible, without knowing the Reason. The Stranger was so transported at the Complaisance of my Answer and Behaviour, that, folding his Arms together, Is it possible, he cried, that so much Wit and Beauty should be united! She has certainly been extremely well educated! happy Man, whoever he is, to possess such a Treasure of good Sense: Who would have imagined, *Forsan*, continued he, turning his Eyes to a Man, on whose Shoulder he leaned, that at my Years I could have expected so favourable a Reception? A great Proof of the just way of thinking this young Lady possesses. Take care, Sir, replied I very modestly, lest your Encomiums inspire a Vanity prejudicial to that Merit you are pleased to extol; but if, as you seem to say, there is any in over-looking Age, and personal Advantages, I must needs own I have so much good Sense, as to consider only Character and Worth in Men; and, were I to make a Choice, such Qualifications would fix it, preferably to those of a more alluring Nature.

The old Gentleman extolled this Maxim to the Skies, embellishing it with all that Wit could possibly invent; his Facility in expressing himself, and the polite Language he employed, most agreeably engaged my Attention; this he perceived, and from thence took a fresh Occasion of praising my Understanding. It's very evident, Sir, replied I, yours is of such a Turn, that a young Person may not only be very safe in your Company, but considerably improve herself when thus happy in enjoying so solid and elegant a Conversation. Have you really sworn then, cried the old Gentleman transported, to make me forget my Age, and the Dictates of Reason? as old as I am, I know my own Weakness, my Heart is on the point of falling a Victim to your Youth and Beauty; why must you call the Perfections of your Mind, to complete the Conquest? Don't cast down

your Eyes, thou loveliest Creature I ever beheld! nor give yourself any Uneasiness, continued he, seeing me a little discomposed at this Declaration; though I should even fancy myself young again, you have nothing to fear from the Transports you inspire, blended with so much Respect as they are, and your chaste Beauties will sufficiently curb the Sallies of an irregular Passion. Are you not, *Forfar*, of my Opinion, continued the Stranger, and though older than myself, don't you admire her innocent and unaffected Charms.

In the beginning of this Interview I had offered Chairs, but the Stranger had obliged me to sit down again, and his Attendant brought him an armed Chair, placing himself on one Side; so many Compliments heaped upon me during this Conversation, had given me a Colour, no Ways to my Disadvantage; the Candle-light too had contributed to promote so many fine Speeches; whatever Reasons I might have for dispatching this Visit, it was so very agreeable to me that I even furnished Occasions of prolonging it as much as possible; certainly my Mind foreboded something from it.

Our Conversation soon turned on those Talents which are thought to adorn Merit; the Stranger, who seemed fond of Musick, enquired if, among my other Qualifications, I practised Singing; this occasioned some little Excuses, a Folly usual with Performers: My Voice was good, and, as I have already hinted, I had made some Progress in Musick. As we are all fond of pleasing in as many different Ways as possible, I sung an Air, the Words of which were the *Marquess's*; it was his favourite Song, as he assured me; this was more than sufficient to make me remember it.

SONG.

I.

MY Joys depend on her alone,
 Whose Beauty fires my ravish'd Breast;
 Laid at her Feet, if she but own
 I touch her Heart, 'tis then I'm blest.

II.

II.

*Chaste Coyness never can alarm,
Or shake a constant noble Mind;
Rigid Virtue will always charm
A Soul from loose Desire refin'd.*

After passing very great Compliments on my Performance, the Stranger turning to him who stood by, I could even pardon, says he, the young Spark, we were talking of, had he been enamoured with one any ways comparable to this young Lady in her Education, Wit, Politeness and fine Talents; one might venture to say, Birth too: nay, I would have even approved of his Passion. But to run after a sorry Creature, from a Dunghil, a Country Girl; in fine, the very Reverse of what I have mentioned; to suffer himself to be so far infatuated as to entangle himself in one troublesome Affair after another, disoblige his Parents, and trample on the most essential Duties in Life, there can be no Excuse. Nobody can have a greater Compassion than myself for the Sallies of Youth; I am sensible, were I in his Place, I should run all Hazards for such a lovely Creature as this; but to . . . Ah! my Lord Marquess, cried Forsan interrupting him, what is it you say! The near Concern you have in this Affair, makes you lay down a wrong Principle; I need not tell you that Love is blind, and consequently will fancy in its Object, all those Charms you have found here to be real. Tho' your Maxim, replied the Nobleman, be something romantick, I agree it has its Weight; but I deny that to be the Case in dispute; there are some Faults Prejudice itself cannot overlook. The Girl I am speaking of, has not the least Resemblance of this young Lady: That Wench is a proud, haughty Vagabond, and as she knows the Power she has over our Acquaintance, has engaged him hitherto in so many Extravagancies, that the good Qualities every one allowed him formerly to be Master of, are all buried in Oblivion: It's true, by this time she is severely punished, and must hereafter pay very dear, for all the Vexations she has brought upon her Admirer's Friends; but still, she can never repair the Mischief that's done,

or attone for the Disobedience of a Son to his Father. You, *Forsan*, continued the Nobleman very earnestly, was one of the first to represent these things to me in a proper Light, and pointed out the only Remedy left, for which I shall ever acknowledge myself obliged.

The Nobleman no-sooner began to take in pieces the poor Country Girl, but I found myself struck to the Heart: Nothing contributes so much as our Interest, to make us sharp-sighted; the exact Resemblance between this History, cruelly mangled as it was, and my own; the Reflections made upon it; the Earnestness, not to say Indignation, with which this Nobleman spoke of the Lover concern'd; all put together, left me no room to doubt of my acting the second Personage in this notable Scene. Good God! said I to myself quite confounded with the Thought, am I at last fallen into the Hands of my Lover's Father! I was ready to sink at the Apprehension; but, dear Liberty, which lay at Stake, and certainly nothing else could have supported me, came to my Assistance, and gave me so much Command over myself as to elude the Danger of being discovered: Not a Soul in the House knowing me, I did not despair of getting over this Difficulty.

As these Reflections took up some little Time, the old *Marquess* imagined from my Silence, that the Subject of this Discourse did not affect me sufficiently to engage me in it; upon this, changing the Conversation, he enquired how far I might be from home, and whether I should continue my Journey the next Day: I answered, with great Indifference, that I was accompanying a Relation to a Monastery; this put him upon enquiring if the Monastery was near *Versailles*, and added, that if so, he would wait on me thither. This gave Occasion to his informing me, that he was returning from his Country Seat, and was obliged to stop at the Inn, for that his Servants who were to meet him with fresh Horses, not expecting him till the next Day, had disappointed him; that he waited their coming, having sent for them; he added, in a very gallant Manner, that tho' he had been highly provoked at their Negligence, he should be obliged to pardon them, as it had procured him the Pleasure of my

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Acquaintance; and therefore he ought not to regret the Loss of Time they had occasioned in his Affairs, since it was employed in paying his Respects to me. I answered to what he said in a polite Manner, and found, by the rest of his Discourse, that I was not in any danger of being discovered. Encouraged by this, I began to think of pleading my own Cause, if any Opportunity presented itself.

My earnest Desire of introducing the Subject again, made me take the advantage of the great Regard he still shewed me. I am apt to imagine, my Lord *Marquess*, said I, withdrawing one of my Hands he was going to seize, that you are easily prejudiced; if the young Gentleman you mentioned, and whose Affair you seem to take so much to heart, be as amorous as yourself, you ought not to be surpris'd at his falling in love with a Person, perhaps much more amiable than me. Why so, *Mademoiselle*? cried the old *Marquess*, piqued at what I said: There is a wide Difference between taking a liking to a Person, and falling in love. The Engagements, said I, of one at the Age I suppose the Gentleman to be, for whom you are so concerned, especially with a Country Girl, are not, in all probability, of any great Moment; besides, her Condition being so much beneath him, I am inclined to think her Relations, and not his, have the most Reason to be concerned for the Consequences. Indeed, replied the old *Marquess* very positively. I do not believe my Son will be Fool enough to marry her. How! my Lord, cried I, with a feigned Air of Astonishment, is it your Son we have been talking of all this while? Well, *Mademoiselle*, continued the *Marquess* in some Confusion, 'tis out, and I shall not be at the Trouble of recalling it; besides, his Passion is grown so notorious, that it would be in vain to endeavour to keep it secret. If that be the Case, replied I, you have some Reason to complain; though in reality you hazard nothing in the main, since, as you say, she is a Country Girl, and consequently with all her Beauty, can never be so vain as to pretend to the Honour of your Alliance.

I am not able, replied the *Marquess*, to discover all the Views she may have in what she does; but this you may depend on, if she has as much Sense, as several pretend she is Mistress of, she'll lead my Son many a Dance, considering the Honour and Constancy on which he values himself. Nay then, indeed, replied I, with an Air of great Simplicity, you are certainly in the right to break off the Correspondence between these two Lovers. You are not, said he, the only one that approves of my Conduct in this Particular: I expect with great Impatience to hear every Moment of the Slut's being secured. How! said I, interrupting him, have you that to do still? In all probability, replied he, she must be safe in a Monastery by this Time, where I have taken care she shall meet with a proper Reception: I was yesterday to have had an Account of what has been done; how I come to be so disappointed, I can't imagine, unless our sly Baggage has deluded my Nephew likewise, whom I entrusted with the Commission; but when I consider his known Discretion, and the little Regard he has for the fair Sex, I think there is nothing of that Kind to be feared; though one Moment often suffices to work an intire Change: Besides, I have heard of so many of her Tricks and Exploits, that it is not impossible but she may have given us the Slip.

This last Harangue humbled me to such a Degree, that I was on the point of throwing off the Mask, and vindicating myself; no one can be so very insensible as not to be moved, when they hear themselves thus torn in pieces; without the Motives, which may be easily guess'd, I could never have laid so great a Restraint on myself; a Moment's Thought recovered me. But, good God! Sir, you surprise me, said I, and give me a very indifferent Opinion of your Son; is it possible that a Person of his Birth, should thus abandon himself to so sorry a Creature as you have described, notwithstanding the old Proverb, that Love is blind. This, I conceive, may hold good with respect to the Body, but certainly can be of no Force
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in regard of the Mind; at least I don't comprehend how any Man of Sense can omit weighing with great Attention the good or bad Character of the Person beloved; possibly your Son, my Lord, may have discovered in her something at least worthy of Esteem. Your Remark, replied he, is very just, and if I had not been assured of the vile Dispositions of this Hussy, I should have concluded, as you do, that the violent Passion she created in my Son, must have been heightened by the Influence of some commendable Turn of Mind; but there is no likelihood of this, where Experience shews us that she has entangled her Admirer in several Broils, disconcerted his Affairs, and set him at variance with his Father; this you must allow is an abominable Character, and can never be sufficiently condemned. I am of your Opinion, my Lord, continued I; but give me leave to ask you one Question, if this Discourse is not grown tedious. Not in the least, replied the *Marquess* in a milder Tone, as many as you please; I take a singular Pleasure in hearing you. For the better understanding this notable Dialogue, it must be observed, that every time the *Marquess* spoke of me under the Name of Country Girl, he expressed himself with an Air of Contempt and Indignation; his Action was addressed to me, but his Eyes were fixed on his Gentleman, who stood by; and only answered with Nods and Shrugs, approving of every thing his Master said; but whenever I spoke, the *Marquess* grew calmer, was agreeable and complaisant; *Forsan* continuing his dumb Show, and dividing his silent Approbations between us.

What I would fain know, said I to the *Marquess*, looking him steadily in the Face, is, whether you have ever seen your Son's Mistress, I mean the Country Girl we have been talking of; I specify her, because he may have several; a thing not unusual, they say, with young Noblemen at present. No, fair Lady, answered the *Marquess*, I never saw her; but those who are acquainted with her, have drawn her Picture to the Life for me; particularly a certain Person, Daughter to the Lord of her Village,

who has given me a thorough Insight into her Designs; and who has reason, from what her Family has suffered on the Girl's Account, bitterly to regret the charitable Protection that was there granted her. What I tell you, continued the *Marquess*, growing peevish with the Remembrance of what had happened, are Facts, and of that Consequence too, as had like to have cost me my Son. How, my Lord! cried I, equally sharing the bitter Remembrance, these are Matters of Moment indeed, and prove she is highly to blame as to what has happened; for as to the Character they have given of her, how do you know but they may have very cogent Motives for imposing on you? No, not the least, answered the *Marquess*; 'tis true your Objection would be of some Force, where there is a Rival, or one of equal Rank, but — Have a care, my Lord, I cried, interrupting him in my turn: Love, who is at the Bottom of all this Affair, is a great Leveller; the Lady that has thus prejudiced you against the Country Lass, perhaps is young; your Son is doubtless a very amiable Person; where would be the Wonder, if she really has an Affection for him? perhaps not being able to bear a Rival, so much her Inferior, she has taken this Opportunity of punishing her, for pretending to a Heart she is desirous of securing to herself. I have heard of such Adventures before, and why may not this be of the same Nature? So then, replied the *Marquess*, we must believe in Romances, where we find many such ridiculous Instances, more apt to corrupt the Mind, than inform it, as some will pretend; but, put the case it were really as you say, these Effects would never have followed; all the World will tell you the same; and though they were all of your Opinion, and would endeavour to convince me, it would be in vain, for I never act but upon sure Grounds.

This was uttered with so much Souzness, that I heartily repented my having occasioned the Discourse; I endeavoured artfully to introduce another Topick; but he was too vehement, and too much bent upon the

the Subject: Had my Son indeed, continued he, fallen in love with a Person of equal Merit with yourself, I would not have interfer'd; as a Father, I might have reflected on the Consequences of such an Engagement, but I could not have condemned his Passion, being very sensible, that there are some Objects morally impossible to be resisted. I myself, notwithstanding my Age, cannot answer how far I might be carried by those Charms of yours, were I much longer expos'd to them; I am even sensible already, continued the *Marquess* very amorously, that I have gazed on you too long for my own Happiness, and that . . . Alas! my Lord, cried I interrupting him, hurried on by my Resentment, and without considering what I was going to say, how can you thus address me, after speaking your Mind so freely in my Regard? Is it possible, that knowing me so well, and having this very Moment given me such convincing Proofs of your Indignation——Here I stopp'd short, perceiving too late my Indiscretion; I would have given the World, to have had it in my Power to recall my Words.

The *Marquess* astonish'd at what I said; stared upon *Forfan*, then turning towards me, he eyed me from Head to Foot: notwithstanding, happily for me, he had not the least Suspicion in my regard. What did you intend to say, *Mademoiselle*, what Proofs do you mean? Could I mistake, or might you have taken amiss——It can't be! I looked upon you as a Lady deserving Respect, and still I think, I am not mistaken.

These Questions press'd me too hard, not to endeavour to evade them; I would fain have taken up another Subject, but soon found I had one to deal with, whose long Experience would not suffer him to be easily put upon a wrong Scent. In the Name of Goodness, *Mademoiselle*, continued he, taking me by the Hand, don't endeavour to make your Escape from me thus! Something, that concerns you very nearly, occasioned those Reproaches you utter'd against me; explain yourself, let me beg, in what it I have undesignedly affronted you? I should be

be cruelly afflicted, if I have been so unfortunate, it being very far from my Intention: I'll say more, I feel I know not what, that interests me in your Behalf: Speak, thou pretty Creature, continued he, seeing the Confusion I was in. I would fain have set Matters to rights by giving a different Turn to my Expressions; but it was done with so little Appearance of Truth, that he easily saw thro' the Contrivance. Ah! cried he, you dissemble with me: Here is some Mystery, I am convinced; besides, now I recollect, you expressed yourself with great Earnestness concerning my Son; perhaps you know him: you may know me too; you blush! Ah! *Forfan*, continued the *Marquess*, turning to him, I suspect there is something of so much Consequence in the Trouble this young Lady betrays, and what she has said, that I am resolved not to stir from hence, till I have cleared up the Business.

I represented to myself, in such lively Colours, the Danger I ran if discovered by an incensed Parent, who had so openly declared himself my implacable Enemy, that I was ready to sink when he enquired whether I knew his Son; but his last Words terrified me so cruelly, that I fainted away. I was informed afterwards that the *Marquess* took abundance of Pains to bring me to myself: He called for Assistance, and whilst they were busied in assisting me, enquired of every one who I was, but not a Soul knew me: I soon came to myself; but finding I was the Subject of the Discourse, I pretended to be still in a Swoon, the better to discover the *Marquess's* Sentiments, and to avoid any farther Questions, which would infallibly entangle me in new Difficulties; I was in hopes of succeeding, as that Nobleman's Servants were expected every Moment, and he had declared he was obliged to be at Court that Night.

During my pretended Swoon, I heard the *Marquess* enquire who I was, of every one present; he called for the Landlord, asked him whence I came, who brought me thither, where the Person was I had mentioned as my Relation; but all the *Marquess* could get out of him, only served to increase his perplexity:

plexity: The Landlord told him, that as to the *Pilgrim*, I had never seen her before the preceding Day; that an Officer, whom they did not know, had brought me hither, and that if any one could give a farther Information it must be the Postillion; that they had observed a Dispute I had with a *Valet de Chambre* belonging to the Gentleman who came with me, but that being soon over, they could gather nothing from it. The *Marquess* immediately sent for the Postillion, and I gave myself over for lost, trembling every Joint; I blamed myself for not following *St. Fal's* Advice.

The Postillion, whom the *Marquess* expected with great Impatience, was not long in coming; but how agreeably was I surprized, when he declared he knew nothing of the Gentleman, nor had ever heard his Name mentioned, being only hired for this Journey! Well, cried the *Marquess*, this is surprising, and certainly there must be some Mystery in it. What think you, *Forsan*? Don't you wonder at so many Precautions employed to prevent any Discovery?

The Instant he uttered this, a Servant came to acquaint the *Marquess*, that his Equipage was ready; Let us go then, says he, since I can get no farther Information, and am obliged to be at *Versailles* before Midnight, I must lose no more time; but all this Juggle shall not avail, I am not to be foiled in this Manner, having an infallible Means of coming to the Bottom of this Affair. Upon this, he whispered *Forsan*, then coming up to me felt my Pulse; he was of Opinion that I slept, and would do well; upon leaving the Room, he charged the Landlady to be very careful of me, assuring her I was a Person of Quality, as he very well knew, which ought to suffice; that in case I should grow worse, they must dispatch an Express to *Versailles*, naming an *Hotel* which I have forgot, and he would order a Coach and a Physician to attend me, if it should be requisite; saying this, he went away. I no sooner heard the Coach drive off, but I began to breathe again, and immediately resolved, for this Bout, not to slip the first favourable Moment, for making my
Escape.

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Escape. When Danger presses, one easily decides what to do.

Whilst the Landlady remained in my Chamber, I considered with myself what could be the *Marquess's* Motive for telling her I was a Woman of Quality; Can I be so happy, said I to myself, as to be mistaken for another by him? This Point will be cleared up in the Sequel of these Memoirs. But to return.

After waiting a sufficient Time, that I might be assured of the *Marquess's* Departure, I pretended to come to myself, and by degrees to be perfectly recovered; I feigned an Inclination to Rest, in order to be left alone, that I might immediately provide for my Security, against the Danger into which I was now plunged.

I went up to *Lindamine's* Apartment: she was waiting for me with great Impatience: The Noise occasioned by the *Marquess's* Enquiries in regard of me, had reached her, and made her apprehend lest his Arrival might prove a fresh Obstacle to the Design we had in hand; but she took heart on my acquainting her with his Departure. She told me, that her Measures were so well taken, that she had not the least Reason to doubt the Success, particularly as *Belizai*, of whom she stood most in dread, was so well satisfied by her assuring him she had entirely forgot what was passed, that there was nothing to be apprehended on that Side.

All that in any ways regarded our Journey was agreed on, and the Hour fixed; the Disposition seemed so well contrived, that I flattered myself we could not be disappointed. But how short-sighted is human Prudence! *Lindamine's* ill Stars were wearied with persecuting, and now conducted her to a Port of Safety: but I only began to feel the Malignancy of mine. I had been told, that before I could be happy, I must undergo all the Trials that can possibly be made of a young Woman's Virtue.

Night had now stretched her sable Mantle over our Side of the Globe, and wrapped the Face of Things in Obscurity; not the least Noise was heard in the House, where all were asleep except *Lindamine* and myself.

myself, who waited for her Steward's calling upon us. Exactly at the Time appointed he came to acquaint us every thing was ready, and conducted us down Stairs, which he did without any Light, to prevent Accidents. The Reckoning had been discharged that Evening, in presence of the Hostler, who was ordered to open the Gates at the Time appointed; a Precaution which very much facilitated our Design.

When we were got into the Chaise and clear of the Village, after a mutual Recommendation of ourselves to Providence, *Lindamine*, taking me in her Arms, At last, my dear, said she, we are satisfied for once; I hope by Day-break we shall be in a Place of Safety. Pray God we may, I replied; but I tremble, without knowing the Reason. 'Tis the Stillness of a dark Night, replied the *Pilgrim*, which frightens you. Good God! continued she, what would you do if alone in a Wood, as I have often been? I made her no Answer to this, though my Experience was not short of hers in that Particular; for, whatever Affection I might have for *Lindamine*, I was reserved as to my own Affairs, and had not as yet let her into the secret History of my Life: Such hasty Confidences may suit Romances well enough, where there is a Necessity of making things hang together, and introducing as many Speakers, good, bad and indifferent, as possible, to swell the Work; but Truth, on which all Memoirs ought to be built, excludes Improbabilities; and this Rule must be so strictly observed, as often to omit real Events, if they deviate too far from the usual Course of Things.

Lindamine's Steward, who rode by the Chaise Side, had not as yet, for want of Time, given her any Account of the Commissions he had executed; he took this Opportunity of doing it. What a Pleasure was it to hear him say, that as to *Saint Agnes's* Letters, of which his Mistress had given him so great a Charge, they would be safely delivered into *Mellicourt's* own Hand; for the Steward had very luckily called to mind a Relation of his, who served that young Gentleman's Father in quality of Comptroller upwards of twenty Years; the Steward assured us, that he should very
shortly

shortly have an Answer from his Kinsman, to whom he had given in charge the Delivery of the Letters. I asked him with great Precipitation, by what means the Answer would come to hand? He replied, that not being able at the Time of Writing, to guess where he might possibly then be, he had desired his Relation to direct for him at the Monastery I had mentioned, imagining, by what his Mistress said, he should be in that Neighbourhood. I was charmed with the Man's Contrivance: In my Transport I could not forbear crying out, my *Minette* will have Tidings very shortly of her Beloved! She will be overcome with Joy, in which too I shall share with her! The *Pilgrim* was struck with Admiration at this Over-flowing of Good-nature; she commended it very politely, and from thence our Discourse turned upon the new Kind of Life we were going to embrace.

We had gone about four Miles, the Postillion was resting his Horses after getting up a pretty steep Hill, when we heard through the Stillness of the Night the Trampling of Horses Feet: This threw us into a Consternation. I am undone, cried out *Lindamine*; you will find *Belizai's* Mistrust has made him suspect what I have done, and upon this he is come in pursuit of me. Good God! what shall I do, if it proves so! Make yourself easy, Madam, I beg of you, replied her Steward; you know I have carried Arms, and do not want Courage. As to the Person you mention, he certainly has no right to controul you, and at the worst, if he should persist in following you, can only learn the Place where you have chose to retire; I think this is all you need apprehend; but if you have no mind even to be troubled with him, I can easily prevent it. But I am afraid, replied *Lindamine*, after pausing a little, lest in his Violence he may do you a Mischief. Do not be afraid, Madam, replied the Steward; I have a Pair of good Pistols, the Sight of which will suffice to keep him in awe. This was uttered with so much Resolution, that *Lindamine* seemed something encouraged; she embraced me very close, her little Heart beating very quick, and doubtless feeling a severe Struggle, from the Trial she apprehended her

her Virtue must undergo. In effect, it cannot be denied, but a young Woman is very wretched, when a Part of her Life is employed in gaining Victories over herself, against the Bent of her Affections.

In the mean time the Noise of the Horses increased, and notwithstanding that of the Chaise, now in Motion, we could hear them gain upon us every Moment; we even imagined that we discerned a small glimmering Light on the Road. Here I began to be alarmed in my turn. Heavens! cried I, perhaps their Design is on me! The Light increasing, seemed to be Torches; this reminded me of what the old *Marquess* said at going away, that he had infallible Means of coming to the Bottom of the Affair; the Reflection terrified me so much, that I did not dare to examine any farther. *Lindamine*, whose Courage surpassed mine, looked out, and called to her Steward, who had stopped to view the Subject of our Alarm. Ah! my dear Girl, cried she sitting down again, I do not know which of us is pursued; but there are three Men with Torches coming full Speed after us. Are they a great way off? replied I. About two hundred Yards, answered the Steward coming up to us. For God's Sake, said I, order the Chaise to stop, I am convinced they come after me: As I have the most important Reasons not to be discovered, I beg to alight: Yonder Hedge will conceal me till they are past. *Lindamine* and her Steward endeavoured to dissuade me from it; but the terrible Apprehensions of falling again into the old *Marquess's* Hands, made me persist in my Design, and obliged them to comply with what I desired; but, the greater Haste, the worst Speed. Neither *Lindamine* nor I could possibly get the Chaise open, so that the Steward was obliged to alight and assist us; I was getting down, but the Loss of so much Time gave the Horsemen, I endeavoured to avoid, the Opportunity of coming up with us and surrounding the Chaise. By the Light of the Torches, I discovered the *Count de Saint Fal*; he was as pale as Death, presenting his Hand to me, and endeavouring to speak, I supposed to reproach me; but

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but he was so much out of Breath with hard Riding, or rather, as I understood afterwards, so overjoyed to find me, that he could not utter a Syllable, his *Valet de Chambre*, the same whom I had so genteely tricked, supplied his Deficiency. Really, *Mademoiselle*, said he, with a taunting Kind of Air, you make a very ill Return to my Master's Civilities; were I in his Place . . . Hold your Tongue, cried the *Count*, in a Tone that shewed he would be obeyed; the young Lady is her own Mistress, and if at this Moment I any ways hinder her Designs, it is what her Interest absolutely requires. Saying this, he approached me, and made a thousand Excuses for his interrupting my Journey; adding, that he would lay down such Reasons for what he did, that I could not but approve of his Conduct. I was so agreeably surpris'd with his Behaviour, and the Complaisance he shewed, after I had put such a Trick upon the Confidence he repos'd in me, that I had not a Word to say.

St. Fal, after giving me time to recover, address'd himself to *Lindamine* and me in the politest Manner, and far from reproaching her, as another might have done, for spiriting me away, hearing that our Expedition terminated in a Monastery, he return'd her Thanks, for the Civilities shewn me, and extoll'd our Discretion, as he call'd it; adding, that in order to make her some Amends for depriving her of such an agreeable Companion, he would wait on her himself with an Account of me, as soon as I was conveniently settled.

During this Conversation, a Servant came and acquainted the *Count* that his Chaise was coming up; upon this he told me, that computing from the time I left the Village, as he was inform'd on his Arrival there, he guess'd he should overtake me, and therefore order'd his Chaise to follow him; a Precaution he was overjoyed to have taken, as it prevent'd any Interruption in *Lindamine's* Journey; I found by the Sequel of his Discourse, that it was owing to his *Valet de Chambre's* coming to *Versailles*, and what they told him at the Village, that his Mistrust gave him so much Uneasiness, as oblig'd him to take Post Horses in Pursuit of me.

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By this time the Chaise had joined us; *Saint Fal* presented his Hand to help me in; I embraced *Linda-mine* with great Tenderness before I left her, and promised she should frequently hear from me.

When I had taken my Place, the *Count* was very diligent in employing all possible Precautions that could contribute to make my Journey agreeable: To prevent my catching Cold, he wrapped me in a Cloak, and obliged me to cover my Feet: In fine, he did every obliging thing, good Manners could suggest, and then ordered the Chaise to drive on. I could not forbear admiring his Sweetness of Temper, and found him truly worthy of Esteem on so many Accounts, that I heartily regretted my having given him any Uneasiness.

I began to think the best Excuse I could make *St. Fal* for my Flight, was to acquaint him with my Adventure in meeting with the old *Marquess*, and my Dread of falling into his Hands; the Pretext was so natural, that I did not in the least doubt of its Success. The *Count* seemed much disturbed at such an unforeseen Accident; he made me repeat every Syllable his Uncle had uttered; he very humanely put himself in my Place, and agreed, perhaps thro' Complaisance, that I was perfectly right in making my Escape; whatever Vexation, said he, your Flight occasioned, or Trouble this unexpected Return of my Uncle throws me into, I am overjoyed in knowing from your own Mouth, that your Departure was not owing to any Aversion I apprehended you might have taken to me. If you knew, lovely *Jenny*, continued he, how much I suffered, when I did not find you at the Village, you would certainly be moved; I concluded that I had been so unfortunate as to lose your Favour, and that my Company was become disagreeable to you: But you have revived me; how happy should I be, were I honoured so far as to enjoy your Friendship! Alas! that you have already, cried I, overcome with his polite Behaviour, his nice Turn of Sentiments, and that they aimed at nothing farther than my Friendship. Your Merit, continued I, abundantly deserves that I should think myself happy

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in such a worthy Friend ; neither is this the first time, that I have valued myself on the Respect and Civilities received at your Hands. Heavens ! cried *St. Fal*, interrupting me, who could behave otherwise to so charming a Creature ? Nay more, I am so entirely devoted to you, my Heart is so far prepossessed in your Behalf, I love you with that Delicacy (this sure will give no Offence) that I am resolved to serve you even against my own Interest : No more Mistrust therefore, lovely *Jenny*, no longer look upon me as a Tyrant, obstructing your secret Inclinations ; I promise, I even vow, notwithstanding the ardent Affection I have for you, that I will ever promote your Happiness, as far as lays in my Power ; all I ask in return for a Esteem, call it Love, so disinterested, is, that you will never forbid me your Company. Unruly Passions are Strangers to my Breast ; it knows no Desire, but that of seeing and admiring you ; should it ever exceed those Bounds, the Delicacy, and much more the Virtue I profess to cultivate, will always check any such Attempts, and prevent them giving you the least Disturbance.

Such formal Assurances of so generous a Friendship, and so rarely seen in this Age, moved me exceedingly, and were answered with a becoming Sincerity. From thence we fell upon the Subject of my Lover's Father. I informed *Saint Fal*, that I very much apprehended, lest, suspicious as he appeared to me, he should have me watched so narrowly, especially finding his Orders neglected, that at last he would find me out, wherever I should retire. Make yourself easy, dear Miss, replied *St. Fal*, you will be much safer at *Versailles* than elsewhere ; the Precautions I have taken will elude all Enquiries, for you will pass for an Officer's Widow that is come to solicit some Favour at Court ; the House, where you are to lodge, is already acquainted with that Particular ; a Waiting-woman and a Cook-maid will make up your little Family ; and as they will only know you under the Name of the *Countess des Roches*, which I have invented for you, they cannot any ways disturb our Project by their Tittle-tattle. The Pretence I have invented for your coming

coming to *Versailles*, will sufficiently screen you from the Eyes of the Curious; no Place can be properer than the Court, for Concealment, where every one is taken up with their own Concerns: Strangers pass there for what they please, nobody troubling themselves to examine into their Affairs. I have known several that have established themselves there under a travelling Title, and their Children have succeeded to it, as well as to their Substance; Silence and a long Possession are the Proofs of their assumed Nobility. As to Ladies in particular, their Affairs not being of any great Consequence, they are seldom molested, unless it be with too much Complaisance, where their Merit is conspicuous, but never on account of their Quality: Does not every one know, they may assume what Rank they please?

All this, Sir, replied I, is very well; I am satisfied I shall not be disturbed on this Head, and that under the Name you have invented, I shall frustrate the most curious Scrutinies that may possibly be made after me: But, pray, how shall I find wherewithal to support my Condition? For, I take it, empty Titles are as thin Diet at Court as elsewhere; I have not one Farthing of Income, nor the least Expectancy of that Kind. You are sufficiently informed, that a capricious Turn of Fortune has raised me from my original Condition, and left me in a very precarious Situation, without the least Means of subsisting. But I must assure you, Sir, continued I, rather than make a Figure at the Expence of what I think honourable, I would return a thousand times to the Wretchedness of my Birth; taking therefore this for granted, as I beg you will, I cannot see . . . I should not have given you time to form these Reflections, said *St. Fal* interrupting me, had I not taken a singular Pleasure in hearing you. Ah! lovely *Jenny*, how noble are these Sentiments! What a Veil do they throw over the Obscurity of your Extraction! Birth is the Effect of Chance, and, where Providence has allotted it, gives no Grounds to value ourselves upon; he that should arrogate any thing to himself on that Score, would be justly reproached, that his acquired Merit must be very

insignificant, since he has recourse to what passed in the World before he made his Appearance in it. He might, in that Case, be justly said to adorn himself with the Dust of his Ancestors. But, to cut the Matter short; if you were not born in an elevated Rank, your Merit highly deserves it on many Accounts; with so much good Sense and Discretion, you will certainly succeed in the World; every thing will smile upon you, your Family will be maintained, and you . . . But, said I, interrupting him a second Time, how? For you can never make me believe Why, *Mademoiselle*, cried *St. Fal* very smartly, it's no matter; you shall find by Experience that I am not building Castles in the Air. Alas! Sir, replied I with some Emotion, I am satisfied as to that Particular; I dare say you will order every thing so well, that it will be a Secret to all the World but myself, from whence my Subsistence comes; but still, I can never prevail on myself to accept of it. And why not? replied *St. Fal* very eagerly; can you be so mistaken as to apprehend what the World will say? What have you to do with other People? Will any one know you? No certainly; nor have you any Design of making Acquaintances. This being granted, who can hinder you from living retired, and cultivating your Talents, till you are settled in the World? The Publick will regard no more of your Conduct, than what openly appears, and will applaud it accordingly, and without entering . . . But I shall be kept, cried I, interrupting him with great Emotion; there is no palliating the Matter; I am not to learn what that Word means. Well then, *Mademoiselle*, continued *St. Fal* very impatiently, you will be kept, since you must absolutely use that Expression; where is the Harm? After all, the Meaning of Words varies according to the Use to which Men apply them; there are daily Instances of Vice being kept by them, why should there not be one, from whom Virtue may find the same Relief?

It was thus the *Count* endeavoured to remove those Scruples, which a virtuous Disposition raised in my Mind; but all his Wit and Experience in the World, both of which he possessed in a sovereign Degree, could

could not convince me on this Occasion; the Extremity to which I was reduced, and the Approach of Want, could scarce excuse so dangerous a Step; in Reality, I ought to have submitted to the Orders he was to put in Execution, rather than thus expose my Innocence. A young Woman can never be too much upon her Guard against herself; a Word, a Trifle oftentimes effects her Overthrow. Real Virtue is always attended with Diffidence and Humility; its constant Lesson is to fear ourselves; it is this happy Diffidence which crowns the Work, and makes us triumph over the fiercest Assaults of Vice.

These Reflections brought me to *Versailles*; it was now Eight in the Morning, the Sun shone full upon the Palace, and yielded the finest Sight my Eyes ever beheld; my Transport, occasioned by such Grandeur and Magnificence, was so great, that I even forgot myself. *St. Fal*, not imagining what it was which thus engrossed my Thoughts, and who was always apprehensive of giving me the least Uneasiness, or fearing, perhaps, that I might give myself up to Reflections arising from our preceding Discourse, asked me, with some Concern, what made me so silent. We were then at the End of the great Alley, and going to turn off to the Left. Good God! cried I very impatiently, do not disturb me; you are very barbarous to interrupt me in the Contemplation of so delightful a View. When I said this my Eyes were so earnestly fixed on the Palace, that the Count easily guessed at the Occasion of my Silence, and the Earnestness I had betray'd. I ask your Pardon, fair Lady, said he; but I must tell you, nothing can be a greater Proof of your exquisite Taste, than the Attention you bestow on the Beauties of that Place. Upon this, he order'd the Postillion to stop; I ran over with my Eye that charming Prospect, asking a thousand Questions, without allowing him time to answer one half of them.

When I had recovered myself a little from the Admiration so many fine Objects excited, I asked *St. Fal* very gravely, if that was the Place I was to lodge at? He could not forbear smiling at such a Question, whilst he acquainted me, that it was inhabited only by such

whose Rank or Employments placed them near the King's Person, of which he gave me a kind of Detail, that lasted till we reach'd the *Orangerie* Street, where the Chaise set us down.

A Woman of about five and twenty, Mistress of the House where I was to lodge, having been acquainted by *Monsieur de St. Fal's* Valet de Chambre of our Arrival, waited for me at the Door; she received me in a mighty obliging Manner: Good God! said she, turning to the Count, after embracing me, how young this Lady must have been married! She is an Infant, exceeding handsome; it's a crying Shame she should be a Widow at these Years! This Harangue put me to the Blush. The Count seeing the Confusion I was in, turned the Discourse, and presenting his Hand, led me up a very handsome Stair-case to my Apartment; the Reflexion of the Sun from the Glasses and Gilding with which it was adorned, cast a prodigious Lustre. I must own, I felt a Satisfaction arise in my Breast; fond as I had always been of Finery, such Lodgings and Furniture could not fail of affording me a singular Pleasure. It did not escape the Count, who, as he has since told me, often pleased himself with the Thoughts of having succeeded in his Endeavours to strike my Imagination at the first Entrance, knowing very well that nothing diverts Melancholy more, than the Gaiety of those Objects which surround us. He was certainly in the right; outward Show is always bewitching, and the gaudy Appearance of Things more or less carries the greatest Weight, especially with Women; which clearly proves our small Share of Solidity, not excepting myself, notwithstanding our Vanity in priding ourselves upon what they term *Sentiments*, the Parade of which is now so much in vogue, that the Cinder-Wench will not yield to a Duchess, in what is called *Manner of thinking*. This Folly of an affected Heroism may have its Application, as well as that of Luxury. Luxury is said to be a Mark of concealed Poverty: May one not venture to say, that *Sentiments*, for which some, with so much Ostentation often value themselves, are a specious Cover, by which they

they endeavour to dazzle the Eyes of the World, and cover their own Weakness?

When I was put in possession of my Apartment, *St. Fal* desir'd I would employ the good Sense, he knew me Mistress of, to amuse myself in his Absence, giving me to understand that he was obliged to pass the rest of the Day with the old Marquess, for whom he must invent some Story concerning me, designing, in order to excuse himself, to pretend I had made my escape from him. I could not forbear trembling at what he said. For Heaven's Sake, Sir, said I, take care how you behave on this nice Point; your Uncle seem'd to me a Person of so much Distrust and Penetration, that I am very apprehensive, lest, after laying together the Rencontre he had in the Village, and your Account of my Escape, he does not employ such sure Methods of finding out the Truth, as will infallibly discover where I am: If that should happen, you know I am entirely ruin'd. I have already told you, Mademoiselle, replied *St. Fal*, that you have nothing to fear on your Side; it is on me the Marquess's Displeasure will light. And is not that of sufficient Consequence? cried I; I should be very sorry you underwent any Uneasiness on my Account. Good God! Mademoiselle, replied *St. Fal*, as he was retiring, that is the least of my Care; my Cousin's Return, for his Father will certainly send for him upon hearing your Evasion; the Notion I have that sooner or later he will see you; the Certainty I have of the Pleasure such an Interview will create in you; these are Uneasinesses much more real, than any I apprehend from acquainting my Uncle with your Escape. I easily understood the Meaning of all this; but as I had no mind to enter on such a Subject, I let him go without returning any Answer.

When he was gone, the Chamber-maid, who had been hired to wait on me, came up; she seemed towards Fifty, with an easy insinuating Air; her Name was *Brochan*, and the Landlady of the House gave her an extraordinary Character; she had lately left a Duchess's Service, by reason, as she inform'd me herself, of a violent Passion the Secretary had for her.

and which might possibly have endanger'd her Innocence. I could not forbear smiling to myself, at this Acknowledgment. Her Age and plain Face was a sufficient Security against any Attacks of that Nature : I soon discovered her Foible to be a foolish Belief, that she inspired Love into all the Men who looked at her, which she imagined could not be with Indifference ; to this Conceit she added another Notion, equally ridiculous, that she was nobly born ; it's true, she could not be ignorant that every one knew her to be a Cook's Daughter ; but her Folly, or rather Vanity, prevented this Objection, by assuring you very gravely, that she had been changed at Nurse.

Madame de Geneval (for that was my Landlady's Name) make her Appearance soon after the Chambermaid. Now I am disposed to draw Characters, it would be unpardonable to omit hers. She was tall, handsome, and well made ; but the Misfortune was, she knew it too well : A Failing that renders the greatest Charms very disagreeable ; her Character was, to find fault with every thing, though her genteel Way of doing it made some amends.

Most things at first smile upon us ; *Madame de Geneval* was so very obliging and assiduous, that I made her very sincere Returns, attended with too little Reservedness. The Event will shew plainly that young Persons ought to be very cautious and circumspect with their new Acquaintance. This Gentlewoman's Behaviour has taught me, at a very dear Rate, to inculcate so necessary a Lesson to others.

Before I went to Bed, (for the Landlady and my Waiting-woman had determined it should be so, in order to refresh me after a Journey of between two and three hundred Miles, as they imagined) my Chest of Drawers was opened for me : You see, said *Madame de Geneval*, every thing is laid in as exact Order, as if you had been present. *Monsieur de St. Fal* has said so much in your Praise, and so earnestly recommended the Care of your Trunks, that I took the things out myself ; when I opened them, I wrote an Account of what I found ; but this is a Liberty I would

would not have taken, without the positive Intreaties of your Friend the Count, who insisted on every thing being in its proper Place against your Arrival: But go to sleep, pretty Lady, said she, embracing me, we shall have time enough to discourse these Matters over when you wake; bring her a Porringer of Broth, continued she, going out of the Room, she will rest the better after it. *Brochan* had it ready; after I had taken it, she help'd me to undress; I got into Bed, upon which she retired, shutting the Door after her.

My Mind was in too great an Agitation to admit of any Repose: May I venture here to disclose myself ingenuously? Will not the professed Prudes, those splenetick Ladies I have before mentioned, take the Alarm at the secret Motions of my Soul, I am going to divulge? What will it avail, if I should give a false Gloss (and nothing can be more easy) to my Thoughts at that time? They will be equally severe, and I should forfeit my Title to Sincerity, that truly valuable Quality, under a Protestation of which I entered upon these Memoirs. Self-love, indeed, must suffer; but amiable Truth will entitle me to some Compassion.

Had I called my Heart to a strict Account, I am persuaded, at first I should have found it more affected with the brilliant Situation I was in, than with the secret Murmurs of a repining Virtue. There is a wide Difference between arming ourselves against future Trials, and encountering the immediate Influence of Things present; we faintly resist the Charms of what we actually possess. Wise Men often exclaim against the Abuse of Riches, but we have few Instances of their practising the Doctrine they teach.

I was no sooner left alone, but I looked with Pleasure on the gay Objects which surrounded me; the Glasses, Gildings, the Pictures, rais'd such bewitching Ideas in my Mind, that I could no longer resist the Temptation of taking a nearer View of the Things I was in some measure Mistress of. Being alone, I got up, bolted the Doors, and indulged my Curiosity. It's true, Virtue made some little Effort before it abandoned me to these Allurements;

but a sudden Thought represented my Curiosity as absolutely necessary; I must, said I to myself, be acquainted with what the Drawers contain: The Things are given out to be mine; if I should betray any Ignorance, it may raise some Suspicion prejudicial to the Part I am to act.

Prepossessed with this Necessity, I went into the Wardrobe, in which were placed two large Chests; I opened them with some Apprehension; this Scrutiny, though attended with a kind of Qualm, as if I had been engaged in Mischief, soon amused me by the alluring Discoveries it produced, especially in respect of one, whose Birth and Education had not made her Mistress of any one individual Thing.

Next to my Bed-chamber, was a closet adorn'd with Pannels of Looking-Glass; the Hangings, like those of the Apartment, were Crimson Damask bordered with Gold Fringe: Several Pictures representing Children playing together, and beautiful Landscapes, all placed with great Symmetry between the Glasses, had a charming Effect; but what pleased me most, was a Book-case at the farther End, containing great Choice of new Musick Books.

My Toilette was placed in the Wardrobe I mentioned before: it contained every thing that regards Dress: The Boxes were filled with Bracelets, Gloves, and modern Trinkets in an elegant Taste. Whatever Inclination I had to examine every thing in particular, the Fear of being interrupted, not having sufficient Time to go thro' the Whole, obliged me to content myself with a transient View of so many bewitching Objects.

I was not a little surpris'd, in opening the Chests, at the great Abundance of Linen and other Things. What was design'd for my wearing, appear'd exceeding fine; but a complete Service of Plate, which I found by itself, I must needs own, quite charmed me.

Another Chest furnished a Set of China of the finest Sort; in the Partitions were contain'd every thing belonging to the Table.

After

After running over all these things, I return'd to my Chamber. I was curious to know the Contents of a large Commode with a Marble Cover, which was no small Ornament to the Room. The first Drawer was filled with Mercers Goods, for making Gowns proper for the several Seasons of the Year; nothing was forgot even of the most trifling Nature. This Detail may very well be thought tedious, yet 'tis really necessary in order to give a just Idea of my new Admirer. Self-love possibly finds its Account here, but that is a Subject I am not very willing to discuss; such an obliging Attention must necessarily make a very engaging Impression on the Mind of a young Creature. Not to own I was very much affected with this generous Behaviour, would be making too free with Sincerity; and as Experience convinced me that his Conduct was not in the least influenced by any criminal Views, I was the more sensible of the Obligations conferred on me.

The little Rest my Affairs had allowed in the foregoing Nights, oppressed me to that degree, that notwithstanding my Eagerness to continue the Scrutiny, I was obliged to desist; Sleep overpower'd me, and I threw myself into Bed. There my Soul, perfectly satisfied with my present Situation, and void of Care for what was to come, entertained none but the most agreeable Ideas, followed by so profound a Repose, that I did not wake till the Day was far spent.

It was near Sun-set, when the Noise of the Coaches obliged me to rise; I immediately recollected that I had fastened my Chamber Door, upon which I went and drew back the Bolts: This was no sooner done, but my Waiting-woman entered. 'Lord! Madam (said she in a wheedling Tone) 'you are certainly 'very timorous, to barricade yourself thus in broad 'Day-light. I have been several times at the Door 'to know if you wanted me; but the Fear of disturbing you, made me wait till now.' This was answered with great Indifference on my Side. Her Countenance did not please me; such Antipathies are many times involuntary, and from my Childhood I

was liable to Prepossessions of this Nature, tho' they are often groundless, and always argue a Weakness in our Understanding. We ought to guard against such Follies, as there are many who by an unfortunate Cast in their Aspect, promise nothing commendable, and yet their real Worth greatly surpasses that of others whose Countenances are very taking at first Sight. Every Day's Experience justifies this Remark, tho' very few correct the Failing.

Brochan having open'd the Windows, I plac'd myself at one of them. The Evening was delightfully pleasant, and abundance of People were taking the Air. Such a Sight was altogether unusual to me, its great Variety affording an agreeable Amusement. I was charm'd with the Neatness and Elegance of the Womens Dresses; I examin'd them with great Attention, and such as pleas'd me most, drew my Eyes after them as far as I could possibly distinguish one Object from another. This so entirely took up my Thoughts, that every thing else was banish'd from my Breast.

Women must own with me, that our strongest Propensity is to examine each other; this is generally attended either with Jealousy or Envy, as we can seldom prevail on ourselves to do one another Justice; a wretched Disposition, which seems inseparable from the Sex. As much as I have at this Day got the better of little Follies, if I deal ingenuously, I must acknowledge myself still subject to such mean Impressions. If ever I should publish the Sequel of my Adventures, as perhaps I may, I propose to treat of this Matter more at large, and prove by Examples how careful we ought to be in forming a Judgment on outward Appearances: Fatal Experience has convinced me of this. I am now very cautious, 'tis true, and endeavour to correct so great a Weakness; nevertheless, it often happens that Custom, *that second Nature*, prevails over Reason.

Whilst I was deeply engaged in examining every one that pass'd by, somebody clasp'd me fast in their Arms, without my perceiving who it was took that Liberty with me. My Colour came, and I turned about very hastily, struggling to free myself from

from such an unexpected Embrace. ' It would be no
' easy Matter to surprize you (said Madame de Gene-
' val laughing) you are so much upon your Guard ;
' and are so strong, there would be nothing got by
' romping with you.' Upon my asking her Pardon
with a Smile, for being so rough in disengaging my-
self ; ' I'll pardon you this once, (replied she in a jest-
ing way) ' but another time I shall not be so easily
' prevailed upon ; and even now, it shall only be on
' this Condition, that you do us the Honour of sup-
' ping with us.' This Invitation was accompanied
with so polite an Air, that I could not refuse it, after
which, we placed ourselves at the Window, and began
to criticise those that pass'd by.

Madame de Geneval had a particular Talent for this
dangerous Pleasure ; Dress, Figure, Countenance, no-
thing escaped her. The Women seldom found Mercy
at her Hands ; those who were handsome rarely
escap'd the most satirical Strokes ; the Men came bet-
ter off, that is, such as were above the ordinary Rate,
for the others were excluded all Favours.

' What do you think of her (cried Madame de
Geneval) ' that comes this Way with that flaunting
' Gait, and false Air of Beauty, that deceives at a
' Distance ? Don't be mistaken, her fine Complexion
' is only borrowed from the Mysteries of the Toilette,
' as her Carriage is from the Information of a much-
' consulted Looking-glass ; for all her Affectation,
' she is very plain ; as you will own when you see
' her nearer. I'll lay a Wager, added she, that you
' would not suspect her Hair, trick'd up as it is with
' Ribbands, was none of her own ; and yet she is
' as bald as a Coot, and has recourse to Art for sup-
' plying the Deficiency of Nature. Speak the Truth,
' would not you guess, by her Attendants and
' Dress, that her Husband belonged at least to the
' Exchequer ? Far from it, he is Cook to the Prince
' of ——. Tho' her Mother sold Fruit, her Vanity
' aimed at his Steward ; but she is very well off in
' marrying his Cook, who must cheat his Master to
' maintain her Extravagance : And yet, in return
' for this too great Indulgence, he has never a quiet

‘Moment; they say his Heart is broke; but ’tis all to no purpose, she goes on her old Way. — Pray behold that other Woman that is coming out of the great Gates; by her Behaviour and the Airs she gives herself, would you imagine her to be five and twenty? and yet she is turned of fifty; but in order to impose on those who don’t know her Age, she tells them with an affected Air of Sincerity that she dresses in Brown, because it is her favourite Colour and suits any Age: But the best of the Jest is, that she cannot prevail on herself to marry a Man who has long made his Addressee, for fear, she says, of dying in Childbed.’ Saying this *Madame de Geneval* burst into such a hearty Fit of Laughter, that I could not forbear joining with her, though I knew not why.

We had spent near an Hour in this kind of Amusement, when a Flourish on the Kettle-Drums, and a Hurry in the Street, made me enquire what could be the Occasion. ‘The King is returning from Hunting,’ (replied *Madame de Geneval*,) ‘we shall see him pass by.’ My Heart began to flutter at this, as I immediately recollected the first Time of my seeing his Majesty, and the Consequences his Presence had drawn after it. Tho’ I was now grown up to Years of Discretion, and had already satisfied my Curiosity, I found the same eager Desire of seeing the King seize my Soul, as in the Forest. ’Tis true I conceal’d my Earnestness. Vanity which always grows upon us, made me imagine I should want no Assistance to distinguish the King from the rest: persuaded of this, I fixed my Eyes on that Side the King was expected, and gave very little Attention to the Criticisms *Madame de Geneval*, with her usual Charity, pass’d upon every one that came in her way.

My Impatience did not remain long unsatisfied; the Hunt return’d, and, contrary to what was usual, moved very slowly. Day-light was not quite gone, and I congratulated with myself on the Opportunity I was going to have of considering the King’s Person very attentively; but the false Shame of informing myself which was the King, disappointed my Hopes,

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surrounded as he was by the Courtiers. By good Luck, his Majesty dropp'd something out of his Hand, otherwise he would have pass'd by undistinguished; but the Eagerness every one express'd to to take up his Glove and return it, sufficiently pointed him out, and I had the Satisfaction I so much desired.

My Admiration of this charming Prince was so great, that I could not forbear observing to Madame *de General* the Gracefulness of his Person; but she scarce made any Answer to what I said on the Subject: her Eyes were fixed on a Nobleman, with whom she seem'd to be entirely charmed, and was no less solicitous to make me sensible of his personal Accomplishments, than I was in remarking those of the young Monarch. But the best of it was, we mutually applauded each other's Remarks, falsely imagining they regarded one and the same Object.

In the mean time, the Court was directly under our Windows; I was so taken up with the Sight, that I quite forgot I was in a very plain Undress. Madame *de General* was full dress'd, and either thro' Malice or Inadvertancy, did not give me the Hint; thus was I unwittingly expos'd to the curious Eyes of the Company, for my little Vanity would never have relish'd the Negligence of my *Deshabille*. I think I have elsewhere mentioned how much I suffer'd on such Occasions, and indeed do to this Day.

' Good God!' (cried Madame *de General*, with a mysterious Air, but such as betrayed how well she was satisfied with her own dear Self) 'these Men are turn'd Fools surely! One can't be at a Window, but they stare one through! See, Madame, I beg, how they eye us!' In effect, they all to a single Man looked up as they pass'd by. "Indeed, Madame," (replied I) you make me observe what would not have surpris'd me, had we been the only Women that look'd out of Windows in the Street; but, methinks, the whole Court seems entirely taken up with staring at us." "Oh! (replied Madame *de General*) what you say does not at all surprise me! I am so well known, so very well known, my pretty Lady, that you must not wonder at what you see;

‘ You don’t know that the King himself is pleased
 ‘ often to favour me with a Look ; not that I would
 ‘ have you think (continued the vain Thing, putting
 on an Air of Modesty) ‘ that I attribute this to any
 ‘ thing very flattering in myself ; my Husband goes
 ‘ every Day to Court, and as he is upon very good
 ‘ Terms there, ’tis no Wonder if some Notice is
 ‘ taken of me.—Did not I tell you so ? (added
Madame de Geneval, standing up) ‘ see the King does
 ‘ us the Honour to look at us ! He certainly remem-
 ‘ bers my Face.—For Heaven’s Sake, Madame,
 ‘ let us retire (continued she, in a childish affected
 Tone) ‘ I can stand it no longer.

A Nobleman, who was opposite to the Window, singled me out with his Hat to those that were near him : “ Own, Gentlemen (said he) that young Lady
 “ to be exceeding handsome, and that the *Deshabille*
 “ you see her in, far surpasses all the Arts of Dress.” This was no sooner spoke, but every one ey’d me with fresh Attention, and bow’d to us one after another. The King being directly opposite to our Window, look’d up a second Time, and took off his Hat : I blush’d prodigiously, and imagining I ought to return the Compliment, made an exceeding low Curtesey ; ‘ Lord, Madame, what are you doing ? cried *Madame de Geneval* loud enough to be over-heard) ‘ nobody salutes the King ; you’ll make us be taken ‘ for mere Country Creatures.’ The King and the whole Court fell a laughing at this ill-tim’d Reprimand. Whether this was owing to the Manner of expressing herself, or my Simplicity, I can’t determine ; this I know very well, the hasty Reproach struck me all of a Heap. I should have remain’d in this Condition for a considerable Time, had not *Madame de Geneval*, in order to ingratiate herself with me, and shew her Knowledge of the Court, given me the Names and History of part of his Majesty’s Retinue, tho’ heard with great Indifferency on my Side : I had not forgot the little Mortification I fancied she had drawn upon me, and Self-love made my Resentment appear very justifiable.

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My vain cajoling Landlady, imagining my Silence proceeded from the Relish I had for her Conversation, continued the Subject for some time, sparing nobody that came in her way : When breaking off on a sudden, she proposed going down to her Apartment, Supper-time, as she said, drawing near. I replied, that " it would be proper for me to put on some " Head-Cloaths, since she would not allow me to " dress." " Oh ! by no means (cried *Madame de Geneval*) ' you are killingly handsome in the Dress you ' are in : neither am I the only one who thinks so, ' as you have just now heard : We sha'l have frequent ' Opportunities of seeing you dress'd, for this once ' let us enjoy you in your native Charms.' This Compliment was answer'd in a proper Manner on my Side, not forgetting her Beauty, with which she seem'd mightily taken ; as indeed this was truly her weak Side. "'Tis very justly said (cried she, begging Pardon for the Freedom of taking me in her Arms) ' that ' Women of Quality are always distinguishable by ' their Behaviour : I have ever been fond of their ' Company, as their Conversation is so very instruct- ' ing.' What don't Prejudice effect ! As long as she took me for the *Countess de Roches*, this was always her Stile ; but, the Moment she discovered the Truth, she protested to one, who gave me an Account of it, that ' she all along took me for a Counterfeit ; that, ' notwithstanding the Airs I was pleased to give my- ' self, she saw thro' the Artifice,, and every Day dis- ' cover'd something that betray'd my mean Birth.' So much for Prejudice.

Altho' I was very much press'd to go down undress'd as I was, I should never have consented, had not *Monsieur de Geneval* surpris'd us in the Debate : he accosted us in a genteel Manner, and paid his Compliments gracefully enough. He had something of the Fop in him, his Voice trifling, and much upon the Familiar : As Superintendant to the Duke of ——— he imagin'd himself Company for any one ; handsome, tall, well made, always in the Pink of the Mode, and very full of himself ; a ready Wit, and so happy in his little Sallies, that the Spleen was

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entirely banish'd where ever he came, and made his Conversation much coveted. The vicious Part of any one's Character is much easier attain'd than what is valuable in it; his satirical Vein *Madame de Geneval* had acquir'd, and was very ready at biting Expressions! but then, she wanted the fine Turn of Wit in applying them, of which he was a perfect Master; inso-much that he would frequently lash People to their Faces with so much Art, adapting his Voice and Expression so justly, that every one present, except the Person concern'd, immediately discover'd who was aim'd at; nay, it often happened that the Object of his Raillery was the most diverted of the whole Company. Let any one judge if such Talents were not esteem'd in an Age so favourable to satirical Reflections, that all Charity for our Neighbour is exploded, as a thing quite out of Date.

Our Supper was perfectly neat and elegant. *Monsieur de Geneval* acquitted himself exceedingly well in doing the Honours of his House. We were five at Table, without reckoning a Boy of seven Years old, so very ill-bred, that he seiz'd every thing he could lay his Hands on, daubed the Table-cloth, and spoil'd the Cloaths of those who had the Misfortune to be near him; and all this without his Father's being allow'd to reprimand him. As he was pretty, and by way of Compliment said to be like his Mother, she thought upon this account he could not be too much indulged, and consequently spoil'd him to such a degree, that he was ready to sling things at any one's Head that presum'd to find fault with him.

A Relation of *Monsieur de Geneval*, about fifty Years of Age, made the third Woman in the Company: her Humour seem'd gay and airy; she amused us with abundance of Pleasantry, accompanied with so much Wit, as threw a Veil over her Age, and the malicious Turns she frequently gave to Things. She was not all of a piece; her Folly betray'd itself in giving us to understand, that in her younger Days she stood unrival'd in point of Beauty; then her Discourse ran upon the Extravagancies Princes and Noble-

Noblemen had committed in making their Addresses to her ; there was no end of this Subject ; and if any one took a Fancy to contradict her, as it sometimes happen'd, the Scene was chang'd in an instant ; from Affable and Polite, she became downright Scurrilous.

A Gentleman belonging to the Household, about Thirty, was the very Opposite to the Person just mentioned : Taciturnity, Gloom, and Disdain were strongly imprinted on his Countenance. He never was known to approve of any thing in all his Life ; and before you utter'd a single Syllable, you might depend upon being contradicted by him : *But* was his favourite Transition, and *No* his darling Particle.

Notwithstanding this Difference of Characters. I soon perceiv'd that the Company was agreed upon making me talk, with a Design to learn some Account of my Affairs ; but *Monsieur St. Fal*, who had a good deal of Foresight, gave me my Lesson in writing : my Story was framed, digested, and got by heart ; I came off very well, notwithstanding their Attacks, and this chiefly by the concise Answers I gave. The only Secret for baffling Curiosity, is to say little ; there is no hazard in being cautious, whereas giving a loose to the Tongue, overburdens the Memory, and endangers the contradicting one's self : A ticklish Situation, to which Persons ought never to expose themselves, who have Reasons not to be publickly known.

The Desert had not been long served up, when a Footman came and whisper'd something to *Madame de Geneval* : she immediately turn'd towards me, and told me in the Ear that a Nobleman enquir'd for me. Imagining it must be *St. Fal*, who was come with some News, I ordered the Footman to conduct him to my Apartment, and was preparing to go and receive him. The Servant hearing me name that Nobleman, assured me it was not him, but that he guess'd by his Livery, it must be the Duke of——. The Name surpris'd me, and *Monsieur de Geneval* perceiving it, asked me if I had any Reason for not receiving the Visit, for in that Case it was only saying, that I did not sup at home : My Answer was, that I did not desire to be seen, as the Person was an utter
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Stranger, and I did not apprehend what his Business could be. *Madame de Geneval* rose from Table at this, bidding me make myself very easy, for she would speak to the Duke herself; adding with a mysterious Air, that she partly guess'd his Errand. Saying this, she left the Room, making me several Signs which I did comprehend.

I expected her Return with great Impatience, wondering what could detain her so long. The Dread I had of the old *Marquess*, brought him continually to my Mind, whenever troublesome Accidents gave me any Uneasiness.

Monsieur de Geneval perceiving me much disquieted, endeavour'd to make me share the Mirth of the Company: Complaisance obliged me to feign an Attention to what pass'd. What an irksome Task is it to counterfeit a Satisfaction, when the Mind labours under Perplexity!

After half an Hour's Stay, *Madame de Geneval* return'd laughing very heartily. 'Did not I tell you (said she, speaking to me) 'that we were examined very 'narrowly when at the Window? Without Vanity, our 'Charms make some Noise in the World.' "Who "doubts that? (replies the Husband) all the Court envies my Happiness in possessing so lovely a Creature "as *Madame de Geneval*." "None of your Jest (continued she, half angry at his ironical Tone) 'I could 'give very convincing Proofs of the Truth of what 'you say: But that is not the Business at present. It's 'very certain I have had a thousand soft Things said 'to me just now by a very gallant Spark; it's true, I 'was not altogether impos'd on, knowing very well 'continued *Madame de Geneval* (pointing slyly to me) the 'Countess has the best Title to the Courtship, tho' address'd to me.' "Meaning me, Madam?" (replied I very gravely) "How can I be any ways concern'd? I "am but just arriv'd from the other end of the Kingdom; have no Acquaintance—" 'Alas! that's no 'Reason, replied *Monsieur de Geneval* very earnestly; 'there are a thousand for your engaging their Adoration.' I could not forbear smiling at the Manner in which I was address'd. The Wife, thinking perhaps
this

this was carrying things too far, and, like many other Women, was piqued to hear another extoll'd or might be naturally a little jealous, corrected the Transport her Husband had been guilty of, by saying, 'that if I had not really been so very handsome, Novelty was of great Service in this Country; nevertheless it must be supported by something more lasting than Beauty; that the Vogue drew Admirers for a while, but when that was over, the Object was as easily neglected, as it had been eagerly pursued.' The Gentleman of the Household opposed this Maxim, asserting, that what was once truly amiable, was always so. *Madame de Geneval*, who had her Reasons for maintaining what she had advanced, brought a recent Example in favour of her own Opinion: 'You all saw (said she, addressing her Discourse to her Husband's Kinswoman) 'the famous *Lyonnoise*, so much talk'd of about two Years ago at *Paris*; she was as fair as Alabaster, had fine Features, a good Shape, and an Air of Grandeur; notwithstanding all this, I could find nothing very extraordinary in her; she no sooner appear'd in publick, but was follow'd by all the World. I happened to be one Day at the *Thuilleries*, when the *Lyonnoise* was walking there; as the great Alley perfectly swarm'd, I enquired of every one I met, what could occasion such a Crowd? Good God! Madam, where do you come from, (reply'd the Person) not to know that the beautiful *Lyonnoise* is come to *Paris*, and is now actually walking in the *Thuilleries*? I shrugg'd up my Shoulders at such a preposterous Answer, and resolv'd to see with my own Eyes on what it was grounded: I made my way thro' the Crowd, and at last got a Sight of this so much extoll'd Beauty. Whether thro' Prejudice, not being according to my Taste, or not so handsome as they pretended, she did not please me at all. I pitied the Stupidity of the Publick, which often is lavish of its Praises on Objects that, upon a nearer View, are scarce tollerable: It's true, sooner or later, the Prejudice is laid aside, as it happen'd in the Case of this very *Lyonnoise*.

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‘ Some Weeks after this, I was in the *Tbnilleries* :
 ‘ I met her again, but she was scarce taken notice
 ‘ of : nevertheless, she was exactly the same ; and,
 ‘ as the Inconstancy of Mode never affects me, me-
 ‘ thought she was even handsomer than at first.’ “ No
 “ wonder (replied the Kinswoman very slyly) you
 “ lik’d her the better because nobody admir’d her ;
 “ and consequently Envy had nothing to work on.
 “ Put the case she had once more become a reigning
 “ Toast, and you had seen her surrounded with a
 “ Crowd of Admirers, she would have appear’d as
 “ plain as at first : the Thing speaks itself,”

Madame de Geneval frown’d a little at this cutting
 Remark : From one of her Character, a sharp Reply
 might have been expected, but she had her Reasons
 for being moderate ; Interest, which always rules,
 and to which she was an absolute Slave, prevail’d on
 her to stifle her Resentment ; to do it with a better
 Grace she went on thus.

‘ The *Lyonnoise*, nettled at the Injustice she met
 ‘ with at *Paris*, came to shew herself at Court ; her
 ‘ Charms had a Run, but soon met the same Fate as
 ‘ before ; she disappear’d on a sudden, and I have
 ‘ since been informed, is gone for *England* in search
 ‘ of new Admirers.’

I presently discovered the malicious Drift of this
 Story, and the Application *Madame de Geneval* was
 willing should be made of it ; from whence I conclu-
 ded, that her Character and mine would not long
 sympathize.

The Discourse ran again upon the Duke’s Visit,
 which *Madame de Geneval*’s Reflections had interrupt-
 ed : She told us, ‘ that all she could gather from
 ‘ what he said, was that in returning from hunting,
 ‘ the Sight of a young Lady had made such an Im-
 ‘ pression on him, that he came to enquire after her,
 ‘ and in case she had any Affairs depending at Court,
 ‘ to offer his Service.

Madame de Geneval, added, that ‘ all this was ex-
 ‘ pressed in so polite a Manner, that though she was
 ‘ prepared to answer this gallant Preamble, which
 ‘ doubtless was aim’d at me, as it deserved, yet she
 ‘ could

could not avoid replying with a great deal of Respect, and letting him know who I really was; the Duke upon hearing my Name, assured her he was well acquainted with my Family, for which he had a great Value, and would have the Honour of being introduced at a more seasonable Opportunity.

I apprehended from the Confusion in which this Nobleman retir'd (continued my Landlady) that without doubt he took the *Countess* for one who had her Fortune to make, and that he need only come, to be well received; a foolish Presumption Men are often guilty of, who think, that in visiting a Woman they do her an Honour. This Vanity must either be grounded on the Figure they make, or the Confidence they have of our Weakness. As for my part, who am often expos'd to the Intrigues of these Gentlemen, I use them with a great deal of Freedom, ridicule their serious Faces, amuse myself, and laugh at them; this I take to be the Method.' Not so very commendable (replied the Husband something maliciously) as you may perhaps imagine; under this Pretext of Indifferency, the Gallants are retain'd and listen'd to without Suspicion. Their Follies amuse me, you'll say? No doubt of it; and that is just what they look for; to have Admittance into certain Houses, is all they can hope for at first; taking up your Time agreeably and amusing you, Ladies, is their second Step; but what lucky Fellows, if you do them the Honour to smile on their Endeavours!" Lord, (cried *Madame de Geneval* interrupting him) 'it would have been a Wonder indeed, if you had not contradicted me; it's mighty becoming a Husband, who fancies his Honour is at stake, if he does not thwart his Wife on every Occasion.' "Not in the least (replied the Gentleman of the Household;) "you are hung for want of understanding him: your Spouse is far from being of a different Opinion on this Point; does not his Conduct give you daily Proofs of it? Can you imagine; that if he were really serious in what he says, he would allow you such an unbounded
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“ Liberty ? ” “ A Continuation of your long Silence, Sir (replied *Madame de Geneval* very sharply) would have been much more acceptable, than the Part you are pleased to take in the Conversation.” The Gentleman, not the best bred Person in the World, took her up as smartly on his Side ; and like many others, who when they have got footing in the House, take upon them to controul at large, indulged a malicious Pleasure in maintaining the Argument with equal Vehemence. The Mistress of the House, exceedingly haughty, apprehending possibly the Consequences of such a Dispute, and provoked besides at the little Ceremony with which she was treated, and her Husband’s not silencing her Opponent, address’d herself to him with bitter Reproaches for want of Tenderness in her regard ; declaring that “ for the future she should take proper Methods, and the Moment certain Countenances appeared — ” Being apprehensive from the Sharpness of the Gentleman’s Reply, that the Conversation was growing still warmer, I thought it high time to retire. *Madame de Geneval* was too much taken up in retorting the sarcastical Replies of the Gentleman and her Husband, to perceive I was gone. But *Monsieur de Geneval*, more attentive to what pass’d, left his Friend to pursue or drop the Argument, and came after me to present his Hand, making an Apology for the Scene, of which I had been a Spectator. “ She is very silly (said he, speaking of his Wife) a Trifle discomposes her, and makes her exceptionous : I overlook it all, as she is with child ; when she is so, her Humour is unaccountable ? but, in consideration of her Condition, some Complaisance must be shewn.” I commended *Monsieur de Geneval* for his Moderation, but blamed him at the same time for suffering the Gentleman to divert himself in provoking his Wife. To this he replied, “ that he was an old Friend, whose Characteristick was, never to yield in a Dispute ; that he was so well known for it, that nobody ever resented his Obstinacy.” Upon this he told me an odd Story : This very Gentleman was deeply in love with a young Lady, who

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on every account was a very proper Match for him, and the Affair on the point of being concluded: it happened very luckily, that he invited his future Father-in-law, after signing the Writings, to Supper; the Conversation turning upon the Ceremonies observed at the Marriages of the Ancients, the old Gentleman and his future Son-in-law, neither of whom wanted Wit or Learning, enliven'd the Discourse with many interesting Passages and curious Citations; but the Spirit of Contradiction, the predominant Passion in *Geneval's* Friend, soon made the old Gentleman lose his Patience; it's true, he yielded for some time, apprehending his Memory might fail him, till the Son-in-law, who had been bred a Scholar, falling upon a Point in Divinity, which the old Gentleman happen'd perfectly to recollect, he maintain'd his Ground; the young one contradicted him; the other, positive that he was right, ran home to his Library, brought the Book, and imagined he had carried his Point; but the Son-in-law disclaimed both the Author and the Edition. This Obstinacy provok'd the young Lady's Father so much, that he retired without any Ceremony. Upon this, their Friends interposed, and endeavoured to make up the Breach; the old Gentleman, the most reasonable of the two, was not averse to an Accommodation, and only insisted that his future Son-in-law should acknowledge himself to have been mistaken: But *Geneval's* Friend chose rather to lose a very advantageous Match, than purchase it at so dear a Rate.

This whimsical Story amus'd me the more, as having just experienced, that the Hero of it was very well qualified to furnish many such Adventures. After some Reflections on it, *Geneval* left me. I ordered the Servant to light him down, and then shut myself into my Apartment, with a firm Resolution of avoiding, as much as possible, such an odd Medley of Company.

I was going to Bed, when I heard somebody knock at the Door; curious to know what important Affair could occasion a Visit at One in the Morning,

Morning, I went to the Window; in order not to be seen, I bid the Maid carry the Candles out of the Room: I discover'd a Footman holding a Flambeau, by whose glimmering Light I perceiv'd a tall Man standing at the Door, which was just opened: Upon listening I heard him ask the Maid, if a young Lady did not lodge there, who arrived but that very Day? finding by the Answer, that he was not mistaken, he inquired if she was up, and could be spoke with. The Maid, who had been present at Supper when her Mistress gave an Account of the Duke's Visit, answered the Stranger very roughly, that the Person he inquired after was not to be seen, especially by Night, and so shut the Door upon him.

I thought it likewise time to draw in, lest if should be seen, the Person might insist upon speaking with me.

I went to Bed without reflecting on this Accident, persuaded as I was, that it had been occasion'd by the Visit intended me at Supper-time.

It is with some Confusion I own the profound Tranquillity, with which I slept till ten in the Morning, as if I had not the least Reason to be uneasy. Such is giddy Youth, almost void of Reflection! My Waiting-woman came to acquaint me that a Mantua-maker, and other Work-women waited my Rising. I was inconsiderate enough to ask if she had sent for them: She answer'd with some Surprise, that I had given her no such Orders, but that the People said, they came by Appointment. This made me presently imagine that *M. St. Fal*, with his usual Foresight, was the Contriver of this Piece of Gallantry. I got up, was taken measure of for Stays and Gowns, without examining any farther, which I judged could be of no manner of Service, nor alter their Opinion of me one way or other.

The Clock had struck One; I was sitting down to Table (for my House Affairs were as well regulated the first Day as if I had been settled ten Years) when *M. de St. Fal* sent his Name. He was richly dress'd; I had not till then consider'd his Person with any Attention; notwithstanding my Affections

were

were prejudiced in favour of another, I could not be so unjust as not to look upon him as a very accomplished Person. His Address was even more respectful than usual; a nice Conduct to avoid reminding me how much I was beholden to him. Whilst my Waiting-woman was present, he constantly employ'd the Word *Madam*, and only talk'd of general Things. I insisted on his sitting down to Dinner, which he complied with. As soon as we were alone, he began by expressing the Pleasure he had in seeing me, and the Apprehension he was under, lest Time should hang heavy on my Hands in a strange Place. Upon this I related to him all that had passed since he left me; I described the Supper, acquainted him with the Duke's intended Visit, not omitting the Debate which ensued on that Occasion. I could not prevail upon myself to hide my Suspicion of *Madame de General's* ill Temper. His Answer to this was, that the being obliged to provide a Lodging for me on a sudden, prevented his taking a whole House; that it was not yet too late; and while he was looking out for one, he advised me to avoid *la General's* Company as much as possible.

It was with the greatest Difficulty imaginable that I took the Count off this Subject; he did not relish the Duke's Visit; the Stranger who inquired after me at Midnight gave him no small Uneasiness; he took heart however when I gave my Word to avoid all Visits, and the Occasions of them, so far even as not to amuse myself at the Window for the future. *St. Fal* appeared as much transported at this Promise, as if I had acquainted him with the most agreeable piece of News he could have wish'd to hear; he confess'd he did not dare to ask such a Favour, lest I should look upon it as a Restraint on my Liberty.

Resuming his usual Tranquillity, he came at last to the Point which concern'd me most. I had already ask'd several times whether he had seen my Lover's Father, without receiving any Answer; but now he gave me an Account of a smart Conversation, whereof

I was

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I was the Subject. ‘ Would you believe, said *M. de St. Fal*, ‘ that the old *Marquess* could scarce be persuaded you had escaped out of my Hands ? He ‘ would be informed of the Time, Place, and other ‘ Circumstances. In order to detect me, he sent for ‘ my *Valet de Chambre*, question’d him apart in ‘ his Closet, to try if we both agreed in the same ‘ Story : In a word, I never saw him in such a ‘ Passion before ; but all his Precautions gave me no ‘ Uneasiness, being prepared on all hands, by giving ‘ my Servant his Instructions, and being well assured ‘ he would not betray me.

‘ As to my Uncle, though he threatened to go ‘ himself to the Place, he has not as yet proceeded ‘ any farther in the Affair ; his Anger is over, or at ‘ least he pretends as much. He was very inquisitive ‘ as to your Beauty, Character, and every thing ‘ which regarded you. I need not say, I did you ‘ Justice, continued the Count ; on such a Subject ‘ could any one have been reserved ? The Description of your Person was called over several times ; ‘ from whence I judged, he recollected what had ‘ passed in the Village, where he waited for his ‘ Horses. The Confusion into which his first Onset ‘ threw me, made me forget what you had related ‘ concerning that Affair, and I gave him an exact ‘ Likeness of you.’

This Conformity set him on thinking. “ If I “ am not mistaken, cried he, there is no room to “ wonder at my Son’s Passion for this Girl.” ‘ I ‘ pretended to be surpris’d at the Exclamation ; but ‘ the old *Marquess*, either because he mistrusted me, ‘ or was unwilling to let me know his Sentiments, ‘ changed the Discourse, and I retired exceedingly ‘ pleased with extricating myself so well out of this ‘ ticklish Affair.’

The Assurance *St. Fal* gave, that his Uncle’s Indignation seem’d appeas’d, made me something easy. ‘ Whatever Reason I have to believe that to be the ‘ Case, continued the Count, I shall be continually ‘ on my guard ; we have a subtle crafty Politician

‘ to deal with ; and lest he should impose upon me,
‘ I shall be very careful not to give him any Handle
‘ for suspecting the Sincerity with which I have pre-
‘ tended to act in this Affair. Upon this Account,
‘ I never left him since yesterday ; to-morrow he
‘ goes to *Paris*, and I shall take the Opportunity
‘ of his Absence, to spend the Day, lovely *Jenny*,
‘ with you, in order to settle your little Affairs.’

The Word *Settle*, reminded me of what this ge-
nerous Person had already done for me. “ Good
“ God ! Sir, replied I, what will you think of me !
“ I am as you may see, in the greatest Confusion
“ imaginable for being so backward in making my
“ Acknowledgments for your Favours, of which I
“ have a far greater Sense than I can possibly ex-
“ press.” Ah ! *Mademoiselle*, cried *St. Fal* interrupt-
ing me, ‘ your bare remembering them is too great
‘ a Return ; I beg we may say no more of such
‘ Trifles.’—— “ I look upon them in a far different
“ Light, replied I ; but still some melancholy Re-
“ flections overpower my Gratitude, and give me
“ very cruel Alarm. I have already said, continued
I, “ That all the Grandeur of the World shall never
“ draw me from the Rules I have prescribed to my-
“ self ; and if your Views——” ‘ No, once for
‘ all,’ replied *St. Fal* in the sincerest Manner, ‘ my
‘ Word and Honour is your Security, the which, as-
‘ sure yourself, I am not capable of Violating ; and
‘ I consent to be look’d upon as the last of Mankind,
‘ if ever any Behaviour of mine contradicts this Pro-
‘ testation I have the honour of making to you.’
“ On these Terms, replied I very much encouraged,
“ I shall take a Pleasure in seeing you, and abstract-
“ ing from the Sentiments you have formerly ex-
“ pressed, so opposite to those in my own Breast, I
“ should take a Pleasure in not hiding any thing
“ from you.” ‘ Alas, cried the Count with great
Earnestness, ‘ let that be no Hindrance ; on the con-
‘ trary, charming *Jenny*, such a Confidence would
‘ afford me the greatest Consolation ; how happy
‘ should I be to possess it ! The Effects of Love are
‘ as various as the Persons it influences, and in me
1 ‘ widely

‘ widely different from what they are in others. I
 ‘ was always of Opinion, that to love for one’s own
 ‘ sake merited no Return; for it’s properly Self-
 ‘ love, where one’s own Happiness is the End pur-
 ‘ sued; as it is Self-interest, not that of the Object
 ‘ beloved, which is consulted. The Proof of a dis-
 ‘ interested Passion is, to promote the Happiness of a
 ‘ Mistress, even in opposition to our own Desires:
 ‘ Judge then, too lovely Creature, what kind of
 ‘ Passion I entertain in your regard; it’s your Satis-
 ‘ faction, it’s your own Happiness I study. Yes,’
 (continued the Count seizing my Hands) ‘ you shall
 ‘ see me strive as eagerly to promote your Union
 ‘ with him you love, as if my own Happiness imme-
 ‘ diately depended on it. It’s true, in losing you, I
 ‘ lose all that’s dear to me in Life; but I shall have
 ‘ the Comfort of reflecting, that in point of Disin-
 ‘ terestedness and Generosity, I stand unrival’d.’

Sentiments so delicate, so refined, and so new to
 me, raised an Admiration that Silence alone could
 express. ‘ Ah! can you doubt my Sincerity?’ con-
 tinued the Count ‘ you make me no Answer. Will
 ‘ you exclude me from the Confidence you mention-
 ‘ ed, one of the Favours (alas!) I can only expect?
 ‘ The Sentiments I have just now express’d, how-
 ‘ ever commendable in the Theory, you perhaps
 ‘ imagine impracticable. My Behaviour thus far, my
 ‘ late Protestations, all betray some secret Views. Yes,
 ‘ such I have, too charming Creature; shall I acknow-
 ‘ ledge them? (continued *St. Fal* rising up) Will you
 ‘ be convinced of what I have said, if I pour out the
 ‘ secret Motions of my Soul?’ ‘ Well then (replied I
 ‘ terribly alarm’d) “ what is it you hope for? You
 ‘ ought to know me, and consequently not to flatter
 ‘ yourself that I should ever—” ‘ Ah! *Mademoiselle*’
 (cried *St. Fal* interrupting me) ‘ hear what I have
 ‘ to say; don’t suspect that under an apparent Pro-
 ‘ bity, a Villain lies hid: I love you, I adore you,
 ‘ your Charms have vanquish’d me, and to preserve
 ‘ you, I would sacrifice Rank and Fortune a thousand
 ‘ times over; but I would owe this Happiness to
 ‘ your own Choice, and not to any Importunity of
 ‘ mine.

mine. I am persuaded, that had not your Inclination for my Cousin prevented me, I might one Day have been so happy as to gain your Favour; but the Probity on which I value myself, and my singular Way of thinking, have rein'd-in my Passion, tho' not extinguish'd my Hope: on this is regulated my present Conduct, and that which I shall observe till Fate shall leave me no Possibility of possessing you. Not that I wish the *Marquess* may change, and much less, that Death should ravish him from you: knowing as I do, and in the Sentiments I profess, it would be desiring your Unhappiness; but the Events of Life are so various, and so continually subject to change, that such a Thing may naturally happen: in either of these unfortunate Cases, may I not reasonably hope that you would one Day call to mind the Purity of my Sentiments, the Services I had done, or at least endeavour'd to have done? and that then presenting a Heart, which I may venture to say would not have been disagreeable, had you not been prejudiced in favour of another, you would crown a Passion that never was inspir'd to be unfortunate?

curb'd

The Count's last Words were utter'd with so much Tenderness, that I was greatly affected. "You are not mistaken (replied I with some Emotion, and yielding one of my Hands, which *St. Fal* bathed with his Tears) "you are not mistaken in relying on my Gratitude: I'll say more; were not my Affections already engaged, I know no one but yourself could succeed in fixing them,"—For the present this suffices (cried *St. Fal*, throwing himself at my Feet) "I am less wretched: this Acknowledgement affords Relief, and transports me—How! charming *Jenny*, may I flatter myself"—"Heavens! what do I hear? (cried a Voice from the Door, which was half open) "I am betrayed: perfidious Creature! I will never see thee more."

The Sound of the Voice, the cruel *Apostrophe*, the sudden disappearing of him that spoke, the Posture the Count was in when I was surpris'd, all together made me start up and fly to the Door. "Alas! I am

“undone” (cried I, discovering the *Marquess* as he made off.) This unexpected Apparition struck such a Terror into me, that I must have sunk upon the Floor, had not a *Sopha* luckily received me. *St. Fal*, no less surpris’d than myself, ran to my Assistance. “Ah! Sir (cried I) leave me, and follow your Kinsman; he believes me guilty, and detests me, of all which you are the Cause.——O Heavens! I am quite spent, I am in despair.”

St. Fal did not hesitate a Moment (he ran down Stairs and presently overtook the *Marquess*). I would fain have got on my Feet to prevent a Quarrel, which their high Words gave me too much Reason to apprehend, but the Agony I was in rendered it impracticable. My Waiting-woman came up in a violent Agitation; she put the finishing hand to my Misfortunes, by acquainting me, that *St. Fal* and an Officer, as she called the *Marquess*, were gone out disputing, and by the Fury visible in the *Marquess*’s Countenance, she really believed a Duel would ensue. At this terrible News I exerted myself, and ran to the Window to bring them back; but, alas! they were so far gone, that it would have been in vain to call after them. “Ah Heavens! (cried I, not observing I betrayed myself before a Servant I had no Reason to confide in) “what will become of me, if I lose all that is dear to me in this Life! Go, “*Mademoiselle* (said I to my Woman) lose not a Moment; run, and endeavour to bring them back.” “God forbid! (replied *Brochan* with an Air of Disdain) ‘it would be very fine, truly, to see young Women running after such Sparks. If I had imagined I was hired to be engaged in these kind of Adventures, I would never have darkened the Doors.’ After this comfortable Harangue she left the Room, muttering to herself, but so loud as to let me hear several shocking Expressions.

Let any one imagine the Condition I was in; I knew not what to do; if I go after them, said I to myself, to what Purpose? Put the Case I reach them whilst they are engaged, as they certainly are, ought not I to apprehend my Presence will only serve to

redouble

redouble the *Marquess's* Fury, and hasten some tragical Event? He thinks me perfidious; what Effect can my Prayers have on him? Again, how shall I be looked upon here? I reflected, that though the prying *Madame de Geneval* should happen not to be at home when the *Marquess* and *St. Fal* went out, I must expect that Prude *Brochan* would not fail to inform her of all that had pass'd. What would not be the Consequence? Women, especially those of my Landlady's Character, shew no Mercy on such Occasions. In fine, I knew not which Way to turn myself; sometimes I rely'd on *St. Fal's* Prudence and sincere Attachment to me; then again all Hope vanish'd when I considered him vigorously attacked, as I had Reason to think, and under an absolute Necessity of defending himself. I walked about my Room in a violent Agitation, musing on all these Particulars, when, to complete my Misfortunes, *la Geneval*, notwithstanding her former Politeness, entered without the least Ceremony, and asked very hastily the Meaning of what she had just been informed of; adding something drily, "she would not for the World any untoward Affair should happen, wherein her Name could be brought in question;" she told me, "her House was not design'd for such Purposes; and that she took it heinously ill, that *M. de St. Fal* should expose her House to any such Inconveniences."

To all this I answer'd not a Word; I was so confounded, that I could not devise the least Pretence to give a favourable Turn to what I was reproached with. *La Geneval*, taking my Silence for a tacit Acknowledgement of what she thought of me, perhaps confirmed in it by the Remarks of my devout Waiting-woman, continued her Discourse in so high a Strain, with so many bitter Taunts, and Expressions so very ill-timed, that not being much prejudiced in her Favour, I took her up very short for her Impertinence, telling her with a piercing Look 'to leave my Room, that I waited for the Count's Return, and should not fail to acquaint him with the Civilities I had received in the Apartment he

‘choſe for me, and where I had expected to be ſafe
‘from any Inſult.’ This was uttered with ſo much
Reſolution, that ſhe durſt not make any Reply. Her
Huſband, who came in and heard part of what I
ſaid, aſked very earneſtly if any of his Family had
behaved otherwiſe than with Reſpect? I thanked
him very coldly for his Concern, and perceiving his
Wiſe was going to open again, I retired to my
Cloſet, throwing the Door after me; there I burſt
into Tears, and loſt myſelf in a Train of Reflections
ſurpaſſing each other in the Anguiſh they occa-
ſioned.

Abandoned thus to myſelf, I looked upon what
had happened, as a Punishment for accepting of *St. Fal*’s Offers: It would have been much better, ſaid
I to myſelf, to have gone to a Monastery, which
would have answered all Purpoſes: Love and Reaſon
might have gone hand in hand; the old *Marqueſs*
perhaps would have deſiſted from perſecuting me. I
muſt have ſuffered, it’s true, from my Averſion to a
Cloiſter; but Virtue, being free from any Alarms,
would have afforded ſome Comfort, in repreſenting
me bemoan’d and valued by a Lover truly dear, and
whoſe Preſervation was of ſuch Conſequence. This
Day my Ruin is compleated, continued I ſhedding a
Torrent of Tears; what will he not think? What
has he not Room to imagine? He finds me in the
Hands of another; however innocent I may be, he
ſurpriſes him at my Feet; Appearances are againſt
me; he’ll never return.

Three Hours were ſpent in the moſt melancholy
Situation; no Account of what had paſſed, which
my Imagination repreſented very tragical. The ſtrict
Honour of *St. Fal* was too notorious, not to render
it more than probable: I could not forbear thinking
he muſt have periſhed in the Combat, ſince he thus
left me a Prey to racking Uncertainty. This Notion
gathering Strength, let me into the Conſequences
of ſuch a terrible Affair; it was natural to expect
being ſeized, and made reſponſible for what my Im-
agination repreſented to have happened, as the Cauſe,
though very innocent of the Quarrel: In this Caſe,
I had

I had no Room to flatter myself; on the contrary, it was reasonable to suppose I should find no Favour, but meet with the severest Treatment.

Such just Alarms produced other Reflections; I thought it high time to consider seriously what I had to do. Flight seemed the best grounded, as well as safest, and which consequently I resolved on. Money I did not want (for I forgot to mention a Purse of Gold I found in the Commode) but I repeat it once more, I was no longer that *Jenny*, Mistress of so much Resolution in any Adventure; Plenty, Ease, consulting my Inclinations, had inkill'd all the Terrors and Weakness usual with young Women of Quality; I was even afraid of being left alone; I loved to be at my Ease; and the Apprehension of being otherwise, gave me no small Anxiety. A Service I could not think of with Patience; and yet the only Means which presented themselves were a Service, or to work for a Livelihood. What could I set about? I knew nothing, and could scarce wait on myself. It signified nothing to debate the thing, a thousand Obstacles opposed themselves to what my Virtue pointed out; it did not yield indeed, but maintained its Ground, yet, sullied as it was by so many concurring Accidents, it no longer cast forth those bright Rays, it had formerly done, when not weighed down with the Follies of the Age. I saw plainly my wretched Condition, and bewailed it; but that was all, I came to no Resolution.

It was now near Ten at Night, and nothing determined; I knew not which way to turn myself, overwhelmed as I was, I never thought of eating. My Cook-maid, who was mightily taken with me from the first, and whose Good nature, which far surpassed that of my Waiting-woman, made her more considerate and attentive, came to look for me in my Closet. I shall make no Difficulty to enter into a Detail of what passed between us, as it proved afterwards to be of Consequence. ‘Lady of ours (said she very innocently) ‘do People live here on the Air? Why, your ‘Supper has been ready these two Hours. *Jesu-Maria!* (cried she, holding her Candle to my face)

' you are all in Tears! Can Persons at your Age have
 ' any thing to trouble them? Mercy on us! what will
 ' become of others, when such sweet Babes take things
 ' to heart? Just Heavens! I am rarely fitted truly,
 ' out of the Frying-Pan into the Fire; my last Mis-
 ' tress was always grumbling, growling, snarling,
 ' and throwing things about; this here cries like a
 ' Child: Patience, every one has their Humour——
 ' But, in plain Truth, what makes you take on thus?
 ' You want for nothing: have you not a good Lodg-
 ' ing, well furnished? A large Income? As for Youth
 ' or Beauty, Heaven be praised, we need not go from
 ' Home, so that you are much to be pitied truly! Pies
 ' on't, what would you do, if you were in my place,
 ' simple as I stand here? Gracious Saviour! (continu'd
 ' the good natured Creature with Tears in her Eyes) I
 ' warrant ye all this is for the Loss of her Husband!
 ' Well, he's gone, and there's an End on't. For one
 ' cold one, there's a thousand warm ones. We shan't
 ' miss our Market; we live, Heaven be praised, in a
 ' Country where they are as plentiful as the Miseries
 ' of a Kitchen-wench.'

I could not forbear smiling at my Maid's Compari-
 sons and Manner of comforting me: I told her how-
 ever, to leave me, and that I did not intend to eat.
 ' Then I must e'en fast too (continued she) for it
 ' would not be right in me to regale whilst my good
 ' Mistress is in Affliction. Well, well, it won't kill
 ' me; if I go without my Supper to-night, I'll eat
 ' two to-morrow.' *Barbara* (for that was her Name)
 left me saying this: Her Compassion moved me, I
 called her back, and ordered her to go to Supper.
 ' Come then (said she) we'll compound the Matter:
 ' if you'll but sup a Porringer of Broth, I'll undertake
 ' to eat as much as any Four in the Parish; otherwise
 ' I can out-fast our Curate, the greatest Penitentiary
 ' in all the Country, and a very good Man if he did
 ' not love Money, and here and there a pretty Girl,
 ' you know what I mean. If it were not for such little
 ' fooleries, they say, he might have been a Saint long
 ' ago; but, like the rest of the World, he loves him-
 ' self;

‘ self; and after all, he may not be so much to blame as People pretend.’

I endeavoured a second time to send *Barbary* away, losing all Patience thro’ her Nonsense. When we are under Affliction, every thing incommodes us; but this Day I was destin’d to be embroil’d. Be gone (said I very hastily) “do you think I have nothing to do but——” ‘ Well, Madam, I am gone (said she without stirring an Inch;) ‘ I see foul Weather gathering; and you must be obeyed. How one may be deceived! I could have sworn, with so much Good-nature in your Face, you would never be angry: but they say, one should never judge of People by their Looks; and I fancy, when you have a mind, you can scold as well as another. Heavens be praised, Women of my Rank (that was her Expression) ‘ are born to suffer: I lived with one *Made-moiselle d’Elbieux*, who like you——’ “ *Made-moiselle d’Elbieux!* (cried I, struck with the Name) “ where is she?” ‘ Why, are you acquainted with her?’ (answer’d *Barbara*) No, (said I, dissembling the Truth) “ but a Friend of mine knows her.” ‘ So much the better, if you are not acquainted (replied *Barbara*;) she is a malicious Miss, or Lady, which you please, now she is married; our Village has a good Riddance of her; she plagued us out of our Lives, when she came to pass the Summer there, which was only every Year.” “ What is the Name of your Village?” (said I, extremely surprised that what I heard should agree so well with the Place of my Birth.) ‘ If you imagine I have forgot, Madam, (replied *Barbara*) you are mistaken; my Memory is not so short, nor is it so long since I came from thence; it’s called *D——*, and tho’ the least in the Forest of *Fontainebleau*, it’s not behind-hand with the best of them; a perfect little Paradise on Earth, I long to end my Days there; but Patience, all in good time, if God grants me Life, every thing has its Day; something must be laid up to prevent starving; we are poor Folks, it’s true, but very honest; and our Family, God be praised, has nothing to reproach itself with, except one of my

‘ Nieces, who has made Noise enough, and they say
 ‘ will make her Fortune: but there is not one of us
 ‘ would be in her Place; for it’s a Proverb in our Vil-
 ‘ lage, *More Honour and less Money; a good Name is*
 ‘ *better than a golden Girdle.*’

Upon this she went away. Let any one imagine the Consternation I was in to find my Cook maid to be my own Aunt; for by what she said, she was my Father’s Sister. This is one of those Accidents, which are least expected, and make the deepest Impression. I could have wished to have entered a little more into Particulars with this good-natured simple Relation; but I thought it proper to take another Opportunity of asking abundance of Questions which occurred. My Head was too much perplexed to take the necessary Precautions Prudence would suggest, in order to prevent betraying myself in such a Conversation.

Good-natured *Barbara*, or rather my Aunt, presently brought me a Porringer of Broth: I received it in an obliging Manner, and behaved to her with great Tenderness. She went away, swearing I had pleased her better than if I had bestowed an *Agnus* on her: this was saying a great deal, for her, being very fond of Relicks, tho’ her Devotion was well ordered, and no-ways resembling the precise Severity of *Mademoiselle Brochan*, my cross-grain’d Waiting-woman.

I was no sooner left alone, but I was buried again in Reflections: various Projects were formed in my disturbed Imagination; sometimes I was for discovering myself without Ceremony to my Aunt, and going back with her to the Village; the next Moment, I was for retiring to a Monastery, and concealing myself so well, as never to be heard of more; then again I resolved to write to *Madame de G* ———, or to go to her, and beg to be received as a Servant; in a word, twenty different Schemes presented themselves, but I had not Courage to fix upon any one of them.

My last Resolution, after a long Struggle, was to go to *Paris*, and shut myself up in some Room where I might learn to work, till I had recovered myself sufficiently

ciently to determine what was to be done. This Resolution taken, I dried up my Tears, and then began a Letter to the *Marquess*: I justified myself in a handsome Manner, and concluded with assuring him, that since he had thought fit to suspect my Conduct, he should never see me more

In the same Packet I inclosed another directed to *Monsieur de St. Fal*, where I returned him Thanks for all his Civilities, and assured him, that whatever beset me, they should always be fresh in my Memory; I told him, that it was with the greatest Regret I deprived myself of so generous and disinterested a Friend; and added, that I should do him the Justice to flatter myself, that notwithstanding what the World might think fit to say of me, he would scorn to condemn me on bare Appearances, as his Kinsman had done. This Offence provoked me so much, that it was frequently mentioned in both my Letters.

I was going to seal them; my Design was to leave them on my Toilette, to pretend the next Morning to take the Air; to lock up my Apartment, and send the Keys to generous *St. Fal*, that he might withdraw his Effects; and after these proper Measures, to take a Place in the Coach for *Paris*: I was beginning, I say, to order these Affairs, when my Aunt came hastily into the Room, telling me to dry up my Tears; that she had learnt the Occasion of them from *Madame de Geneval's* Servant; that I had nothing to do but to be merry, for that the Danger I apprehended was all over. I asked *Barbara*, with great Earnestness, from whence she had learned all this? 'Here (said she, pointing to *St. Fal* and the *Marquess*, who that Moment entered the Room) 'here is a convincing Proof of what I say. God be praised, you are 'easy, and that Witch *Brochan's* Heart will burst 'with Spleen.'

I gave no Attention to what she said: the *Marquess* was at my Feet; he had seized my Hands, endeavoured to speak, but was not able, nor was I to prevent his Caresses; my Tears alone could force their Way, no despiseable Language on such an Occasion.

St. Fal was still silent; leaning on the Back of my Chair, from whence I had not Power to rise, he seemed to wait the Result of the first Emotion. "I have brought you back (said he to me) a tender and a faithful Lover. Appearances imposed on him but for a Moment, and I had no Difficulty in convincing him how deserving you are of his Affections. Twenty times he has blushed, to think he could suspect your Conduct; and we should have been here four Hours ago, had we not met with my Uncle. I easily foresaw how much you must suffer from your Apprehensions, and should have sent word of our being prevented from waiting immediately on you, thro' fear of giving the old *Marquess* any room to suspect us; but that we thought such a Commission of too great Consequence to be entrusted with a Stranger.

"Recover yourself then, *Mademoiselle*; dry up your Tears, and enjoy without Disturbance the Pleasure of seeing a Lover again, who deserves you as well for his honourable Intentions, as by the Greatness of his Passion." Saying this, *St. Fal* left us, promising me to return the next Day. He went, as he said, to meet his Uncle, in order to give the *Marquess* an Opportunity of discoursing with me. My Heart was so full, and so much affected with the Presence of a Lover too dear to me, that I was scarce able to return a Bow to this generous Friend.

At any other Time, I would not have been left alone with the *Marquess*; but *then*, I was in a different Way of Thinking: I felt a secret Joy to find myself acquitted in his Mind, and wished to hear it confirmed. My Tears were no longer the Effect of Despair; the Trouble I was in, seemed a pleasing Kind of Melancholy, and afforded a Satisfaction. How delightful must that Pleasure be, which comes in the Room of Misfortunes that were expected! This Period of my Life is never reflected on but with the utmost Content.

The Moment I am writing such an interesting Passage of my Memoirs, this admired Lover, this Husband, in whom I am now happy, surprises me in

in my Closet: He smiles at my Perplexity in properly expressing so momentous an *Epoch*; he says, he will assist my Memory on this Occasion; he takes the Pen, he writes, he will not be refused; though he were not so dear to me as he really is, he must be obeyed. Thus, indulgent Reader, or severe Critick, you must not wonder, if the Style in the following Sheets is not always alike; the *Marquess* of *L. V.* is so complaisant, as to assist me often in the Execution of this Work. I am sensible this Digression, as well as my frank Confession above, is not entirely according to Rule; but, is there any to be observed, when the Heart speaks? I should choose to break through it, rather than lose an Opportunity of mentioning the most amiable of Husbands. But to return.

I was so transported, as I mentioned above, to see a Lover again whom I gave over for lost, that I never thought till now of making him rise: I used my utmost Endeavours to prevail on him to change so painful a Posture; but, pressing my Hands, he answered, 'No, charming *Jenny*, I'll die at your Feet, if you refuse to pardon the cruel Outrage I have committed. I acknowledge myself the last of Mankind; I thought you capable of Perfidy; I imagined my Cousin in possession of that only Treasure I covet, and after which I have sighed so long. Alas! what did I not think? How difficult is it to be impartial when in love! I own such Suspensions are highly criminal, I repeat it: I ought to have known you, and that alone should have prevented my indulging a Jealousy, which Appearances hurried to an Extremity.'

What did not my Heart feel, whilst the *Marquess* made his Apology! How gracefully did he acquit himself! A Heart of Marble must have been moved at what he said on that Subject. Happy are those young Women, whom inbred Virtue and Modesty are their Guard, or severe Education supplies the Want of such happy Dispositions! Without one of these Restraints, I know not (with Confusion I speak it) how far I might have indulged myself. The Blushes
arising

arising from these too endearing Reflections, were looked upon by the *Marquess* as the Marks of a Resentment still subsisting; a second time he asked if I forgave him. "Yes, my Lord, (answered I hiding my Face) "I do: At the same time let me beseech you "to forget the Vexation my listening to the Count "your Kinsman's Advice has perhaps occasioned: I "am sensible I ought to have been the first to engage him in a punctual Compliance with your Father's Designs; but that very Inclination, that "over-ruling Deference, at the same time instilled a "Horror against a Convent, which necessarily implied an absolute Separation from you. It is that "very Passion, which you have inspired, and has "been but too much cherished, that endangered "my forfeiting your Esteem, by some Indiscretions"——— No, adorable *Jenny* (replied the *Marquess* seating himself by me) "you are no ways to blame: Ruin on your Side, and Despair "on mine, must have been the inevitable Consequence of your falling into my Father's Hands: "his Design was to shut you up for Life; his Measures were so well concerted, and his Orders would "have been so punctually obeyed, that I must have "lost you for ever. All this I learnt but the other "Day. A Servant of my Father's, in whom he "much confides, knowing my very Life lay at stake, "let me into the Secret: I took Post immediately upon it, and came but a few Hours too late. Imagine the Despair which seized me, when coming "to *Madame de G——*'s, I found you gone. She "was moved at my Condition; and it was from her "I learned *St. Fal's* Commission: She had the Precaution to engage my Word of Honour, or I would "have risked my Life in extorting from him the "Place where he had left you. I dissembled with "him, set Spies upon him; in fine, discovered his "Haunts; it was I that came last Night to enquire "for you: to speak the Truth, all these Practices, "the Neglect, or rather Contempt of my Father's Orders, the remaining at *Versailles*, this Lodging, all "together turned my Head. Ah! cried I to myself,

"I am

I am betrayed! *St. Fal* has taken advantage of the
 Authority put into his Hand; *Jenny* was terrified
 with it; my Cousin is handsome, and *Jenny*, per-
 haps, unfaithful. This Notion, throwing me into
 Despair, made me watch *St. Fal* all Night. When
 he came to *Versailles*, I endeavoured to list him, but
 not getting any thing out of him (for you [was not
 then arrived) I blamed my own Suspicions. Think-
 ing you was in some Monastery, I began to resolve
 upon coming to Extremities and breaking my Word,
 in order to force *St. Fal* to discover where you were
 secured: with this Design, I endeavoured to find him
 out; but hearing he was gone the Evening before,
 and not expecting to overtake him, I resolved to wait
 his Return, and then revenge the Evils he had brought
 upon me. Heaven was merciful, and ordered Mat-
 ters otherwise, going out of the Park, whither I
 went to indulge my Thoughtfulness, I had a Sight
 of *St. Fal* walking with great Emotion; I followed
 him, and found he entered here, by which means I
 discovered your Lodging.

This is part of the Uneasiness, lovely *Jenny*, you
 made me undergo: but, judge of my Despair, when
 coming up to an elderly Woman, who waits on
 you, and to whom I addressed myself to let you
 know I was at the Door, I learnt from her, that
 you saw nobody; that the preceding Evening a
 Nobleman had been refused, and that *St. Fal* alone
 had Admittance; I would have told my Name, and
 persuaded her to let me in; she replied, that the
Count and you were alone, and she did not think
 proper to interrupt you. All this was delivered in
 so mysterious a Manner, as disturbed me very much.
 Ten *Louis d'Ors* proffered and accepted, removed all
 Obstacles; the old Woman, charmed at the Sight
 of the Gold, was so far from continuing refractory,
 that of her own Accord she proposed concealing me,
 provided I gave my Promise that I would never
 discover her Complaisance, nor what she was going
 to impart to me. The more Mystery she affected,
 the more my Suspicions increased. Give me leave
 to pass over in Silence the Impertinence she was
 guilty

‘ guilty of in your regard.’ Here I interrupted the *Marquess*, and would know what a Servant could pretend to say of me, with whom she had been but two Days acquainted. It was with some Difficulty the *Marquess* satisfied me on this Head; he owned, that *Brochan* had given him to understand, that *St. Fal* comforted me in my Affliction for the Loss of a Husband, and upon that Account I refused all other Visits. ‘ Forgive me once more (cried the *Marquess*, seeing me moved at this Detail) ‘ I know very well, I ought not to have given the least Credit to it; but one would imagine every thing conspired to involve me in Guilt: I find *St. Fal* at your Feet, your Expressions are endearing, he kisses your Hand, you don’t resent it. Could any Man, as much in love, as myself, calmly behold so interesting a scene? But what do I say? Ought I to be surprised that my Cousin should wear your Chains? Or rather ought I not to expect as many Rivals, as there are Men who behold your Charms?’

This Discourse concluded with the tenderest Marks of the most lively Passion: the *Marquess* expressed himself with so much Ardour, as would not by any means admit of the least Interruption; however I gained so much over myself, as to refer the Sequel of a Conversation, which concerned me so nearly, to the next Day, telling him it was past Midnight, and that Decency required he should retire. Ever complaisant and tractable, he obeyed, kissing my Hand. I plainly perceived by his Countenance and Address that he wished for something more; I thought I might allow him a Kiss, and turned my Cheek to him, but with so much Confusion, that he easily perceived it was the first Favour I ever bestowed on any Man, and for which he was entirely beholden to the Sincerity of my Passion.

The Emotion, occasioned by so many different Adventures, was too great to suffer me to enjoy that Repose, which might naturally arise from the endearing Behaviour of the *Marquess*. Hitherto I had been an entire Stranger to that modish Complaint of the Ladies,

Ladies, called *Vapours*; but this Night I sufficiently experienced the Violence of them, and it was Day-break before I began to rest.

Tender *Barbara* came to wake me about Two in the Afternoon, alarmed at my profound Sleep: She informed me that *St. Fal* had called in the Morning. I could not but admire his Discretion; my simple Aunt frankly owning it was not her Fault, that he did not come into my Bedchamber; but he refused it, lest, as he said, my Rest might be disturbed. We have not many Instances of such Moderation; the *Marquess* has since owned, he should not have behaved so well.

I took this Opportunity of remonstrating very mildly to my Aunt, that Decency required she should never suffer any one to come into my Chamber when I was in Bed: As she meant no Harm, this was sufficient to make her promise to be more upon her Guard for the future.

I was sitting down to Dinner, when the *Marquess* came in, more amiable than ever; his Dress was exceedingly genteel, and the Satisfaction visible in his Countenance gave him so charming an Air, as could not but with Difficulty be withstood. His Conversation was lively and affecting; I assured him, as often as he desired, of my Reconciliation. How dear and fleeting are the Moments spent with these we love! The Clock struck Four, when we had still a thousand things to say, and were so taken up with each other, that if *Barbara* had not reminded me of Dinner, I should have passed the whole Day without eating. The *Marquess* made a thousand Apologies for having undesignedly given Occasion to this Delay. I asked him with a Smile, whether he would venture on such a Meal as was ready? He was transported at my Proposal, thinking himself much obliged. *Barbara*, whom I did not blush to call Aunt, was ordered to serve up Dinner immediately; we sat down to Table, and Love, as will easily be imagined, supplied the Place of a third Person. After Dinner we entertained each other with the Detail of all that had passed since our Separation: Adventures, Reflections, nothing
was

was omitted, not even *St. Agnes's* History, which I related to the *Marquess*, and the Share I had in every thing which regarded that dear Friend. My Lover assured me, that, in consideration of our mutual Friendship, he would employ all his Interest for setting aside her Vows, and seemed much concerned that I had not by me the Letters entrusted to my Care, for that he would have dispatched *Dubois* express to the *M——* with them as they were directed, and have heard some Tidings of *Melicourt*. I informed the *Marquess* into whose Hands I had delivered them, and thence took an Occasion of acquainting him with *Lindamine's* Adventures: he had already heard of them, and express'd himself very much in her Favour.

The Conversation turned insensibly on *St. Fal*. If Jealousy were the Standard of Love, I ought to have been very well satisfied with the Vivacity of the *Marquess's* Passion; he asked a thousand Questions concerning that of his Cousin; I answered them very sincerely; I discovered that the Detail gave him Pain; but, at the same time, I observed with Pleasure, he did *Saint Fal's* Justice; even so far as to tell me, that *Saint Fal's* Honour was so much to be relied on, that tho' he knew him to be his Rival, and was himself inclined to be jealous, yet if my Affairs required it, he should not hesitate a Moment to leave me in his Power. I answered with a Smile, that my way of thinking was a sufficient Governess: to which he replied with the same Good-humour, he did not question it, but that his chief Dependence was on the Regard, he flattered himself, I had for him. I remember I looked on him, at that Instant, with so much Tenderness, that he might easily discern, the natural Modesty of the Sex hid from him a Part of what then passed in my Breast.

The Emotion I perceived in his Eyes making me apprehensive lest my own had betrayed me, and he should reflect we were alone, I asked him, in order to divert his Thoughts another way, whether he could with as little Difficulty give an Account of his own Behaviour, as I had done of mine, 'What Account
' can I give you (replied the *Marquess*) but of a great
' deal

deal of Impatience and Vexation? several Copies of Letters wrote to my charming *Jenny*, but prudentially suppressed? “Have a care (replied I, looking very earnestly at him) what you say; I have been informed of a certain fair Lady at *Pont-a-Mousson* who was not altogether indifferent to you; that you found a good deal of Amusement in those Parts; and that another Lady—— “Good God! (cried the *Marquess* interrupting me and smiling) who could have told you all these Stories? I know none but *Dubois* capable of making such Blunders; he has been tiring you, I suppose, with the Adventures that Country furnished; and as they are frequent enough, he has brought me in by Head and Shoulders, in order to discover whether your Regard for me would take the Alarm.” “A very notable Turn truly (cried I laughing;) this Introduction to what you shall think fit to relate, makes me——” “Alas! lovely *Jenny* (replied the *Marquess* very earnestly) this is too serious a Subject to jest with. Can you imagine, that where you possess the Heart of one whose strict Honour equals mine, there can be any Room for other Objects?” “I am willing, my Lord (replied I) to credit what you say; nevertheless I shall not dispense with your giving a Detail of your Stay in *Lorraine*.” I was very pressing on this Subject. Whatever Self-Love might dictate, I would not rely on the Power of my Charms; or perhaps I sought the Pleasure of having a farther Confirmation of a Passion already so endearing: be it as it will, my Lover seeing me obstinately bent on hearing the Relation, thought fit to satisfy my Curiosity in the following Words.

“The Detail of my Adventures (charming *Jenny*.) will not be very long. A profound Melancholy seized me on my Arrival in *Lorraine*; I seldom went out of my Chamber except to Church; *Dubois* seeing me pine away, thought proper to engage me to take the Air and see Company; finding me averse to what he proposed, and observing me to grow worse and worse, he applied to a Physician of Note in the Town, where we were, and entreated
“him

him to come to me. In order to prepare me for the Reception, he said, I might, if I pleased, bury myself alive; but that I could not refuse Visits, and must expect them; though according to the established Custom, I ought to have prevented those who showed me that Civility.

The Apprehension I was under, lest my *Valet de Chambre* should have made me guilty of Ill-breeding, by inviting in my Name any one to visit me, occasioned my giving him a severe Reprimand. The Gentry of those Parts are People of Worth, but very nice in point of *Punctilio*, and I should have been unwilling to have given any Offence for several Reasons. *Dubois* made me easy, by assuring me, that he was no ways blameable as to this Particular, having only desired a Physician to call upon me. At that Instant the Doctor sent in his Name; he entered the Room very genteelly; but I little expected so much Pleasantry from him: his Name is *Le Lorrain*, proper enough to remind him of the Place of his Birth. Instead of Physick, this merry Companion proposed a Party of Pleasure; he said, I was not fit to keep my Chamber, but must take the Air, to which the fine Weather invited me; that his first Prescription was, that I should go every Day to a little Box he had at a small Distance, where I might possibly meet with good Company; that good Wine and fine Women were admirable Remedies in all Hypochondriac Cases. Every Phrase was seasoned with a Smile, and the Tongue moistening his Lips, served for Comma's and Points; in a word, lovely *Jenny*, I never met with so jocular a Physician. I was so taken with him, and his easy Behaviour was so agreeable, that I made him to dine with me; all the while we were at Table, he entertained me with several diverting Passages; in the Evening we went to his Country-house, and found some good Company. I did not perceive the Ladies were in the least awkward, as they are generally represented; their Dress was very fashionable, their Accent, it's true, not so good as at *Paris*; nevertheless I must own, that in-point of Good-breed-

breeding and Politeness, they are no ways inferior to the *Parisians*.

My Physician dined with me the next Day: he prescribed for me with his usual Facetiousness, and for the first time I was prevailed upon to have recourse to an Apothecary's Shop. I found great Benefit from what I took, and never enjoyed a better State of Health. It were to be wished that all our Doctors behaved in this Manner; besides his great Skill, he has the Knack of putting his Patients in good Heart, which is at least half a Cure.

In the Affairs of Life, the first Step is all; tho' Melancholy, arising from your Absence, hung upon me, yet I had a Relish for Company; but, what chiefly drew me frequently to one particular House, was, the near Resemblance which the *Countess de Chareé's* eldest Daughter has of you, in every thing except her Temper and Height; methought I saw you whenever I was in her Company. This young Lady's Sisters are Persons of great Merit. *Made-moiselle de Chareé*, the Youngest, is made up of Charms; her Brother as fine a Gentleman as any I know; the Mother of this amiable Family, to a great Decorum, joins a graceful Behaviour beyond Imagination: I must leave you to judge how well I was pleased with so engaging a Family: and indeed I spent most of my Time there with a select Set of Acquaintance; among the rest, I had the Pleasure of *Count de la Mesan's* Company; *Made-moiselle de Salé*, his Niece, made one in that Group of Beauties and was no less distinguished by her Wit than her Charms.

The most intimate of my Acquaintance, and who remain such, are *Messieurs de Gombervault, d'Atel*, and *Deslandres*: I had been very intimate with a certain Gentleman named *St. Alu*, a Person of Worth; but our Friendship suffered from some ill-grounded Suspicions, and was finally broke off by Constructions; as wrong made as understood.

The justifying my Character to you, is of too great Concern not to demand a succinct Account of this

• this Rupture ; perhaps you are not of the same
 • Opinion with me in an Affair of this Nature, and
 • consequently may condemn my Conduct. I always
 • looked upon it as a Principle, that whoever breaks
 • with his Friend, infringes the established Laws of
 • Society. In consideration of the first Engagements,
 • every thing should be overlooked ; but if those
 • Ties are to be laid aside, as incompatible with
 • Honour and Reputation, a Man should leave the
 • World to do him Justice, without the least Attempt
 • to do it himself ; for whoever undertakes his own
 • Justification, after breaking with his Friend, only
 • endeavours to prejudice in his Favour all those he
 • makes Judges of his Case : this he cannot effect
 • without defaming his Friend, and consequently
 • commits a Fault against a just Delicacy of Senti-
 • ments, his own Choice, and Self-Interest ; against
 • proper Sentiments, by putting himself into the woe-
 • ful Necessity of being an Informer on one Side, and
 • his own Panegyrist on the other ; against his Choice,
 • by tacitly acknowledging himself mistaken in choo-
 • sing his Friend ; and finally against Self-interest, by
 • setting up Judges, who may very possibly condemn
 • his Conduct.

• From what I have advanced, lovely Jenny, this
 • may be gathered, that I blame any Man who breaks
 • with his Friend, much more him that seeks to justify
 • himself for doing it. but most of all him who gives
 • occasion to the Rupture. However, when a Man,
 • without being wanting to those Duties, to which
 • Friendship obliges him, happens to lose his Friend
 • through a Capriciousness not to be excused, and the
 • Rupture, becoming publick, may tarnish his Ho-
 • nour, or that Esteem all polite People are fond of ;
 • then, he may be allowed to justify his Conduct, ob-
 • serving always the Cautions before given, to prevent
 • his Character being called in question, and losing
 • those favourable Prejudices which introduce us to
 • the Sweetness of civil Society, or the secret Springs
 • that animate a Reputation of Benevolence, to
 • which we are allowed by honourable Methods to
 • aspire.

• This

‘ This last was exactly my Case, dearest *Jenny*,
‘ at *Pont-a-Mousson*; I mentioned to you the great
‘ Friendship between *Monsieur de St. Alu* and me;
‘ it was really such. This Intimacy no longer sub-
‘ sists, and he publickly complains of me: he per-
‘ sists in it, he has gone farther, he endeavours to
‘ make me feel the Effects of his Resentment; he
‘ has even employed the most powerful Means to com-
‘ plete my Ruin: he does not give over all Hopes of
‘ succeeding. I have been silent a long time, I have
‘ waited with Patience, he openly attacks me; that is
‘ he aims his Blows by those Hands, I have the
‘ greatest Reason to respect. Now then, may not I
‘ be allowed to justify myself? I shall undertake to do
‘ it, strictly observing the Rules of Decency and Po-
‘ liteness I have just now established, and from which
‘ I hope never to swerve.

‘ This Affair in question, discreet *Jenny*, is as nice
‘ as it is difficult to relate: A formal Accusation is
‘ laid against me; I am charged with a Violation of
‘ Friendship in the most atrocious Manner; my Inno-
‘ cence is my sole Defence, and my Honour my only
‘ Evidence: Malice, ever predominant over Charity,
‘ is on my Adversary’s Side. Against such an Op-
‘ position, with what Arms can I support my Cause?
‘ must I not naturally expect to fall under the Weight?
‘ You alone, my Charmer, can encourage me: if you
‘ pronounce Sentence in favour of me and my Senti-
‘ ments, what may I not hope for from the Goodness
‘ of my Cause, and the Indulgence of the Publick?’

The greater Preparation the *Marquess* made for his
Adventure, the more impatient I was to hear the Con-
clusion. He took so much Pains to win me over,
that I was twenty times upon the Point of telling him,
that if I was to be Judge, all this would only contri-
bute to determine me against him; but the Fear of re-
tarding a Relation, whose Introduction seemed to be of
such Importance, and wherein he appeared principally
concerned, restrained me, and gave him an Opportu-
nity of pursuing his Discourse in the following Words.

‘ At my Arrival in *Lorraine*, I learnt with a great
‘ deal of Pleasure, that *M. de St. Alu* had taken up
‘ his

his Residence there; I was overjoyed, we had been bred up together, and always very intimate.

We soon renewed our mutual Friendship; and excepting our not being in the same House, we were seldom apart, and might have been justly called the Inseparables; we had no Secrets for each other, our very Thoughts were communicated.

There was a House in the Town where I visited with less Ceremony than at other Places; the Freedom I there enjoyed was so agreeable, that I generally eat, or at least spent part of the Day there. *St. Alu* frequently reproached me for it: he was not upon very good Terms with the Provost's Lady (the Mistress of the House) and at that Time refused to do justice to the Merits of her Daughter.

She is an amiable Person, has a great deal of Wit, and exceeding fine Parts. She was married very young, and in a few Months became a Widow. She might have married again very soon, if she had pleased; some Accidents, foreign to my Purpose, had interfered. Her Bloom was in its full Lustre when I was first acquainted with her, and a slight Knowledge of her sufficed to secure one's Esteem and Interest in her Behalf.

St. Alu knew there was such a Person from the time he settled in the Town, but had made no Acquaintance with her. What I had advanced concerning the Agreeableness of her Conversation, surprised him, and created a Desire of being able to judge for himself. I introduced him, he was received as an amiable Person, and it was not long before he gained their Esteem.

He had scarce frequented the House a Month, when he fell desperately in love with the young Widow; his Merit had its usual Success, and his Courtship was not rejected.

In fine, notwithstanding some Opposition, the Match, he so earnestly desired, was at last concluded, and he put in possession of the Happiness he sought.

This Wedding was so far from making any Alteration in our Friendship, that it was rather increased.

St.

‘ *St. Alu* could not live without me, as he often said.
 ‘ We were continually together, and being willing
 ‘ on my side to shew a grateful Sense of such an en-
 ‘ dearing Deference, I spent whole Days with the
 ‘ new married Couple, and thought myself extremely
 ‘ happy.

‘ Nevertheless, perceiving after some Months that
 ‘ my Friend was inclined to Jealousy, I managed my
 ‘ Visits with Discretion, and often absented myself
 ‘ under various Pretences. For some time *St. Alu*
 ‘ was satisfied with the plausible Reasons I alledged;
 ‘ for not seeing him so frequently; but, too quick-
 ‘ sighted not to suspect the real Cause, after some
 ‘ time he explained himself; and, without allowing
 ‘ me to make a Reply to a very obliging Speech, he
 ‘ forced me to promise I would see him as often as
 ‘ formerly.

‘ I could not hold out against his Intreaties; they
 ‘ were so pressing, and accompanied with such Frank-
 ‘ ness, that I imagined the Laws of Friendship obliged
 ‘ me to desist from my first Design.

‘ In small Towns, Assemblies are much in vogue;
 ‘ the Leisure which abounds there, makes Time pass
 ‘ heavily; to remedy which, Gaming is of infinite
 ‘ Service, by keeping up Correspondences, which
 ‘ could not subsist without that interesting *Primum*
 ‘ *Mobile*. *Lansquenet* was played every Night at
 ‘ *M. St. Alu*’s; this Amusement drew the whole
 ‘ Town thither; and as they were well received, and
 ‘ much at their Ease in his House, good Company
 ‘ was never wanting, and ’twas generally late before
 ‘ they parted.

‘ One Day *St. Alu* sent a Footman in the Morning;
 ‘ to desire I would spend that Day with him, inti-
 ‘ mating he would not be denied; it was a Festival
 ‘ and very cold Weather. I went immediately to his
 ‘ House, where he waited for me to go to Church;
 ‘ accordingly we went with his Lady. After Dinner,
 ‘ we fell to play, and supped all three in the best Hu-
 ‘ mour imaginable, *St. Alu* was very gay, and fore-
 ‘ enough I had little Reason to expect what immedi-
 ‘ ately happened.

‘ Just

‘ Just as we rose from Table some Friends came in, who usually were there early to begin Play. As People can’t talk always, *St. Alu*, who has a fine Hand on the Viol, took up the Instrument, and entertained the Company with several Pieces of Musick: They heard him with great Pleasure; I took this Opportunity to leave the Room, having been shut up the whole Day, in order to enjoy the fresh Air and a few Moments Reflection upon you, dearest *Jenny*. When we have any thing at heart, Solitude is agreeable, and as it presented itself, I willingly embraced it.

‘ To go to the Room in which we played, one was obliged to go thro’ *Madame de St. Alu*’s Apartment. I mentioned before the Coldness of the Weather: I had not been long in the Court, before I was pierced with the frosty Air. I knew there was a good Fire in the Room where the Company was expected; I went thither, the Door was open, and thinking I was alone, I shut it after me.

‘ The Candles were not lighted, which occasioned my Error, having no other Light than what the Fire afforded. It must be observed, that in this Room there was a Bed with the Curtains drawn about it; it was designed for a Friend that was expected that Night.

‘ I was standing very quietly with my Back to the Fire, thinking quite of another Thing than an Affair of Gallantry, when I heard somebody groan. Surprised at this, I asked who was there? A Voice, which I knew to be *Madame de St. Alu*’s, called me. I am extremely ill, said she; I found myself chilly, and the Fire has struck the Cold up to my Head; I am fainting away.

‘ I ran hastily to her Assistance; (admire, dear *Jenny*, my unlucky Stars!) The very Instant I stoop’d down to raise her off the Ground, the Door was thrown open, and *St. Alu* appeared. He started back at seeing us. Heavens, I cried he, what’s this? I am betrayed! my Wife is false, and you are a Villain and a treacherous Friend. This Reproach, which I had so little Reason to expect, be-

‘ reaved

• reav'd me of a Presence of Mind sufficient for my
• own Justification. My Silence, without doubt, con-
• firmed his Suspicions ; when I would have made
• him sensible of his Mistake, it was too late, his Je-
• lousy blinded him, he would hear nothing ; he
• roar'd in a horrible Manner, calling us by all the
• vile Names his Fury could suggest. What was to be
• done ? Reason was lost on him ; it was to no Pur-
• pose to represent to him that the Company in the
• next Apartment, alarm'd by his Noise, would come
• in upon us, and be Witnesses of this unfortunate
• Misunderstanding. He would not be appeased ; his
• Passion blinded him, and he ran headlong on his
• Ruin. I thought it best for me in such cruel Circum-
• stances, to retire, which I did immediately. What I
• had foreseen, happened accordingly ; it was the Hour
• for the Assembly to meet, the Stair-case was crowded
• with Company, and the whole Affair came out.

• They asked me the Meaning of the Outcries
• they heard ; I shrug'd up my Shoulders and answer'd,
• I think, some Family Dispute. To put an end to
• it, and drown *St. Alu's* Voice, who was still out-
• rageous, I opened the Door and cried out, as if
• nothing had happened, *the Actors are come, we need*
• *only light away.* I was in hopes *St. Alu* might come
• to himself, be appeased, and the Storm pass.

• The Company entered the Room ; it was very
• lucky there were no Lights, which would have dis-
• covered a terrible Scene. *Madame de St. Alu* cried
• bitterly ; the Husband had Tears in his Eyes ; to
• me all this was discernible by the Fire-light.

• *St. Alu*, under Pretence of ordering the Candles to be
• lighted, left the Room ; when he return'd, as he pass'd
• by, he bid me in very harsh Terms to be gone, and
• and never come into his Sight any more. It happen'd
• unfortunately that an Officer, next me, overheard
• him ; this put me under the fatal Necessity of not
• complying, as otherwise I naturally should have
• done ; nevertheless, as my Sword was in another
• Room, and I did not think proper to run any Ha-
• zard from *St. Alu's* Obstinacy, I went and fetched it.
• His Lady, seeing me return shew'd me by a Glance

of her Eye how much she was concerned at my Presence. But unfortunately, as I said before, her Husband's Threats were overheard; and in a garrisoned Town, where Points of Honour are so much regarded, I could not think of giving the least Handle to People's Discourse, especially in an Affair wherein I was not allowed to justify myself: I remained therefore, and had the Eyes of the whole Assembly upon me. This made me suffer cruelly; to put an end to such a troublesome Scrutiny, I propos'd a *Duppe* to the Company, and sat down to play.

After staying a sufficient Time, to shew I was not intimidated by *St. Alu's* Menaces, I left the House. Whilst I staid, the Husband, much to be pitied, gave evident Proofs of the Anguish he was under, sometimes calling for his Sword, sometimes his Hat; in fine, every Action betray'd what pass'd interiorly: It griev'd me excessively, and I was in the utmost Despair, for having been the Occasion of what had happened.

The next Day I was exceedingly surpris'd to hear, that the Lady, press'd by her Husband, who pretended to have seen strange Things, and on this terrible Evidence threaten'd to kill her, if she did not frankly own all that had pass'd, giving his Word to forget all that had happened, if she shew'd such an entire Confidence in him: The Lady, I say, thought she had done Wonders in owning, that I would have taken off her Garters for a particular Use, she made me say, that would bring her good Luck. As I often amused myself with Cabalistical Operations and performing Tricks, which, though natural in themselves, surprise such as are unacquainted with them, this amiable Lady laid hold on the Pretext to excuse herself, in hopes her Husband, who knew me, would give credit to it. *St. Alu* took this Occasion to have convincing Proofs of the Truth. His Lady is truly pious, and he oblig'd her that Morning to approach the Sacraments, and then swear upon her Damnation, that nothing more had pass'd. She complied; and he agreed to live with her, provided she promis'd never to see me more.

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‘ This, dear *Jenny*, (continued the *Marquess*) is the real Truth of the Adventure without the least Disguise. Far from blaming *St. Alu’s* Conduct, and justifying myself by ridiculing him, I really pitied him sincerely, and always did him justice. I never omitted any Opportunity of mentioning those good Qualities, my Friendship formerly remarked in him. His Behaviour in my regard has been very different, every where railing against me. I never resented it; and whatever he may do to force me to change my Conduct, I shall always be the same, and ever avoid doing him the least Prejudice. This is the Life I have led during my Stay at *Pont-a-Mousson*: Reading and Hunting took up my Leisure-hours; but, whatever my Amusements were, you were always present to my Imagination.’

My Lover related this Adventure with so much Candour, that I no longer suspected his Fidelity. After this, our Discourse turn’d upon the Situation of my Affairs: I could not forbear hinting the Uneasiness I felt, at being a Burthen to *St. Fal*; adding withal, that I could not prevail with myself to live any longer at his, or any other Person’s Expence; that I was come to a Resolution, which was, notwithstanding my little Relish for a Convent, to take Shelter in one, as a Place of Security against Temptations; that I could not depend on my own Strength, as the World had its Charms; that I ran too great a Hazard in such a Situation.

The *Marquess* heard me without Interruption, he seemed thoughtful: I continued to represent to him very earnestly the Dangers to which I was exposed; and to convince him I did not complain without Reason, I fairly related the Visit intended me by the Duke, the Remarks *la Geneval* had made on it, and her Behaviour to me the Day before.

My Lover seem’d sensible that I was in the right, particularly as to the Dangers I mentioned in so lively a Manner. He replied, ‘ that he would take till the next Day to consider on what I alledged, and that he did not despair of finding some Expedient between the two Extremes, which I should approve of; pro-

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‘testing, that he was too nearly concerned in every thing which regarded my Reputation, not to concur with me in proper Measures’ After some Discourse on this Subject he retired, assuring me that ‘he would immediately think of some Method to make me easy, till he had the Happiness of shewing, that he esteemed nothing in this World equal to me.’

These last Marks of my Lover’s Tenderneſs afforded me much Comfort: My hopes began to ſour, and notwithstanding the many Obſtacles that might diſcourage me from expecting a Husband of the *Marqueſs’s* Quality, ſtill I flattered myſelf with the bewitching Chimera. Every thing appears poſſible, when eagerly deſired. After ſeveral Reflections on this Head, I beſought myſelf of the Letters I had wrote to the *Marqueſs* and *St. Fal*. I had a Curioſity to read them again, but they were not to be found. At firſt I was uneaſy, and look’d earneſtly for them, though in vain. Nobody had been in the Room but the Perſons to whom they were directed; I concluded they had committed the Robbery, and, all things conſidered, was well enough pleaſed.

These Letters, eſpecially that to the *Marqueſs*, diſplay’d my Aversion to my preſent Situation, and a Diſreliſh for all Aſſiſtance from others: I imagined this might induce the *Marqueſs* to provide for me without my ſeeming to aſk it. A thouſand paſſing Fancies made me long depend on him alone, methought that would ſcreen me from my own Scrupuloſity. He had promiſed to marry me, which I judged ſufficient for my Juſtification; this was a great Step for me, whoſe tender Conſcience was often alarm’d at Trifles.

The next Day I received a Letter from the *Marqueſs* acquainting me, that he could not ſee me theſe two Days; being obliged to wait on his Father to *Paris*, who had Buſineſs of Conſequence that required Diſpatch. He added, he had ſome Affairs of his own, which he would willingly end before he ſaw me; he aſked it as a Favour, that I would not be impatient, hoping that his Return would effect an agreeable Change in my Affairs, and aſſuring me I ſhould have no room to repent the Confidence I had placed in him.

The END

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